E. HERGER

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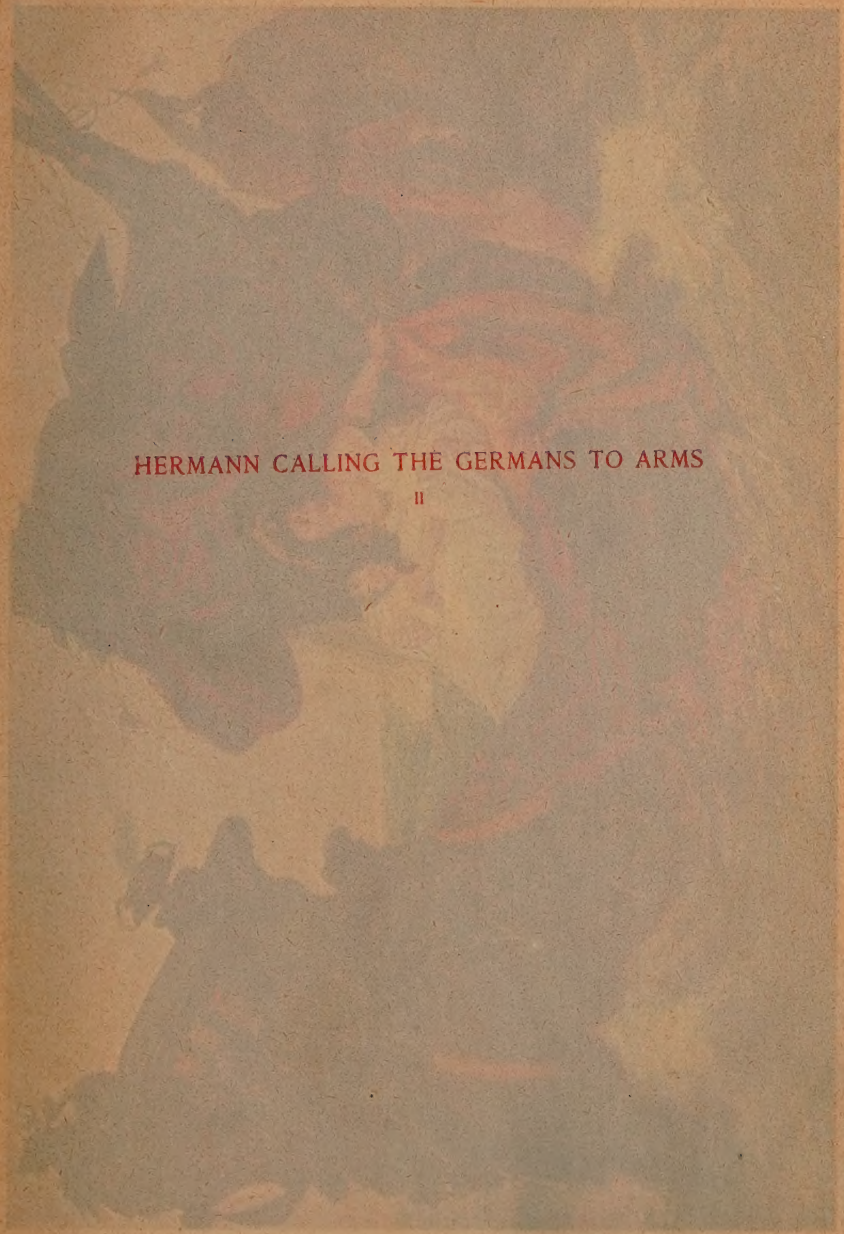

HERMANN CALLING THE GERMANS TO ARMS

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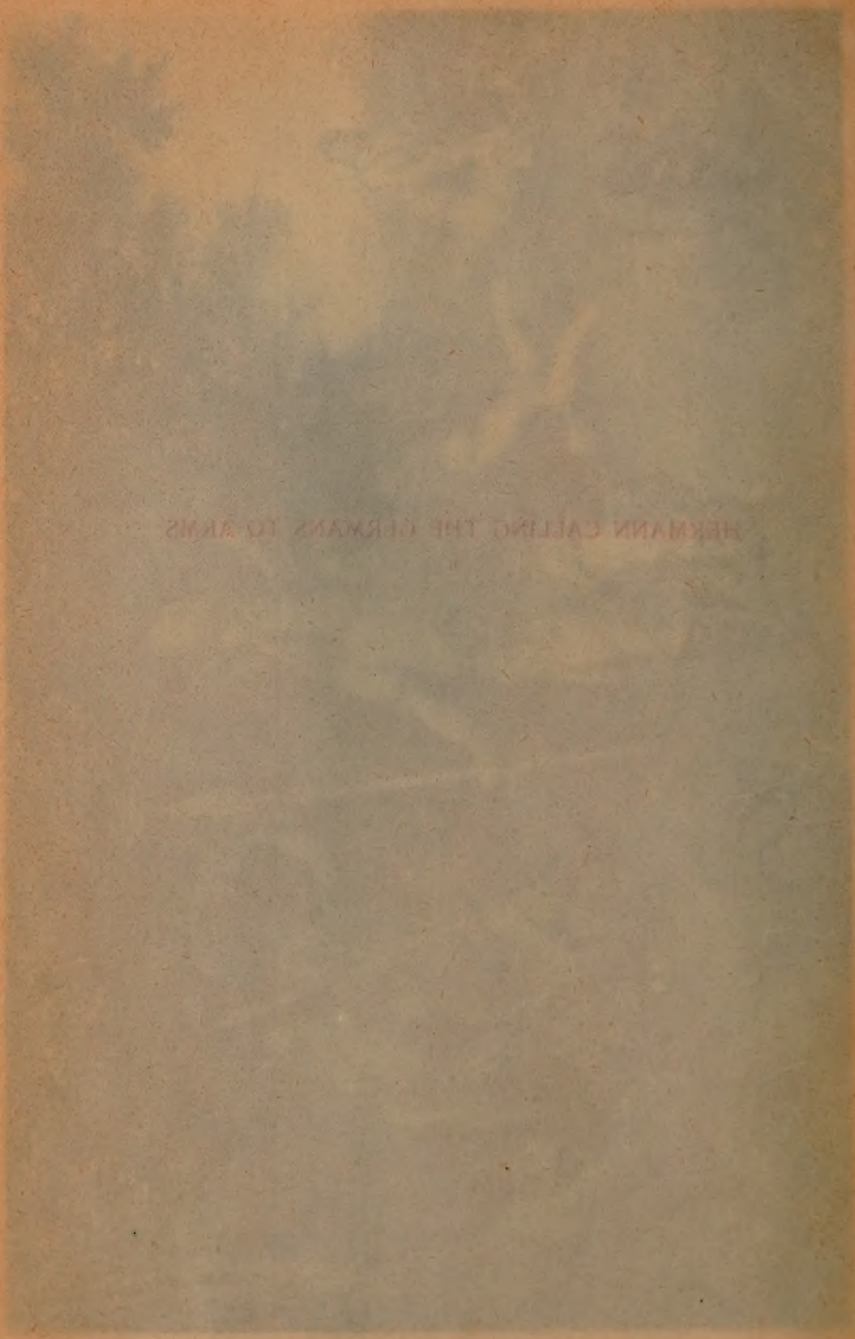

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DESTRUCTION OF AGRIPPINA AND HER SHIP

THE STORY OF THE GREATEST NATIONS

FROM THE DAWN OF HISTORY
TO THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

A COMPREHENSIVE HISTORY, FOUNDED UPON THE LEADING AUTHORITIES, INCLUDING A COMPLETE CHRONOLOGY OF THE WORLD, AND A PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY OF EACH NATION

BY

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Magnificently Illustrated

PUBLISHED BY
FRANCIS R. NIGLUTSCH
NEW YORK

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THE ROMAN EMPIRE

Tomb of Leonidas at Sparta

THE STORY OF

THE GREATEST NATIONS

ANCIENT NATIONS—GREECE

Chapter XVII.

THE INVASION OF XERXES.

THE victory of Marathon was one of the decisive battles of the world. Had the tide turned the other way, Greece would have been crushed, its whole history changed, and Oriental barbarism would have obtained a firm foothold in Europe. The victory has been celebrated by many poets, and the Athenians firmly believed the gods fought on their side. The one hundred and ninety-two heroes who fell were buried on the field, and the mound erected over them still remains. The flood of Persian invasion was rolled back, and Miltiades received every honor that a grateful people could render him. To his memory a separate monument was raised on the immortal battlefield; and his form is the most prominent in the picture hung on the painted porch of Athens.

Shortly after the battle the strained relations between Ægina and Athens resulted in a war which lasted until the next great invasion of Greece by the Persians. A demand was made by the Æginetans for the surrender of their ten hostages. This was refused, and war followed. Its most important result was the resolution brought about by Themistocles to convert

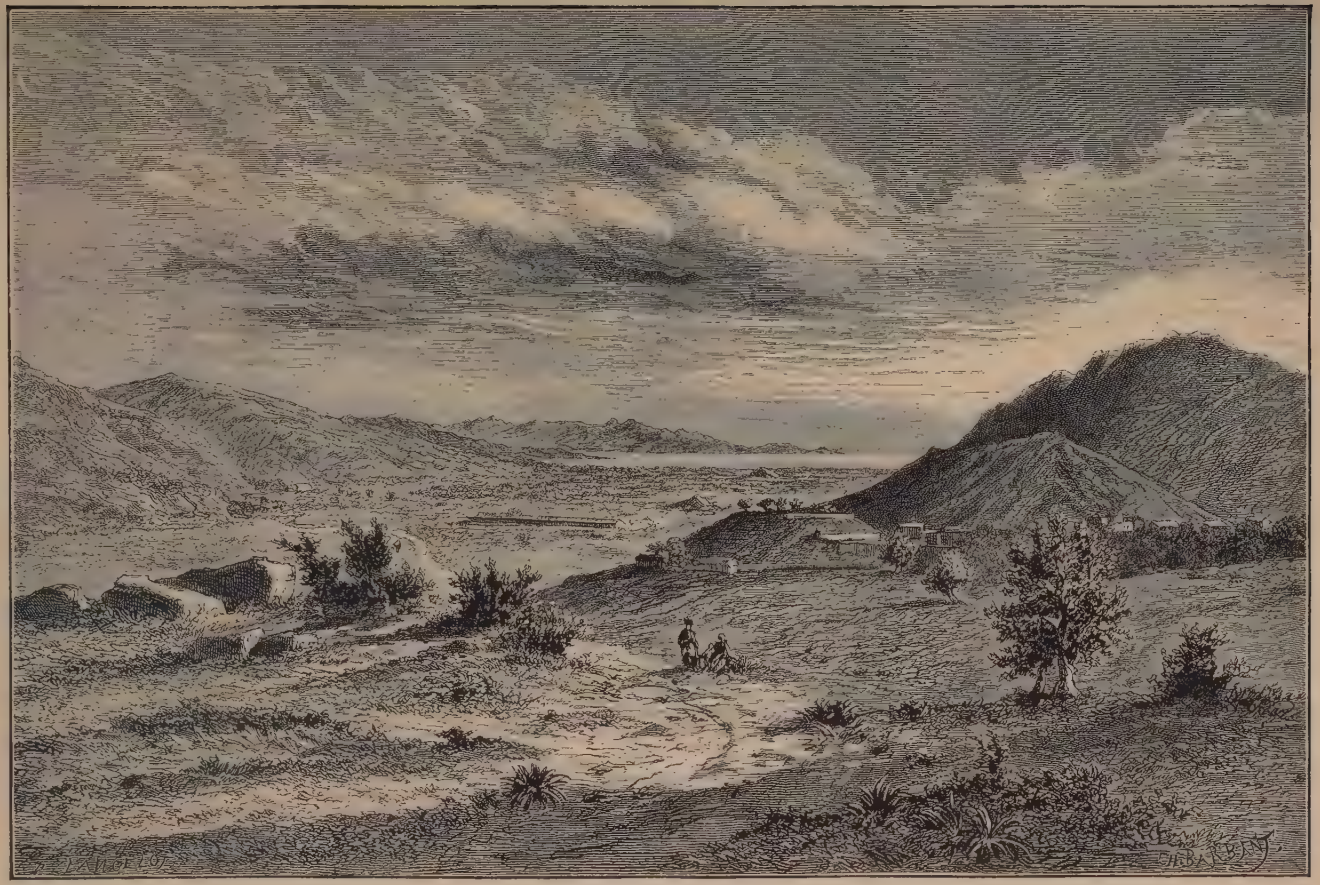
Athens into a maritime power. Themistocles was a sagacious though selfish statesman, who foresaw that Persia would ere long renew her attempt to conquer Greece, which would be helpless without a powerful navy. The leading men in Athens at this time were Miltiades, Themistocles, and Aristides. Because of his pure patriotism, Aristides was known as the "Just," but he was stubborn and impracticable and in these days would be called a "crank." He bitterly opposed the policy of Themistocles, and the people finally became so impatient with his obduracy that they ostracized him. It is said that a countryman, not knowing Aristides, asked him to write his name in favor of the measure, and when calmly asked by the patriot his reason for doing so, he replied that it was merely because he was tired of forever hearing of "Aristides the *Just*." Be that as it may, it was undoubtedly a good thing that Athens was freed of his presence for a few years.

The Athenians had a full treasury, and the scheme of Themistocles was so sensible that they willingly set about building a navy. A fleet of two hundred ships was provided for, and a decree was passed to add twenty ships each year. Perhaps the most potent argument was the pressing necessity for them in order to fight the Æginetans, for few were as sagacious as Themistocles, who saw that another Persian invasion was inevitable. "Thus," says Herodotus, "the Æginetan war saved Greece by compelling the Athenians to make themselves a maritime power."

How often it has happened in the history of great men that the latter part of their lives has obscured the glory of their former deeds! Many a bright name has been tarnished, and often their admirers have been compelled to feel that the heroes lived too long. It would have been better for Miltiades had he fallen at Marathon, when his fame was at its zenith, for he never could have added to it by subsequent achievements, and historians would have been spared the pain of recording his unworthy ending.

So unbounded was the admiration of his countrymen and so limitless their confidence in him, that when he asked for seventy of these new ships, without telling what he intended to do with them, except that he would enrich the state, his request was promptly granted. Now, all that Miltiades wished to do was to gratify a private spite against a prominent citizen of Paros, one of the most flourishing of the Cyclades. He sailed to that island and laid siege to the town. He was resisted so spiritedly that by and by he saw he would have to retire in disgrace and return to Athens.

One day word was brought to him from a priestess of the temple of Ceres, that if he would secretly visit by night a temple from which all men were excluded, she would show him a way by which Paros would fall into his power. Miltiades went thither, but after climbing the outer fence became suspicious



THE PLAIN OF MARATHON

that the whole thing was a plot against him, and, yielding to the panic which sometimes seizes the bravest persons, he hurried away with such headlong haste that, in climbing the fence again, he received a dangerous wound in the thigh. Reaching his ships, he gave up the siege and sailed back to Athens.

There was no concealing the ignominy of which he had been guilty, in thus grossly violating the confidence of his countrymen. Xanthippus, the father of Pericles, charged him with having deceived the people, and he was brought to trial. His condition was already serious from his gangrened wound, and he was carried into court on a couch, where he lay while his friends pleaded for mercy. They could not, and did not, seek to justify his recent action, and their only appeal was based upon his inestimable services at Marathon. The judges did not close their ears to the prayer. Miltiades had committed a crime which in any other person would have been punished with death, but in his case he was sentenced with a heavy fine—so heavy indeed that it was beyond his ability to pay. It has been said by some that he died in prison, but let us hope this statement is an error, and that the death from his wound, which occurred shortly after his conviction, came soon enough to avert the degradation. The fine was afterward paid by his son Cimon. It was hard that the illustrious hero should have been compelled to suffer thus, and yet it must not be denied that he merited the punishment, for crime in a person cannot be justified by his previous good behavior.

In laying our plans, it is always wise to remember the obstacle that, sooner or later, is certain to block the path before us: that obstacle is death, and it was that which now brought the far-reaching schemes of Darius to naught. In the midst of his preparations for another invasion of Greece, he was brought low by the enemy that is always on the watch and will not be denied. He died B.C. 485, leaving his immense kingdom to Xerxes, who was the eldest son of his second wife, and who was appointed in preference to Artabazanes, the eldest son by his first wife. Xerxes was tall, fair, and of attractive personal appearance, but a contemptible man in every respect. He was indolent, vainglorious, cruel, cowardly, licentious, mean, and in short the worst specimen of an Eastern despot that the mind can picture.

Darius had been engaged for three years in his preparations for the invasion of Greece when he was diverted by an uprising in Egypt, and it was while suppressing it that he died, after a reign of thirty-seven years. Thus Xerxes inherited the Egyptian revolt, which it was necessary to subdue before he could give his attention to the important project against Greece. There was not much difficulty in subjugating Egypt, which was accomplished in the second year of the reign of Xerxes (B.C. 484). Impelled by that vanity which was one of his marked characteristics, he determined to gather the largest army that had

ever trod the earth. So it was that, although Darius had nearly arranged what he considered a sufficient force, the din of preparation sounded for four years more throughout Asia. The multitudes streamed into Critalla, in Cappadocia, the appointed rendezvous, from every part of the Persian empire. The land force included forty-six different nations, with their jargon of strange tongues, their crude weapons, and their wide diversity of dress and appearance. The fleet was manned by the Phœnicians, the Ionians, and other maritime nations, and immense stores of provisions were piled at different points along the line of march to the borders of Greece.

An important part of this gigantic work was the construction of a bridge across the Hellespont, which was completed by the Phœnician and Egyptian engineers. The length of this structure was an English mile, as it consisted of boats secured together; but hardly was it finished when it was destroyed by a violent storm. Then it was that Xerxes showed himself a ferocious fool, for he had the heads of the engineers cut off, and, with the silliness of a child, caused the impudent sea to receive three hundred lashes, and a set of fetters was cast into it. Then he ordered two bridges to be built, one for the army and the other for the beasts of burden and the baggage. This was done, and the respective rows of ships were held in place by anchors and by cables fastened to the sides of the channel.

Xerxes could not forget the peril his ships faced in rounding the rocky promontory of Mount Athos, where the fleet of Mardonius had been wrecked. To avoid this, he ordered a canal to be cut through the neck which joins the isthmus of Mount Athos with the mainland. The building of this canal required three years, but it was magnificently completed, with a length of a mile and a half, and a breadth sufficient for two triremes to sail abreast. To-day the traces of this canal may be seen.

Early in the spring of B.C. 480, Xerxes left Sardis, the Lydian capital, for Abydos, on the Hellespont. Professor Greene, referring to the pomp and splendor of this march, says: "The vast host was divided into two bodies of nearly equal size, between which ample space was left for the great king and his Persian guards. The baggage led the way, and was followed by one-half of the army, without any distinction of nations. Then after an interval came the retinue of the king. First of all marched a thousand Persian horsemen, followed by an equal number of Persian spearmen, the latter carrying spears with the points downward, and ornamented at the other end with golden pomegranates. Behind them walked ten sacred horses, gorgeously caparisoned, bred on the Nisæan plain of Media; next the sacred car of Jove, drawn by eight white horses; and then Xerxes himself in a chariot, drawn by Nisæan horses. He was followed by a thousand spearmen and a thousand horsemen, correspond-

FLIGHT OF MILTIADES

ing to the two detachments which immediately preceded him. They were succeeded by ten thousand Persian infantry, called the 'Immortals,' because their number was always maintained. Nine thousand of them had their spears ornamented with pomegranates of silver at the reverse extremity; while the remaining thousand, who occupied the outer ranks, carried spears similarly adorned with pomegranates of gold. After the 'Immortals' came ten thousand Persian cavalry, who formed the rear of the royal retinue. Then, after an interval of two furlongs, the other half of the army followed.

"In this order the multitudinous host marched from Sardis to Abydos on the Hellespont. Here a marble throne was erected for the monarch upon an eminence, from which he surveyed all the earth covered with his troops, and all the sea crowded with his vessels. His heart swelled within him at the sight of such a vast assemblage of human beings; but his feelings of pride and pleasure soon gave way to sadness, and he burst into tears at the reflection that in a hundred years not one of them would be alive. At the first rays of the rising sun the army commenced the passage of the Hellespont. The bridges were perfumed with frankincense and strewed with myrtle, while Xerxes himself poured libations into the sea from a golden censer, and turning his face toward the east offered prayers to the Sun, that he might carry his victorious arms to the farthest extremities of Europe. Then throwing the censer into the sea, together with a golden bowl and a Persian scimeter, he ordered the Immortals to lead the way. The army crossed by one bridge and the baggage by the other; but so vast were their numbers that they were seven days and seven nights in passing over, without a moment of intermission. The speed of the troops was quickened by the lash, which was constantly employed by the Persians to urge on the troops in battle as well as during the march."

One of the interesting questions connected with this remarkable invasion is the number of men who crossed the Hellespont, like so many cattle, subject to the whim of the Persian monarch. Xerxes is said to have taken a peculiar method of counting his foot-soldiers. He first had ten thousand told off, and afterward crowded as close together as they could stand. Then a line was drawn around them and a wall built on this line. Into the space thus enclosed other soldiers quickly crowded themselves and then passed out again. This was done one hundred and seventy times before the entire army was measured. The process was substantially accurate, and made the number of foot soldiers to be 1,700,000. In addition, there were 80,000 horses and numerous war chariots and camels, with fully 20,000 men. The fleet was composed of 1,207 triremes and 3,000 smaller vessels. In each trireme were 200 rowers and 30 fighting men, while according to Herodotus, every accompanying vessel carried 80 men. This would give a total of 517,610 for the naval force. During the

march from the Hellespont to Thermopylæ, the army was continually increased by the Thracians, Macedonians, Magnesians, and other nations through whose territories Xerxes marched on his way to Greece. Herodotus estimates the number of camp followers, exclusive of eunuchs and women, as greater than the fighting men, so that the stupendous host was reckoned by the ancients as more than 6,000,000, or double the entire population of the American colonies during the Revolution.

The mind is dazed by this inconceivable array of men, and it is impossible not to believe that the number was vastly exaggerated. Nevertheless, at no other time in the history of the ancient or modern world has so prodigious a force of men been gathered under the command of one person. Grote, who refuses to accept the estimate of Herodotus, says: "We may well believe that the numbers of Xerxes were greater than were ever before assembled in ancient times, or perhaps at any known epoch of history."

The invading host moved along the coast through Thrace and Macedonia, and at Acanthus Xerxes looked with pride upon the canal that had been constructed by his order. There he parted from his fleet, which was directed to double the peninsulas of Sithonia and Pallene and await his arrival at Thessalonica, then known as Therma. There Xerxes rejoined his navy, and then pressed forward along the coast until he reached Mount Olympus, where he intended to leave for the first time his dominions and enter Hellenic territory.

All Greece had long known of the stupendous preparations in Persia for their annihilation. During the winter preceding the invasion the Grecian states were summoned to meet in congress at the isthmus of Corinth. The Spartans and Athenians were vigorously united in the presence of the terrifying danger, and put forth all effort to bring the whole Hellenic race into one resolute league for the defence of their homes and firesides. It would seem that such a union should have been quick and ardent, but it wholly failed. Many of the Grecian states were so panic-stricken by the rumble of the descending avalanche that they looked upon resistance as the height of madness, and made haste to submit to Xerxes in many cases before he had time to demand such submission. Even those who were far beyond the line of march refused to take any part in the congress. Let us remember that the only people north of the isthmus of Corinth who stood true to the cause of Grecian liberty were the Athenians and Phocians and the people of the small Bœotian towns of Platæa and Thespæ. Those in the northern part of Greece who were not allies of the Persians, like the Thebans, had not enough patriotism to pay a fair price for their independence.

Over in Peloponnesus, the powerful city of Argos scowled and grimly shook her head to the appeal. The inhabitants could not forget the humiliation re-

XERXES COMMANDS THE PUNISHMENT OF THE SEA

ceived a few years before from the Spartans, and they viewed with indifference, if not pleasure, the prospect of the evening up of matters by the Persian monarch. The Achæans had also a sufficient grievance to hold them aloof, for had not their ancestors been driven from their homes by the Dorians?

This desertion by their natural allies did not affect the resolution of Sparta and Athens to fight it out to the death with the barbarian multitudes that were pouring into the country like the inundation of the ocean itself. The Athenians were wise in securing the friendship of the Æginetans, whose powerful navy was of vast help to the common cause. The Spartans were given the supreme command on land as well as sea, though the Æginetan ships comprised two-thirds of the whole fleet. Themistocles was the soul of the congress, his magnetic patriotism thrilling the others with his own dauntless spirit. The patriots swore to resist to the end, and in case of success, to consecrate to the Delphian god one-tenth of the property of every Grecian state which had surrendered to the Persians except under the stress of resistless necessity.

When the question came up of where resistance should be offered to the Persian invasion, the Thessalians insisted that a body of men should be sent to guard the pass of Tempe, declaring that if this were not done they would be compelled to make terms with the foe. A force of 10,000 men was therefore sent to the pass in which a small body could check a large one; but, upon reaching it, the Grecian leaders discovered that the Persians would be able to land a force in their rear, and they learned also that there was another passage across Mount Olympus, a short distance to the west. These causes led them to withdraw from Thessaly and return to the isthmus of Corinth, whereupon the Thessalians carried out their threat and made submission to Xerxes.

The Greeks now fixed upon the pass of Thermopylæ (literally the "hot gates"), leading from Thessaly into Locris, and forming the only road by which an army could penetrate from northern into southern Greece. It lies south of the present course of the river Sperchius, between Mount Œta and what was formerly an impassable morass bordering on the Malic Gulf. The presence of several hot springs in the pass is doubtless what gave it its name. It is about a mile long, and, at each extremity, the mountains approach so near the morass as to leave scant room for a single vehicle. Moreover, the island of Eubœa is separated from the mainland by a strait only two and a half miles wide in one portion, so that by defending that part with a fleet, an enemy can be prevented from landing at the southern end of the pass. This the Greeks determined to do. Accordingly, the whole Grecian fleet, under the command of the Spartan Eurybiades, passed to the north of Eubœa and took position off the northern coast of the island to check the advance of the Persian fleet.

A singular cause led to the sending of only a small land force for the de-

fence of Thermopylæ. The Greeks were on the point of entering upon the celebration of the Olympic games, and the Peloponnesians did not feel willing to abandon this, even when it was known that the Persians were near at hand. They decided therefore to send only a small force which they believed would be able to hold the pass until the celebration was over, when a much larger number would join their comrades. This body was placed under the command of the Spartan king Leonidas, the younger brother and successor of Cleomenes. It was composed of 300 Spartans, with their attendant Helots, and about 3,000 foot soldiers from different Peloponnesian states. They were joined while marching through Bœotia by 700 Thespians and 400 Thebans, the latter of whom Leonidas compelled the Theban government to furnish him. At Thermopylæ, 1,000 Phocians were added to the number.

Leonidas now made the alarming discovery that an overgrown path led over Mount Œta, and would permit a foe to reach southern Greece without passing through Thermopylæ. He received the information from the Phocians, who, upon their own request, were posted on the summit commanding the pass, while Leonidas took position with the remainder of the troops within the pass of Thermopylæ. His station was strengthened by the rebuilding of a ruined wall across the northern entrance.

Although the Spartan commander was calm and confident, the case was far different with those around him. The sight of the overwhelming numbers of Persians made the Peloponnesians clamor for the abandonment of the position and the adoption of that of the isthmus of Corinth. They would have done so, but for the persuasions of Leonidas and the angry remonstrances of the Phocians and Locrians.

When Xerxes came in sight of Thermopylæ and was told of the handful of men that were waiting to dispute his advance, he could hardly credit it. He delayed his march for several days in the belief that they would disperse; but, seeing they did not, he ordered on the fifth day that the presumptuous madmen should be brought before him. The Persians attacked with great bravery, but the narrow space prevented their utilizing their superior numbers, and the Greeks easily held them at bay. When the battle had lasted a long time, without the slightest advantage to the Persians, Xerxes ordered his ten thousand Immortals forward, but they were repulsed as decisively as the others. Xerxes sat on a lofty throne which had been erected for him, in order that he might enjoy the sight of the overthrow of the audacious little band, and he sprang to his feet several times in a transport of fear and rage.

The attack of the next day promised no better success, and the monarch began to despair, when an execrable miscreant, a Malian by birth, named Ephialtes, revealed to Xerxes the secret of the path across the mountains. As

THE DEFENCE OF THERMOPYLÆ

speedily as possible a strong detachment started over the trail under the guidance of the traitor. Setting out at dusk they were near the summit at daybreak. The Phocians stationed there were so terrified at sight of them that they fled from the path and took refuge on the highest point of the ridge. The Persians paid no attention to them, but hurried along the path, and began descending the mountain on the other side. The watchful scouts of Leonidas, however, had brought him news of his mortal peril several hours before. He called a council of war, in which the majority urged the abandonment of the position they could no longer hold, that they might reserve their strength for the future defence of Greece. Leonidas, being a Spartan, was bound to die where he stood if necessary, but never to retreat. His comrades were equally heroic, and the seven hundred Thespians pledged themselves to remain and share their fate. The rest of the allies were allowed to retire, with the exception of the four hundred Theban hostages.

Xerxes waited until the sun was overhead, when, confident that the detachment sent over the mountain had reached its destination, he prepared to attack; but Leonidas and his "deathless Spartans," knowing they must die, came out from behind their wall and charged the Persians in the very desperation of valor. Their assault was resistless; hundreds of the enemy were mowed down like grass; others were tumbled into the sea, and many more trampled to death by the confused legions behind them. The hissing lash and savage threats were scarce sufficient to hold the Persians to their work; but when the spears of the Greeks were broken and they were left with only their swords, the enemy began to wedge their way among them. One of the first to die was Leonidas, over whose body the most furious fighting of the day took place. Again and again the Persians were hurled back, until human endurance could stand no more, and utterly exhausted the Greeks tottered back, "all that was left of them," and flung themselves down on a hillock behind the wall. A brief while later, the detachment that had passed through the secret path appeared in the rear of the heroes. The Thebans called out that they had been compelled to fight against their will and begged for quarter. Their lives were spared, but the Spartans and Thespians, surrounded on every side, were slain to the last man.

The poet Simonides said of this immortal defence of Leonidas:

"Of those who at Thermopylæ were slain,
Glorious the doom, and beautiful the lot;
Their tomb an altar: men from tears refrain
To honor them, and praise, but mourn them not.
Such sepulchre nor drear decay
Nor all-destroying time shall waste: this right have they.

Within their grave the home-bred glory
Of Greece was laid; this witness gives
Leonidas the Spartan, in whose story
A wreath of famous virtue ever lives."

Meanwhile, the two fleets were battling off the northern coast of Eubœa. The Greek ships under Eurybiades numbered only two hundred and seventy-one, with Themistocles in charge of the Athenian squadron, and Adimantus of the Corinthian. Three vessels sent out to watch the movements of the enemy were captured. This and the sight of the vast Persian fleet approaching so alarmed the Greek ships that they abandoned their position and sailed up the channel between Eubœa and the mainland to Chalcis, where the width was so slight that it could have been easily defended. This retreat let the Persians free to land any force they chose in the rear of Thermopylæ.

News being carried to the Persian naval commander that the way was clear, he sailed from the gulf of Therma, and a day carried him almost to the southern point of Magnesia. Opposite a breach in the mountains the commander decided to pass the night, but the space was so slight that he had to line his vessels eight deep off the shore. The next morning a terrific hurricane tore the ships from their anchorage, flung them against one another, and hurled them upon the cliffs. There was no abatement in the fury of the tempest for three days and nights, at the end of which the wrecks of four hundred ships lined the shore, with thousands of bodies and a vast amount of stores and treasures. The vessels that had managed to ride out the gale passed around the southern promontory of Magnesia and anchored at Aphetæ, near the entrance to the Pagasæan gulf.

Under the belief that the whole Persian fleet had been destroyed, the Greeks at Chalcis hurried back to their former station at Artemisium, only a few miles from Aphetæ; but to their dismay saw that an overwhelming number of the enemy's ships had escaped and now confronted them. They would have fled had not the Eubœans sent one of their citizens to Themistocles with an offer of thirty talents, if he could induce the Greek commanders to stay and defend the island. Themistocles dearly loved a bribe, and eagerly seized the chance. By placing the money "where it would do the most good," he persuaded his companions to stay, and at the same time he laid aside a tidy sum for himself.

The Persians were so sure of victory that in order to prevent the Greeks from escaping they sent two hundred ships to sail round to the rear and cut off their retreat. These vessels were attacked with such sudden impetuosity that thirty were disabled or captured. Night descended before the Persians could rally sufficiently to strike back with effectiveness. That night another storm did

CELEBRATED GREEKS—II.

great damage to the Persian fleet and many of the Greeks began to believe the gods were fighting on their side. Their spirits rose still higher through the arrival next day of fifty-three fresh Athenian vessels, which helped to destroy some of the enemy's ships at their moorings.

The Persians were enraged by these attacks, and dreading also the anger of Xerxes, who had an uncomfortable habit of cutting off the heads of those who displeased him, they prepared for a resistless assault on the morrow. When about noon they began sailing toward Artemisium, their line was in the form of a crescent. The Greeks hugged the shore, to escape being surrounded, and with a view of preventing the enemy from bringing all their fleet into action.

The battle was of the fiercest nature, both sides displaying great bravery. Much mutual damage was done, but at the close of day the Greeks were so weakened, for they could less afford their losses, that all agreed it would be impossible to renew the fight on the morrow. Hardly had this decision been reached when news was received of the fall of Leonidas and his comrades at Thermopylæ. The Greeks lost no time in sailing up the Eubœan channel; and, doubling the promontory of Sunium, did not pause until they arrived at the island of Salamis.

Absolute destruction now impended over Athens, for there was nothing to prevent the Persians from marching straight to that city. The Athenians had relied upon the pledge of the Peloponnesians to march an army into Bœotia, but nothing of the nature was done, and the Athenian families and property were at the mercy of the ruthless foe. The Grecian fleet had stopped at Salamis, and Eurybiades consented to pause a while and help carry away the Athenian families and their effects.

All agreed that in six days at the furthest Xerxes would be at Athens. Not an hour, therefore, was lost, and before the time had passed all who wished to leave the city had done so. Many refused to go farther than Salamis, but the capital was depopulated in less than a week.

Themistocles found it an almost impossible task to hold his countrymen to the supreme work that now confronted them. When the Delphian oracle was appealed to, its first answer was a command for them to flee to the ends of the earth, since nothing could save them from destruction. A second appeal to the oracle brought forth the dubious reply that the divine Salamis would make women childless, but "when all was lost, a wooden wall should still shelter the Athenians." Probably the wily Themistocles suggested this answer, for he interpreted it to mean that a fleet and naval victory was to be their only means of safety. But some insisted that the reply meant that the Athenians should find refuge in the Acropolis, with the western front fortified by barricades of timber.

The awful danger brought all closer together. Themistocles urged a decree, which was passed, recalling those that had been ostracized, specially including his former rival Aristides the Just. The knights, led by Cimon, the son of Miltiades, marched to the Acropolis to hang up their bridles in the temple of Athena, and to bring out the consecrated arms fitted for the naval service in which they were about to engage. The rich and aristocratic contributed without stint to the funds for the equipment of the fleet and the care of the poor. In short, nothing that promised to help the public good was left undone.

Meanwhile, the Persian army was steadily approaching the city. When he arrived, Xerxes found a small body of citizens gathered in the Acropolis, who refused his demand for surrender. A desperate fight followed, but the handful were overcome; and those who did not find death by flinging themselves from the rock were put to the sword. The temples and houses of Athens were pillaged and burnt.

It is said that in the midst of the embers and desolation the Athenians in the train of Xerxes, while sacrificing in the Acropolis, saw with amazement that the sacred olive tree, growing on the temple of Athena, had within the two days following the fire thrown out a fresh shoot a cubit in length; but the hapless and deserted capital lay prostrate at the feet of the Persian conqueror.

The fleet of Xerxes, which had arrived at the bay of Phalerum, included, by the least estimate, a thousand vessels, while those of the Grecian fleet at Salamis were about one-third as numerous. Moreover, there were disputing and dissension among the Grecian commanders. The Peloponnesian leaders urged that the fleet should sail to the isthmus of Corinth, so as to effect communication with the land forces, and their arguments gained force from the arrival of the news that Athens had been captured by the enemy. Themistocles was vehemently in favor of staying at Salamis and fighting in the narrow straits, where the superior numbers of the Persian ships could not help them. But all his enthusiasm and eloquence were insufficient to convince his colleagues, and when night closed the council the majority voted in favor of retreat, which was to begin on the following morning.

But there was no shaking the resolution of Themistocles. He was almost in despair when he returned to his ship, but he soon went back to Eurybiades and succeeded in persuading him to call the council again. The commanders obeyed, but were surly and angered, insisting that the whole matter had been closed. Plutarch relates that Eurybiades was so incensed by the language of Themistocles that he raised his stick to strike him, whereupon the Athenian exclaimed, "Strike, but hear me!"

The Spartan commander, however, was won over, and without putting the question to a vote, he issued orders for the fleet to remain at Salamis and give

THE TRIUMPH OF THEMISTOCLES AFTER SALAMIS

battle to the Persians. Preparations were vigorously made, but the disheartening news received from home the next day caused an almost open mutiny. A third council was called, and, despite the fierce pleadings of Themistocles, he saw the majority were against him, and then it was that he did an exceedingly clever thing.

The debate went on hour after hour. The members who were opposed to remaining were impatient and wished to bring the question to a vote, for there was no doubt of the result, but Themistocles dinned away with his arguments, repeating many of them over and over again, though never without great force. It may be wondered whether among his listeners there was none who saw there was something, unsuspected by the others, behind all this argumentation of the eloquent Athenian. The truth of it was that Themistocles was neither trying nor hoping to bring his comrades over to his view; he was talking against time, for the success of the stratagem he had on foot depended upon staving off the vote as long as possible. Finally, when the wearied council adjourned, it was with the understanding that it should reassemble before daybreak.

So in the gloomy hours beyond midnight the shadowy figures came together again, sullen, angry, impatient, and each more set than ever in his view. It did not add to the charitable feeling of Themistocles' opponents when they saw how their wishes were baffled so continuously by one person. They resolved to bring the matter to a decisive issue without any more delay.

But hardly had they come together when a messenger appeared with word that a man had just arrived on urgent business and wished to speak to Themistocles. The latter hurried outside, where to his astonishment he stood face to face with his old rival Aristides. The latter with characteristic chivalry instantly proposed that their former rivalry should now be directed as to which could do the most for his country. Aristides had spent more than five years in exile, but his heart glowed with the purest patriotism, and it need hardly be said that Themistocles eagerly echoed the words of the Just, who then revealed that the Persian fleet had completely surrounded that of the Greeks, Aristides having stolen through with much difficulty in the darkness. Themistocles asked his friend to repeat what he had just told him to the council, since the members would give it more weight than if the news came from himself. Aristides passed inside and did so, but he would hardly have been believed had not his words been confirmed by the arrival of a fleeing ship with the same tidings.

Now, strange as it may sound, it was Themistocles himself who had caused the Persian ships to surround those of his countrymen. He had among his slaves a learned Asiatic Greek, the instructor of his children, and a master of the Persian tongue. Themistocles sent him secretly and in great haste to

Xerxes with tidings of the quarrel among the Grecian commanders, assuring the great king that he would not have the least difficulty in surrounding and capturing the whole wrangling assemblage of ships. Moreover, Xerxes was persuaded that Themistocles was favorable at heart to the Persian cause. It is not impossible, in view of the subsequent course of the Athenian, that he wished to gain favor in the eyes of the monarch. Be that as it may, the latter acted upon the advice sent him, and the Greek ships being shut in on every side had no choice but to fight.

Xerxes, in his vanity, declared that the previous naval disasters resulted from his absence, and he now caused a lofty throne to be built, opposite the harbor of Salamis, where all his people could see him and be inspired by his presence.

"A king sat on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations;—all were his!
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set where were they?"

Since the Greeks were driven to bay and forced to fight, they did so with the utmost heroism and skill. Nor can a display of bravery be denied the Persians, who fought as if the consciousness of being under the eye of the great king, perched high and far away on his throne, was an inspiration. Had the battle been fought on the open sea, it is inconceivable that the Greek ships should have escaped, but the narrow space fatally hindered the thousand vessels which collided with one another and became entangled in their efforts to reach their opponents, who had just enough room in which to do their best. The Greeks lost 40 and their enemies 200 vessels. A single incident will illustrate the conditions of this famous battle more graphically than pages of detailed description.

Artemisia, queen of Halicarnassus, accompanied Xerxes on this invasion and was held in high esteem by him on account of her prudence and bravery. She was almost alone in opposing an attack upon the Greeks, but when overruled, no one displayed more impetuous daring than she. Watching every phase of the fight, however, with the eye of a general, she was not long in awaking to the fact that the only way of avoiding capture was by flight; so she fled, hotly pursued by Aminias the Athenian trierarch, or commander of a trireme. Directly across her line of flight lay a Persian vessel. Without turning a hair to the right or left, Artemisia drove her boat straight into the other, cutting it in two and sending all on board to the bottom. Aminias saw only one explanation of this act—the queen was a deserter from the Persian cause; and he therefore allowed her to escape.

THE SURPRISE AT HIMERA

But the whole fleet of the invaders was defeated and fled in a disgraceful panic. Besides the 200 ships that had been destroyed, the Greeks captured many more with their crews. A considerable Persian force had been landed on a low barren island near the southern entrance to the straits, with a view of helping such of their vessels as should be driven thither, and to destroy those of the Greeks that might come within reach. When the Persian fleet was in full flight, Aristides landed on the island with a body of troops, attacked the Persians, overcame, and slew every one.

Who can imagine the rage of Xerxes when from his lofty perch he witnessed this crowning degradation of his arms? He was like a lunatic, and when some Phœnician crews were driven ashore at his feet, and attempted to make excuse for their misfortune, he answered them by ordering their heads cut off.

And then Xerxes, as might have been expected, acted the part of the coward. Despite the severe losses of his fleet, it was still far superior to that of the Greeks, who, expecting another battle, prepared for it; but the whole Persian fleet was ordered to make haste in returning to Asia, and the best Persian troops were landed and marched toward the Hellespont in order to save the bridge there. The Greeks started in pursuit, but Eurybiades and the Peloponnesians, well aware of the formidable strength of the Persians, thought it prudent to let them escape, instead of driving them to bay as the Greeks themselves had been driven. It is impossible not to believe that this was the wiser course; but Themistocles used the occasion to send another message to Xerxes, which proved his selfishness and cunning, as well as his resolve to take care of his own interests. He used his former trustworthy slave to tell the monarch that it was because of his personal friendship for him that he dissuaded his countrymen from destroying the bridge over the Hellespont and cutting off his retreat.

We have learned of the failure of Mardonius in his former attempt to invade Greece, and it was he who did much to persuade Xerxes to withdraw. He flattered the vanity of the monarch by representing that the great object of the expedition had been attained through the capture of Athens, and his glory therefore was not tarnished by a departure from the country. He insisted that the complete conquest of Greece was easy, and he engaged to accomplish it with an army of 300,000 men. Mardonius was supported in his views by Queen Artemisia and the courtiers, and thus it happened that the stupendous invasion of Greece came to naught.

When the retreating host reached Thessaly, Mardonius gathered the army with which he expected to subdue the Greeks; but since autumn was at hand and 60,000 of the troops were to act as an escort for Xerxes he decided to

postpone his campaign until the following spring. The diminished Persian army reached the Hellespont after a march of about six weeks, where it was found that the bridge had been swept away by storms; but the fleet was there and carried the troops across. Thus closed the prodigious invasion, and the Greeks celebrated their triumph, after their national custom, by welcoming the victors with all honors in a great procession, and by the distribution of rewards. The chief prize for valor was given to the Æginetans and the second to the Athenians, the first individual rank being accorded to Polycritus, the Æginetan, and to Eumenes and Aminias, the Athenians, while the deities received their full share of honor.

The main prize, however, was to be for the commander whose skill had most helped to defeat the enemy. Each chieftain was called on to vote for whom he thought deserved it; and, according to the story, each with frank simplicity voted for himself. This did not help the people much toward a choice. But fortunately the vote had called also for a second choice, and every single chief had selected, as next to himself in merit, the same man—Themistocles. So by unanimous vote Themistocles was declared the greatest of the Greek commanders. The Spartans crowned him with olive leaves, made him presents, and received him in their city with such honors as they had never accorded before to any but a Spartan. He stood upon a pinnacle of glory, the most famous man of all the known world.

While Xerxes was thus being repelled in the east, a formidable enemy was also assailing the western Greeks in Sicily. The most powerful of the Greek colonial cities there was Syracuse. Her strength at this time was probably greater even than that of Sparta; and it had need to be, for the Phœnicians of Carthage, probably in alliance with Xerxes, suddenly invaded the island. They made some trivial pretext of interfering among the quarrelling Greek cities, and landed an army of, we are told, three hundred thousand men to besiege the little town of Himera. Gelon, the king, or tyrant, of Syracuse, gathered all the troops he could from the neighboring cities and attacked the invaders, with a force far smaller than theirs. The battle was prolonged and desperate, the result looked uncertain.

Finally, Gelon resorted to a clever stratagem. The Carthaginians had been assured of aid by certain traitorous Greeks; and Gelon, knowing this, sent a body of his own men, who pretended to be the promised support. They were received with joy by the invaders, and, being admitted to the centre of the camp, turned suddenly on the unsuspecting foe, set fire to their ships, and slew right and left. The whole Greek army rushed again to the attack, and the Carthaginians were crushed.

Christianity had not yet come to teach charity toward a fallen foe, and that

THE BATTLE OF PLATÆA

entire body of three hundred thousand men was practically swept out of existence. A few escaped in the remnants of the burning ships, but a storm overwhelmed these, and if we may believe the historian Diodorus, only one small boat reached Carthage with the dreadful tidings. Fugitives by thousands hid in the Sicilian mountains until hunger forced them to surrender themselves to the Greeks. The remainder of their miserable lives they spent in chains laboring for their conquerors. So numerous did these slaves become that their lives were treated as of no account whatever; some private citizens had as many as five hundred of them being worked or starved to death. The Greek cities of Sicily were almost entirely rebuilt by this forced labor, becoming the splendid monuments of a cruel crime.

Herodotus places this decisive battle of Himera on the same day with that of Salamis. Europe had hurled back the invading forces of both Asia and Africa. Later she was to attack them in her turn.

Meanwhile the Persian fleet, after conveying Xerxes and his army across the Hellespont, reassembled to the number of 400 in the following spring at Samos, with the purpose of watching Ionia, which had become restless. The Greek fleet, consisting of 110 vessels, gathered at the same time at Ægina, under the command of the Spartan king Leotychides, but neither force attacked the other. Meanwhile, Mardonius completed his arrangements for the campaign, which he had promised Xerxes should bring all Greece under subjection. While a number of the towns showed disaffection toward Persia, the Macedonians, the Thessalians, and the Bœotians were disposed to aid the Persian leader, who used all his arts to persuade the Athenians to join in the alliance, but without effect. Sparta promised to support Athens, but broke the pledge. Mardonius marched against Athens, accompanied by his numerous Greek allies, and occupied it again early in the summer of B.C. 479, less than a year after the retreat of Xerxes. Seductive offers were again made to the Athenians, who fled from the city; but such was their resentment that the only man who favored yielding was stoned to death with all the members of his family.

Having removed to Salamis, the Athenians sent messengers to Sparta, bitterly denouncing such faithlessness and intimating that unless their former allies did their duty, the Athenians might find it necessary to form the proposed alliance with Mardonius. If this were done, it meant the destruction of Sparta; so she now moved vigorously. An army of 10,000, exclusive of the Helots, was sent to the field, quickly followed by other allies from the Peloponnesian cities.

Mardonius abandoned Attica before the approach of this force, and passed into Bœotia, where the country was more favorable for his cavalry. He took up his position near the town of Platæa, where he built a strongly fortified

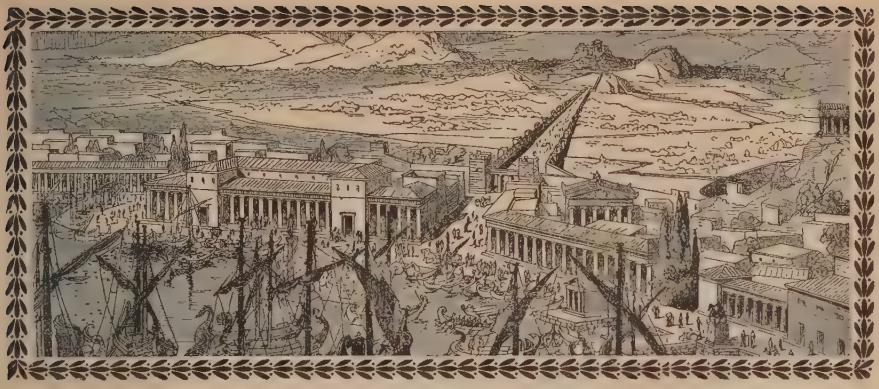
camp. It should be borne in mind that many of his troops were dispirited by the disastrous campaign of Xerxes the year before, and by the retreat of Mardonius himself, while the Greeks were enthusiastic and their numbers constantly increased. Although they had no cavalry and only a few bowmen, their forces numbered 110,000 men. Each army was afraid to make an open attack, and for days there was much skirmishing and harassing of each other's forces. Finally Pausanias, the Greek commander, finding his position untenable, ordered a retreat to another, about a mile to the rear, which was superior in every respect. The withdrawal, owing to disputes among the leaders, was disorderly and confused. It was made in the night, and, when Mardonius learned at daylight of the movement, he ordered a pursuit. The battle that followed was of the most furious nature, but Mardonius was killed and his whole army driven in headlong confusion back to their fortified camp. There they were impetuously attacked, and, despite a valiant resistance, defeated with great slaughter. The dead were numbered by the tens of thousands, and many days were occupied in burying the bodies. Mardonius was interred with honors, and the spot remained marked for several hundred years by a monument. The treasures and spoils gathered from the camp of the enemy were worth a kingdom.

Thebes, which had been the most powerful ally of the Persians, was next besieged and captured; and the most prominent citizens who had favored the enemy were put to death. The defensive league against the Persians was renewed and it was arranged that deputies should meet annually at Platæa.

Meanwhile, Leotychides having crossed the Ægean, attacked the Persian fleet at Mycale, a promontory near Miletus, where he landed on the 4th of September, B.C. 479, the very day of the battle of Platæa. The army of 60,000 Persians lining the shore fled to their fortifications. They made a fierce defence, but were routed and both their generals killed. What was left of the Persian army retreated to Sardis, where Xerxes had lingered. Thus his vast host had been ignominiously routed and his immense fleet destroyed. Never again did the Persians dare invade Greece. It took several years to dislodge them entirely, but in the end they were driven wholly out of Europe.

ATHENIAN HELMETS

MARKETPLACE OF ATHENS (*Restored.*)



THE PIRÆUS AND LONG WALLS OF ATHENS

Chapter XVIII

THE AGE OF PERICLES

THE reason the Greeks are so renowned in history is partly, of course, because of their splendid war against the Persians; but it is even more because of the half-century of peaceful achievement and development that followed. It was the golden age of Greece. A sudden impulse was given to the whole Greek world, to the Greek mind and heart and eye and tongue, by their splendid triumph, their glorious independence. Just so we, here in America, believe that much of our progress and success have been due to the pride and high spirit roused by our own War of Independence. Indeed, the two wars are so similar that a parallel is often made between them. In each case, a powerful world-conquering nation attempted to subjugate a small but sturdy race, scattered in little groups along the seashore with a wilderness at its back, a race of expert seamen, practised mountaineers. The task seemed easy and was approached at first with confidence, almost contempt; but in each case distance paralyzed the mighty arm of the striker. The resisting patriots were at first beaten down by superior resources, their cause seemed desperate; but refusing to recognize defeat, they rallied again and again, and in the end the hired troops, fighting for pay, fell back ingloriously before the men who defended their homes and liberties.

You can trace the resemblance for yourself through the years whose story is to follow, even down to the jealous civil war which disrupted the Grecian

states. Only bear in mind that our progress has been mainly intellectual, that of the Greeks was along artistic lines.

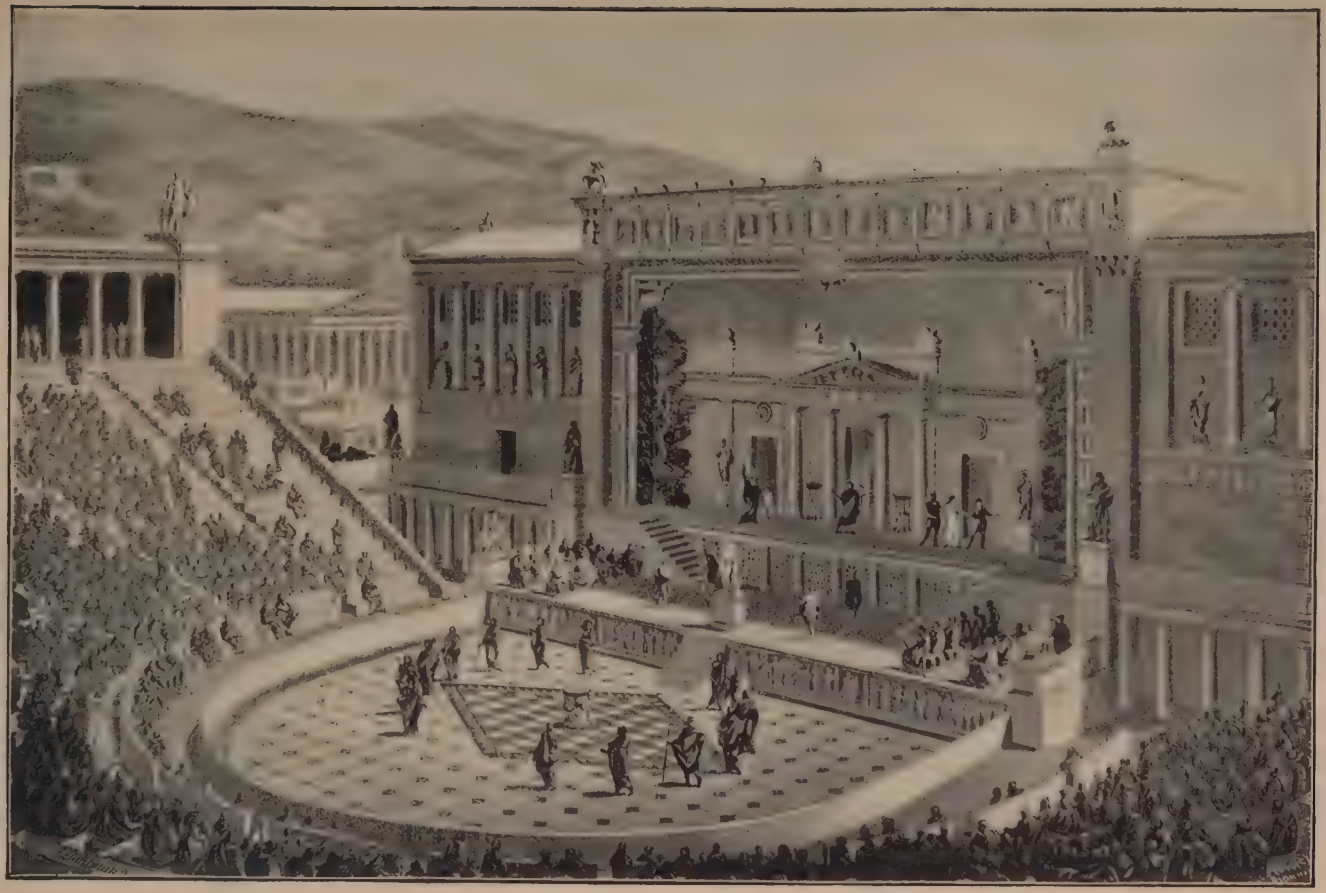
The Athenians came back after the war to a city twice destroyed and a country made desolate. They had lost all their wealth, but they had learned, at least for a time, a lesson more valuable than wealth. They had learned the strength that lies in united action. They had passed together through such trials as had made them really brothers. They had won by their courage and determination a fame which they were resolved to maintain and to increase. As one man they set to work to rebuild their city on a greater scale than before.

The Spartans had learned to respect and even to fear Athens as a possible rival for the supremacy of Greece. They could not quarrel openly with a city which had just done and suffered so much for their common land, but they saw a way of checking its rising power. They sent an embassy advising that no walls be built around the new city, for fear the Persians might capture it again and make it a Persian stronghold. Spartan advice had long been equivalent to a command in Grecian affairs, and the Athenians were much perplexed, because to leave their city unwalled was to leave themselves forever at the mercy of Sparta, or even of a lesser foe.

In this dilemma it was again the crafty Themistocles who came to the front. He got himself sent to Sparta on an embassy to argue the matter. Two other Athenians were to follow him, but these purposely delayed. Then while Themistocles lulled Spartan suspicion by wondering loudly why his two colleagues did not arrive, every man, woman, and child in Athens set to working night and day upon the walls. There was no time for quarrying stone. Old houses were torn down, and ruined temples. Broken columns and statues mingled with the heap. Even gravestones were sacrificed to the pressing need, and for centuries after could still be seen in the remains of the ponderous walls, as proof of the haste and spirit with which the Athenians labored.

Rumors reached Sparta of what was going on. Themistocles equivocated, still delayed things, and at last flatly denied the charge. He urged the Spartans, instead of believing idle whispers, to send messengers for themselves and see that nothing was being done at Athens. They took him at his word and sent the messengers, thus causing further delay. Before their return the walls were so far advanced that Themistocles threw off the mask, flatly avowed what he had done, and told the Spartans that Athens needed no advice; she was capable of judging her course for herself—and also of defending herself.

That was obviously so. It was too late to go to war against the walled and resolute city; and besides, her late sacrifices for Greece made that a shameful thing to do. So the Spartans yielded the point as gracefully as they could, but they hated Themistocles ever after, as much as they had formerly honored him.



THE DIONYSIAC THEATRE AT ATHENS (*Restored*)

Another event at this time contributed even more to the rising power of Athens. The Greeks were still busy driving the Persians from various fortified posts which they held around the Ægean sea. The Asiatic Greeks had also thrown off the Persian yoke, and all the fleets were now acting in unison under a Spartan commander, Pausanias. Pausanias had won great renown by being the general of the allied forces in the victory of Platæa; but he seems to have been an incapable sort of man, haughty, treacherous, and selfish. He lost his head under the honors heaped on him, and treated all around him, especially the Asiatic Greeks, as though they had been slaves, not allies. He became a victim to the subtle disease which destroyed so many Greeks, and which they called *Medism;* that is to say, he became fascinated by the wealth and display of the Persian satraps, he imitated their gorgeous dress and contemptuous manner, he coveted their gold. He sold his honor and his country and entered into an arrangement with Xerxes by which he was to bring all Greece under the monarch's power and have the rule of it himself, as a Persian satrap with unbounded riches.

You would think that with such an aim he would have been specially careful to conciliate the forces under him; but instead he became more overbearing and offensive to them every day. Complaints against him poured into Sparta, and at length he was summoned home from the fleet to answer the charges against him. Even before he left, the Asian Greeks broke into open revolt against him. They had not the old respect for Spartan leadership which awed the European Greeks, and as Ionian colonies they looked naturally to Athens as their mother city. Very fortunately for the Athenians the commandant of their ships in the fleet chanced to be Aristides, Themistocles' old rival, "the Just." Even as Themistocles' craft had helped them before, so Aristides' high repute served them here.

The Ionians came to him in a body, and begged him to assume the leadership of the fleet, to protect them against Spartan insolence and incapacity. They formed a great naval union, called the Delian league, of which Athens was to be the head; and to Aristides was entrusted the entire power to draw up a set of equitable laws, by which all were to be bound.

So well and justly did he do his work that all the maritime cities around the Ægean readily joined the league, then or soon thereafter. Athens found herself suddenly and unexpectedly at the head of the mightiest naval power the world had known. At first, it was a league where all were equal. Each city was taxed, according to its size, a certain amount in ships and in money, Aristides alone estimating the amount in each case. What an opportunity it was for bribery! Yet never a whisper was heard against him; not one apportionment was protested as unfair.

The powerful and united navy slowly drove out the Persians; it cleared the Ægean sea of pirates; it made Grecian commerce safe as it had never been before. Gradually the lesser and lazier cities found it much easier to contribute all money instead of ships and men. Athens readily consented to the change and herself supplied the vessels. As years slipped by the navy became more and more Athenian, and the lesser cities became mere tributaries, which Athens protected in return for their money. Then some of them sought to withdraw from the league altogether, but Athens insisted on the necessity of a Greek fleet, insisted on her tribute; and they were helpless. Almost unconsciously, the equal and republican Delian league had shifted into an Athenian empire.

This, however, was a matter of many years, during which many things had happened. The traitor Pausanias had met his punishment. So high was his fame that on his recall to Sparta no man dared accuse him, and he remained in Sparta for years prosecuting his plans defiantly, almost openly. His agents spread all through Greece, his revolt was fully prepared, when, at the last moment, a frightened slave revealed everything. The proof was absolute and damning; Pausanias himself was overheard discussing the plot.

The unwilling judges could no longer refuse to believe, and determined on the arrest of their hero. He saw the anger in their eyes and fled from them to the shrine of a temple. It would have been irreligious to drag him thence, so a wall was built up around the shrine, a guard set about it, and Pausanias was left to starve within. He was carefully watched, and just as death's hand was touching him, the wall was broken down and he was carried out, that he might not pollute the place by dying there.

His treason had touched a greater man. Themistocles, always delighting in intrigue, always eager to mine deeper than other men and show himself subtler than they, had taken some hand in the conspiracy, what, we hardly know. The Spartans eagerly sent the proofs of this to Athens, whence he had been already temporarily ostracized on a lesser suspicion of bribery. Themistocles did not wait for a trial, which must inevitably have convicted him; he fled to Persia.

Romance entwines all his later career. His flight is represented as full of adventures. The successor of Xerxes was so delighted at his arrival that he started repeatedly from his sleep, crying, "I have got Themistocles, the Athenian." The fugitive asked a year to learn the language before visiting the Persian king, and then presented to him such schemes for conquering Greece that the tribute of three cities was given him for his support. Year after year he delayed putting his plans for the conquest into action, until he died, perhaps taking poison when he could no longer delay the promise he had never meant to keep.

PERICLES AND ASPASIA AT THE STUDIO OF PHIDIAS

At the beginning of his career he had been only moderately rich, his fortune amounting to two or three talents; but he left vast estates to his descendants in Persia. In Athens, too, even after his friends had saved for him all they could, there had remained of his, and been confiscated by the state, the enormous fortune of eighty talents, an astounding sum in those days, and a sufficient commentary on his public career. Aristides, dying soon afterward, had to be buried at the public expense. Of all the wealth that had passed through his hands in connection with the Delian league, not one penny had clung to soil them.

Of the younger generation of statesmen who succeeded these, the most famous was Pericles. Indeed, this is often called, after him, the Age of Pericles. He was the son of the Athenian commander at Mycale, and himself fought as a youth against the Persians. He became the leader of the people's party or democracy of Athens. Changes had been made in the Athenian constitution soon after Salamis by Aristides, which much extended the power of the lower classes. Indeed, after the common exile and suffering, the common labors and triumphs of that period, it would have been difficult to reintroduce the old class distinctions. Now all men could vote, all could hold office; and Pericles, as a splendid orator and the consistent champion of the common people, became the real ruler of Athens.

As the city rose from its ruins, he determined to make it worthy of its fame and power. He had all the wealth of the Delian league at his command, he had a people the most artistic the world has known. It was the time of the sculptor Phidias, of whom you have already read. Pericles supplied the money, Phidias and twenty others brought the genius, and among them they created the wonderful Athens of story. Day after day Pericles, with his beautiful friend and counsellor, Aspasia, visited the studio of Phidias to admire and to criticise. Not only were the wonderful buildings and statues on the Acropolis erected; every quarter had its temples, every street had its marble figures of the gods and heroes. The market place, or agora, a great open square in the middle of the city, was surrounded with covered walks lined with statues. The long walls were built connecting Athens with its seaports five miles away, and making it practically secure from conquest.

Pericles had grasped the theory of modern governments, that since the state is supported by all the citizens, it must be governed for the good of all. He believed that every man ought to be brought in actual touch with the government, so as to have a living interest in it. Moreover, his state had the money to make his ideas effective. Few Athenians engaged in trade or business of any kind. They spent their lives in the service of the state, and the state repaid them liberally. They served in her fleets and armies abroad, or in her law

courts and assemblies at home. To such a general height of culture did the citizens attain that most officials were chosen by lot, not elected, each man proving about as capable as others of filling his position with success and honor.

The leisure time of the people was occupied in the study of the arts, for the further beautifying of their city, or in practising athletic games in the gymnasium. They reached a state of bodily health and strength and beauty apparently far in advance of ours. They became trained orators; they built splendid open-air theatres and developed the drama to heights of great power. It was the time of the three famous tragedians, Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, and of the comic dramatist Aristophanes.

Some giddier heads unfortunately gave themselves more or less to dissipation. We have a very clear picture of the mingled wisdom and folly of the young "bloods" in Plato's dialogue, the "Symposium." It depicts a dinner at the house of Agatho, a well-known tragic poet, the friend of Plato, Socrates, Alcibiades, and Euripides. Love in all its phases is made the subject of the speeches of those present at the banquet. Agatho, and the wise Socrates, have a lively argument which a friend represses. The poet Aristophanes is about to say something, when a band of revellers break into the court and the voice of the dashing young Alcibiades is heard asking for Agatho. He is brought in intoxicated and is welcomed by Agatho, whom he has come to crown with a garland. He is placed on a couch at Agatho's side, but suddenly, on recognizing Socrates, he starts up and carries on a sort of wit conflict with him which Agatho is asked to appease. Alcibiades insists that they shall drink, and has a large wine-cooler filled, which he first empties himself, then fills again and passes to Socrates. He is informed of the nature of the entertainment, and joins in the spirit of it, singing the praises of Socrates and expressing the hope that the sage will soon fall in love with him. When Alcibiades has finished, a philosophical dispute begins between him, Agatho, and Socrates. Presently another band of revellers appears and introduces disorder into the feast; the sober guests withdraw; others remain, till by dawn all but Socrates are hopelessly drunk, and he goes to his daily devotions.

Naturally Pericles made enemies, not personal but political ones. Sparta, seeing herself outshone by her more active rival, intrigued against him. The party of the aristocracy were always opposed to his liberal democratic measures. Even among the poorer classes envious men were not wanting who would gladly have overthrown him to take his place. But hatred itself could find no criminal charge to bring against Pericles. He had wealth of his own, more than sufficient for his wants. In appearance he was handsome but reserved, and even haughty. He had none of the arts of the demagogue. His

ALCIBIADES INTERRUPTING THE BANQUET OF AGATHON

leading aristocratic rival, Cimon, the son of Miltiades, stooped to curry favor with the people, to praise them for their greatness, to scatter money among them, to clap them on the back and set them drinking. Pericles was always quiet, retiring, even austere; but the people trusted him, and followed him as they would no other. His oratory is said to have been so convincing that he carried all men with him, even his enemies.

These, finding him invulnerable to their attacks, assailed him through his friends. In the early days of his success, when party feeling was at its highest, his comrade and equal, Ephialtes, was murdered by the aristocracy. It is the sole instance of such an outbreak during the age, and by the indignation aroused, it contributed not a little to the success of Pericles. Later his foes tried subtler arts. His close friend, Socrates, was repeatedly accused of impiety in his teachings to the young, and was finally, after Pericles' death, executed on that charge. Aspasia was also assailed because of her relations to the great statesman.

The main force of this cowardly method of attack, however, was directed against the unfortunate sculptor Phidias. He was first accused of having stolen for himself some of the gold intended for the statue of Minerva in the Parthenon. Fortunately, Pericles, foreseeing this very charge, had advised his friend to place the gold on in such a way that it could be removed without damaging the statue. So Pericles was able to clear himself triumphantly by taking off the gold and weighing it in the presence of his enemies. Then he was accused of impiety and insolence toward the gods in that he had placed a likeness of himself and also one of Pericles among the figures on Minerva's shield. What truth there may have been in this charge we hardly know. The sculptor was thrown in prison to await trial, but when the jailors came to bring him before the tribunal they found him dead. Perhaps he had been poisoned by those evil foes, whose malice found in his wonderful genius only an additional stimulus to their hatred.

It is plain, then, that Pericles' power in Athens was not absolute, yet he remained its leading citizen and guide until his death. This occurred during the early days of the great Peloponnesian war, a tragedy which he had long sought to avoid, but whose early operations he managed with wisdom and success. Athens was stricken with a plague, and Pericles was among the victims. As he lay dying, the friends who surrounded his bed whispered of this and that great deed that he had performed. "You forget," said he, rousing, "the distinction of which I am most proud. No Athenian has ever put on mourning for any act of mine."

SPARTAN SPIES WATCHING ATHENS FROM ELEUSIS

Chapter XIX

THE PELOPONNESIAN WAR

THE grandest scheme of Pericles was that of uniting the Grecian states into a Hellenic confederation the aim of which was to end the mutually destructive wars of the kindred peoples. He opened negotiations for that purpose, and had his countrymen been able to measure up to his far-reaching sagacity, Greece would have become a mighty nation fitted to confront the world. There would have been no danger from the semibarbarous Macedonians, and it is not improbable that Rome herself, at a later period, would have been compelled to stop the march of her legions on the shores of the Adriatic instead of the Euphrates. But the other Greeks could not appreciate the nobility of such patriotism, and through their secret intrigues brought the magnificent scheme to naught. Sparta and Athens, each jealous of the other, were long in such mood toward each other that war was inevitable.

Their immediate cause of battle was found in the quarrels of their lesser allies. The Corcyræans had founded the city of Epidamnus on the coast of Illyria. Corcyra (now Corfu) was itself a colony of Corinth, and though long on ill terms with her, was obliged, according to long-established custom, to select the founder of Epidamnus from the Corinthians, whose city therefore became the metropolis of Epidamnus also. The people of the latter were hard pressed at that time by the Illyrians, and applied to Corcyra for help, which

CIMON COURTING THE FAVOR OF THE ATHENIANS

was refused. Then they turned to the Corinthians, who organized a force to assist them. This highly angered the Corcyræans, who proceeded to upset the Epidamnian government, and blockaded the town and its Corinthian garrison. Then the Corinthians fitted out a stronger fleet, aided by their allies, but they were decisively defeated by the Corcyræans off Cape Actium, and on the same day Epidamnus surrendered to their blockading squadron.

The Corinthians were humiliated beyond endurance. They devoted two years to preparing to wipe out the disgrace and built so formidable a navy that the alarmed Corcyræans applied to Athens for help. The Corinthians also sent an embassy thither to protest. After much hesitation the Athenians concluded a merely defensive alliance with Corcyra. In other words, it was agreed to help the Corcyræans in case their country was actually invaded, but to go no further.

In the naval battle which soon followed, the victory was won by the Corinthians, whereupon the Athenians abandoned their neutrality, and the small force they had sent to the help of the Corcyræans did its utmost to save them from their pursuers. When the battle was renewed, the help of the Athenians enabled the Corcyræans to defeat their enemies. This was in B.C. 432.

The Corinthians were not the ones to forgive Athens for the part she had played and they longed for the opportunity of revenge. Some time previously the Athenians had received into their alliance two brothers of the Macedonian prince Perdiccas, with whom he was at odds. In his resentment, Perdiccas stirred up a revolt among the tributaries of Athens, giving special attention to the town of Potidæa, on the isthmus of Pallene. Though it was tributary to Athens, it was originally a colony of Corinth toward which it still owed a certain allegiance. Perdiccas sent envoys to the town to start a revolt, and despatched others to Sparta to urge the Peloponnesian league to declare war against Athens.

Well aware of what was going on, the Athenian fleet on its way to act against Perdiccas ordered the Potidæans to level the walls of their town toward the sea, to send away the Corinthian delegates, and to give hostages as pledges of their future loyalty. The reply of the Potidæans was to raise the standard of revolt. The Athenians were tardy in acting, and the Corinthians used the time in throwing reinforcements into the town. A half understanding was patched up with Perdiccas and the entire Athenian force marched overland to Potidæa. In the battle fought outside the town, the Corinthians were defeated and withdrew into Potidæa, which was besieged both by sea and land.

The Lacedæmonians yielded to the urgings of their allies and called a general meeting of the Peloponnesian confederacy at Sparta. There were numerous grievances against Athens, and after earnest debate it was decided by a

large majority vote to declare war against her. A second congress of the allies was summoned at Sparta, when the whole Peloponnesian confederacy pledged itself to the war. This important resolution was adopted near the close of B.C. 432, or a few months later.

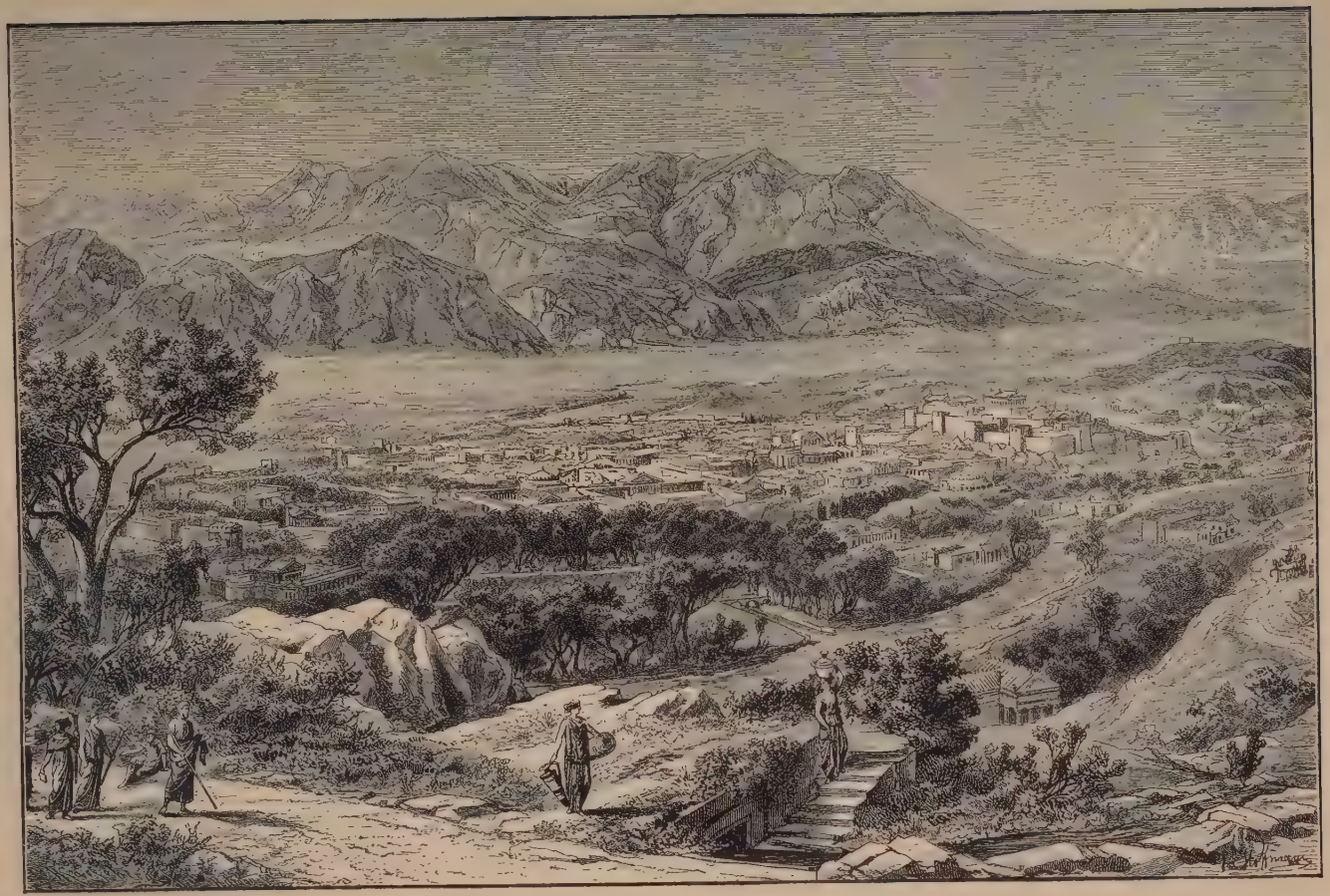
The formidable character of the war can be gathered from the respective allies arrayed on the two sides. With Sparta was the whole of Peloponnesus, except Argos and Achaia, and also the Megarians, Bœotians, Phocians, Opuntian Locrians, Ambraciots, Leucadians, and Anactorians. Their lack was a strong navy, though ships were furnished by Corinth and several other cities. Aid in this direction was expected from the Dorian cities in Italy and Sicily, and it was the intention to apply to the Persian king for a Phœnician fleet to use against Athens.

The allies of Athens were all insular with the exception of the Thessalians, Acarnanians, Messenians at Naupactus, and Platæans, and they included the Chians, Lesbians, Corcyræans and Zacynthians, and later the Cephallenians, and also the tributary towns on the coast of Thrace and Asia Minor, and all the islands north of Crete, except Melos and Thera. Athens had also at immediate command 300 triremes, 1,200 cavalry, 1,600 bowmen, and 29,000 hoplites. The treasury at the Acropolis contained $7,000,000, with a reserve fund in the shape of the plate and votive offerings in the temple, besides which she could count upon the annual tribute of her subjects. Sad it was that these two formidable rivals could not have joined hands as Pericles had urged, instead of flying at each other's throat; but such has been the madness of men from remote generations.

The Lacedæmonians ordered their allies to send two-thirds of their disposable troops to the isthmus of Corinth, for the purpose of invading Attica. The Spartan king Archidamus was their commander-in-chief, and he hoped that when the Athenians learned of the vastly superior force threatening them they would yield; but at the instance of Pericles, the herald who was sent forward by the Spartan commander was not allowed to enter the city.

The soldiers under the command of Archidamus numbered nearly a hundred thousand, and for a time he held back, still hoping the Athenians would see the folly of resisting him; but finding this hope in vain, he moved slowly forward, and by a roundabout route crossed the border and arrived at Eleusis in the month of June, B.C. 431.

Following the orders of Pericles, the inhabitants of Attica secured themselves and their property within the walls of Athens, which was greatly crowded therefrom. Encamping within a few miles of the city, Archidamus ravaged the fertile country, destroying crops and property to such an extent that the owners were roused to exasperation and demanded of Pericles the privilege of marching



ANCIENT SPARTA (*Restored.*)

out and attacking the despoilers. Because he resolutely refused this Pericles was denounced as a traitor. He would not risk an open battle, though he permitted a number of forays upon the enemy by way of retaliation. Still further, he retaliated upon Peloponnesus itself, where much damage was done by the troops sent thither on his vessels. It was this expedition that secured the voluntary submission of the island of Cephallenia and its enrolment among the allies of Athens.

The naval operations of the year were of considerable importance. Incensed against Ægina for the part its inhabitants had taken in bringing on the war, Pericles himself led a fleet against them and totally destroyed their seventy-five ships. The island was almost depopulated, the people fleeing to the mainland, where they settled under the protection of Sparta. It was not until the close of the long war that they were able to return to their ruined homes.

Archidamus withdrew from Attica at the end of about six weeks, and the Athenians took sharp vengeance upon the Megarians, whose territory they ruthlessly ravaged; and the same thing was repeated every season up to the close of the war. It was apparent to both sides that the hostilities would continue for a long time, and preparations were made to that end.

The next year, the invasion of Attica by Archidamus was accompanied by a more dreadful enemy. A plague broke out which carried off one-third of the whole population, among them Pericles himself, whose death we have already noted. The scenes were dreadful beyond description, with the dead and dying lying unheeded in the streets and the dogs fighting over the bodies. Those who escaped the grisly visitation were oppressed by almost mortal despondency, during which the invasion of the Lacedæmonians was pushed to the more southern portions of Attica, while the privateers of their fleet inflicted great damage upon the Athenian commerce and fisheries. Sad to say, too, each side was guilty of atrocities more worthy of savages than of civilized persons.

The third year of the war (B.C. 429) opened with nothing decisive accomplished by either party. The fact that the country had already been ravaged by two invasions, and the fear of the plague led Archidamus to direct his energies against the town of Platæa. In reply to the protests of the defenders, he agreed to respect their independence if they would promise to remain neutral. The Platæans replied that they would do nothing without the consent of the Athenians, in whose care they had placed their families. Archidamus offered to hand over their town and territory to the Lacedæmonians, pledging to hold everything in trust until the end of the war, when it should be restored to them. The offer was so fair that the majority favored accepting it, but decided that the consent of the Athenians must first be obtained. The answer to their message to Athens was an exhortation for them to hold out and the promise to

send the needed assistance. The reply was proclaimed from the walls, and Archidamus, who seemed really to be reluctant to press the siege, felt that he had no excuse for holding back. This siege formed one of the most remarkable episodes of the Peloponnesian war.

The garrison consisted of only 400 citizens and 80 Athenians, including also 110 women for the management of household affairs. This number defied the whole army of Archidamus, who set about his work with deliberation and skill. He first surrounded the town with a palisade, thus shutting in the garrison against any escape during the storm or darkness of night. Then he began building an immense mound of timber, earth, and stones against the wall, the outer side sloping away in an inclined plane. It will be seen that when this was completed it would give an easy road to the top of the wall, over which the besieging troops could pass without trouble.

The entire army labored at this miniature mountain for seventy days and nights. In the mean time, the Platæans undermined the vast mound and caused it to fall in repeatedly, but the besiegers overcame this difficulty. When, however, they carried the summit to the level of the wall, they were frustrated by the cleverness of the defenders, who had built a new wall, curving inward like a horseshoe, which left the threatened portion of the old one outside. When that should be carried, the besiegers would be in no better position than before.

Baffled in this manner, the Lacedæmonians settled down to a blockade that should compel the little garrison to yield through hunger. The town was surrounded by a double wall, the space between being sixteen feet wide and roofed over, with a deep ditch on the outside and one on the inside toward the city. A large number of troops were left to guard this wall and keep watch of the defenders, while those who could be spared were sent to other fields of operation.

The siege lasted two years, during which not a thing was done by the Athenians for the relief of Platæa, but in the second year one-half the garrison escaped by means of a daring stratagem. Provisions were running low and the Platæan commander urged the men to make the attempt, but only 212 had the courage to try the hazardous venture.

On a cold, stormy night in December, these men stole like so many phantoms out of the gates, each carrying a ladder, adapted to the height of the wall. These were set against it midway between the two towers occupied by the guard, and the first party went up and killed the sentinels on duty, without causing any alarm. Nearly all the Platæans had gained the summit, when one of them knocked down a tile in the darkness, the noise of whose fall told the guards what was going on. They instantly turned out, but were at great disadvantage, for in the darkness all was confusion, and the lighted torches which

THE RUINS OF ÆGINA

they carried made them targets for the arrows and javelins of the Platæans, who had reached the other side of the walls. All escaped except one man, who was captured, and several who lost heart and turned back.

Starvation threatened the remaining garrison. The Lacedæmonian commander could have taken the place by storm, but refrained, because if he did so he would be compelled to give it up at the conclusion of peace, whereas if the submission was voluntary his country would have the right to keep it. When, therefore, the demand was made for surrender with the promise that only the guilty should be punished, the terms were accepted and Platæa submitted in B.C. 427. Sad to say, the 200 Platæans and 25 Athenians, after the mockery of a trial, were put to death, and the town transferred to the Thebans, who sometime later levelled the houses to the earth.

The events of the remaining years of the war were indecisive down to B.C. 421, when a truce or pretended peace—that of Nicias—was made. A good deal of injury had been inflicted on both sides, but since the towns captured were mutually to be restored, Sparta and Athens, with the exception of the loss of life and suffering, stood where they were at the breaking out of hostilities. In the fifth year, Mitylene had been captured and the Athenian assembly, urged thereto by Cleon and other demagogues, decreed that all of the Mityleneans should be put to death; but the terrible decision was reversed just in time to prevent its being carried into effect. The awful plague came back in the sixth year, and there were floods and earthquakes of great violence. The Athenians proved themselves masters on the sea, and having blockaded Sphacteria, where the flower of the Lacedæmonian army were shut in, the Spartans were so despondent that they sued Athens for peace; but the terms of Cleon were so extravagant that they could not be accepted, and the war went on. Finally, as we have learned, peace was declared in the eleventh year of the war, when it was decreed that the peace should last for fifty years. It was about this time that the marplot Cleon was slain, while suffering defeat at the hands of Brasidas, who also lost his life.

The terms of the treaty between the Athenian Nicias and the Spartan king Pleistoanax provided for a mutual restitution of prisoners and places captured during the war, but the Thebans retained the ruins of Platæa on the claim that it had been voluntarily surrendered, while on the same grounds Athens was allowed to keep Nisæa, Anactorium, and Sollium. Neutral towns were to remain independent and pay only the assessments of Athens. By the terms of this treaty, as will be seen, Sparta sacrificed the interests of her allies in order to preserve her own. They were sullen and resentful, and the Bœotians, Corinthians, Eleans, and Megarians refused to ratify the agreement. This action alarmed Sparta, which formed an offensive and defensive alliance with Athens,

it being agreed that each might increase or diminish at pleasure the number of its allies and subjects.

Matters were in a worse shape than before. The dissatisfied allies of Sparta set to work to revive the ancient pretensions of Argos, and to make her the head of a new league which should include all Greece with the exception of Athens and Sparta. The Corinthians launched this important scheme, and were soon joined by the Eleans and Mantineans and the Chalcidians. Tegea, Bœotia and Megara, however, held aloof.

This state of affairs was very unsatisfactory to Athens and Sparta. The latter confessed that she could not compel her allies to ratify the treaty, and the successor of Brasidas, in command at Amphipolis, claimed he was not strong enough to surrender it against the will of the inhabitants. He withdrew the garrison, but the Athenians made no attempt to occupy the town. Athens on her part refused to evacuate Pylus, although she removed the Helots and Messenians from it.

The negotiations regarding the surrender of Pylus brought forward one of the most remarkable Greeks of his time. This was Alcibiades, born in Athens, B.C. 450. We have already seen him as the pupil and friend of Socrates. He was educated in the house of Pericles, his uncle, and in his youth gave evidence of extraordinary mental and bodily gifts. He was of distinguished birth, handsome of person, very wealthy, and highly popular, but was unable to restrain his love of luxury and dissipation. He bore arms for the first time when eighteen years old in the expedition against Potidæa, where he was wounded and was saved from death by Socrates. Eight years later, it was his privilege to save in turn the life of the philosopher at the battle of Delium.

Alcibiades took no part in politics until after the death of Cleon, when he exerted all his great ability to stir up the old enmity against Sparta. It was due to him that the Athenians engaged in the enterprise of conquering Syracuse, the most important city of Sicily. If this proved successful, Athens would gain a vast preponderance over Sparta, and Alcibiades would be carried to the topmost wave of prosperity and glory. In B.C. 415, the Athenians despatched a fleet and army against Syracuse, to which the Spartans sent reinforcements, and thus the Peloponnesian war was renewed.

The story of Alcibiades is deeply interesting. He was appointed to the command of the Sicilian expedition, together with Nicias and Lamachus; but while preparations were under way, it happened one night that all the statues of Mercury in Athens were mutilated. The people were exasperated, and well knowing the roystering character of Alcibiades, they laid the blame upon him and his boon companions. His enemies waited, however, until he had sailed upon his expedition, when they kindled so strong a resentment against him

DESTRUCTION OF THE ATHENIAN ARMY AT SYRACUSE

that he was recalled to stand trial. He was incensed, and on his way home landed at Thurii, made his escape, and, fleeing to Sparta, speedily made himself highly popular with the people. It was he who persuaded the Lacedæmonians to send assistance to the Syracusans, and to form an alliance with the king of Persia.

The Syarcusans needed help greatly, for they had been reduced almost to despair by the bold attacks and close siege of the Athenian general Nicias. However, Gylippus, the general sent against him by the Spartans, proved as able as his opponent, and with his troops soon restored the struggle to an equal footing. Sicily now became the chief centre of the war. Both sides were heavily reinforced; the flower of the Athenian army and navy gathered at Syracuse.

At last the Spartans and Syracusans combined managed to win a complete victory. The Athenian fleet was destroyed and the army, left unsupported and unprovisioned in a strange country, surrendered in a body, after suffering all the tortures of flight and starvation. Nicias, their general, was put to death, and the entire army became Sicilian slaves. This is considered one of the great decisive battles of the world, for it broke the power of Athens. It left her hopeless of the universal empire toward which she had been aiming; and her struggle now became only that of the captive in the toils, a battling for mere existence among the enemies that hemmed her round.

This was in the year B.C. 413, and all Greece supposed that Athens must now surrender on whatever terms the allies chose to dictate. Instead, she continued the war with an energy worthy of her in the best days of Pericles. Most of her allies and dependent cities deserted her, threw off her yoke, or even joined the attack against her; but every remaining citizen devoted himself and his fortune actively to the struggle. Ship after ship was built and manned. The city with its giant walls remained impregnable. Throughout the next eight years the Peloponnesian war was carried on mainly at sea off the coast of Asia. Sparta did not hesitate to ally herself with Persia, which could never forgive Athens for the humiliation suffered at her hands a few years before. Thus it was that Persian gold enabled Sparta to wage the contest against Athens, which, however, made a bold stand and kept up the contest with amazing vigor.

Alcibiades had gone to Chios and soon had all Ionia in revolt against Athens; but his popularity roused the jealousy of the leading men in Sparta, who ordered their generals in Asia to have him assassinated. Alcibiades learned of the plot and fled to Tissaphernes, a Persian satrap, to whom he soon made himself indispensable. He resumed his old luxurious habits and represented to Tissaphernes that it was against the interests of Persia to disable the Athenians.

The next step of the audacious Alcibiades was to send word to the commanders of the Athenian forces at Samos that he would procure for them the friendship of the satrap if they would commit the government of Athens to an oligarchy. This offer was accepted by the desperate citizens, and the supreme power was vested in a council of four hundred persons, but the body did not recall Alcibiades. This so angered the army that they chose him as their commander, and demanded that he should lead them against Athens and overthrow the tyrants. Alcibiades thought it wise to postpone his return until after he had rendered Athens some signal service. Accordingly, he attacked and defeated the Lacedæmonians both by sea and land. Tissaphernes ordered him to be arrested on his return to Sardis, but Alcibiades found means to escape, and, again placing himself at the head of the army, defeated the Lacedæmonians and Persians at Cyzicus; captured Cyzicus, Chalcedon, and Byzantium; restored to the Athenians the dominion of the sea, and then in the year B.C. 407 returned to Athens, where he was received with unbounded enthusiasm.

Being now in one sense the foremost man of his country, he was sent again into Asia with one hundred ships, but being distressed because he was not supplied with money for the soldiers' pay, he was obliged to ask assistance at Caria, when he turned over the command for the time to Antiochus, who was drawn into an ambuscade by the Spartan admiral Lysander, killed, and a part of his ships captured. This gave the opportunity to the enemies of Alcibiades to accuse him and appoint another commander. He went to Thrace and lived in voluntary exile in Pactyæ, one of his splendid castles and a small part of his former spoils. A couple of years later, finding himself in danger from the Lacedæmonians, he proceeded to Bithynia, intending to go to Artaxerxes, the Persian king, and try to win him over to the interests of his country.

The tyrants then ruling in Athens sent a request which brought an order to Pharnabazus, a satrap of Artaxerxes, to put Alcibiades to death. His castle in Phrygia was surrounded and set on fire, and while trying to escape from the flames he was pierced to death by a shower of arrows. Thus died Alcibiades in B.C. 404, in the forty-fifth year of his age.

Meanwhile the Spartan Lysander had inflicted another and final defeat upon the Athenians. While they were engaged in ravaging Chios, they learned that Lysander had begun the siege of Lamsacus, and they immediately sailed for the Hellespont, arriving too late to save the town, but they moved up the strait and took post at Ægos Potamos, or Goat's River (B.C. 405). The position was a bad one in every respect, it being so difficult to obtain supplies that the seamen were obliged to leave their ships to procure their meals. Naturally the Athenians were eager to bring Lysander to an engagement, but since he had an excellent position and an abundance of provisions, he chose to await his own

THE DEATH OF ALCIBIADES

convenience. He refused so persistently to come out and fight that the Athenians looked upon his conduct as cowardice, and became negligent.

This was what the wily Spartan admiral Lysander was waiting for, and when his opportunity came, he passed swiftly across the strait with his ships. Of the one hundred and eighty Athenian vessels no more than a dozen were prepared for attack, and he captured all the rest without striking a blow. Among those that escaped was the trireme of Conon, the Athenian commander, who, afraid to return to Athens after such shameless incompetency, took refuge with the prince of Salamis in Cyprus. All the Athenian prisoners, numbering nearly four thousand, were put to death, in retaliation for the cruelty perpetrated upon Spartan captives. A shameful feature of this crowning disgrace was that it was aided by the connivance of some of the Athenian generals, a number of whom were always open to corruption and bribery.

This overwhelming disaster sealed the doom of Athens. All her dependencies, with the exception of Samos, yielded at once to Lysander. With starvation stalking in her streets, the capital girded its loins for the supreme struggle. But famine did its insidious work, and the gaunt defenders surrendered on condition that the long walls and the fortifications of Piræus should be demolished; that the Athenians should give up all their foreign possessions and restrict themselves to their own territory; that they should yield their ships of war, and should receive back all their exiles and become the allies of Sparta. It was in the latter part of March, B.C. 404, that Lysander sailed into Piræus, took formal possession of Athens, and all the conditions of the surrender were carried out amid the gloom and unspeakable depression of the people and a carnival of rejoicing on the part of the conquerors. Thus ended the Peloponnesian war, which had lasted for twenty-seven years.

GREEK SOLDIERS IN HEAVY AND LIGHT ARMOR

DEATH OF EPAMINONDAS

Chapter XX

SPARTAN AND THEBAN SUPREMACY

SPARTA stood without a rival in Greece after the fall and decline of Athens, and for thirty-four years the Lacedæmonian sway was supreme. Yet, despite the humbling of Athens, it was during the period named that Greek genius put forth some of its choicest blossoms of art and literature, which have been the charm of the succeeding ages. Marvellous indeed were the gifts imparted to that wonderful people.

We have already learned of the alliance between the Persians and Sparta, by which the might of Athens was overthrown. Now, Cyrus the Younger was the second of the sons of Darius Nothus, or Ochus, and he plotted against his brother Artaxerxes Mnemon, who had succeeded to the Persian throne in B.C. 404. The plot being discovered, he was at first sentenced to death, but afterward pardoned and even made satrap of Asia Minor. Cyrus returned to Sardis filled with flaming resentment and resolved never to rest until he had dethroned his brother; but he bided his time.

The peace which followed the fall of Athens seemed to be his opportunity, for thousands of the incomparable Greek soldiers were idle or driven into exile, and would welcome employment in his service. He hired a large number under the pretext of a private war with the satrap Tissaphernes, for he knew that every man of them was the equal of three or four of his own countrymen. The preparations for so important an enterprise as that of Cyrus consumed time,

THE GREEKS AFTER CUNAXA

and were not completed until the opening of B.C. 401. When he marched from Sardis his army numbered 100,000 Asiatics, besides 13,000 Greek mercenaries. He gave out that the object of the expedition was to chastise the mountain robbers in Pisidia, only one or two of the leaders knowing the truth. Among the volunteers was Xenophon, to whose *Anabasis* we owe the history of the enterprise. The march was an imposing one, but when Pisidia was passed the Greeks saw they had been deceived, and suspected the real object of the expedition to be the dethronement of the Persian king. They were incensed and would have turned back but for the dangers and the long distance behind them. They sent a deputation to Cyrus demanding to know his real intention. He replied that it was to march against the satrap of Syria, who was encamped on the banks of the Euphrates. The reply was accompanied by the promise to raise the pay of the Greeks, and, though they still suspected a trick, they decided to remain with the army, which marched forward to Issus, the last town in Cilicia, and on the gulf of the same name. There they met the fleet which brought 1,100 more Greek soldiers. When the Euphrates was reached Cyrus revealed the real object of the expedition; but it had generally been suspected, and the resentment of the Greeks was soothed by the promise of abundant pay and plunder. At a place called Cunaxa, they were attacked by Artaxerxes with a host that numbered nearly a million men, which smothered the army of Cyrus, who was killed while making a furious attempt to reach and slay his brother. The retreat of the remaining Greeks, the "Ten Thousand," as they were called, who were fifteen hundred miles from Sardis and were compelled to overcome all manner of danger and difficulties, is a most interesting story.

Their leaders were entrapped by the Persian monarch and murdered at a banquet to which he invited them. This, he thought, would settle the fate of the remainder, who must inevitably surrender. Indeed they seem to have been on the point of doing this, when Xenophon roused them to resistance. He was chosen one of their leaders, and, defying the whole force of Persia, led them on their march back to Greece. They had no guides, or only such as misled them, so they marched directly northward, knowing that thus they must eventually reach the Baltic Sea. The Persians assailed them continually; they had to cross mountain chains where many perished from the cold; they had to derive their sustenance from the wild regions through which they passed, and to defeat the ambuscades of savage tribes. Yet their valor and Xenophon's leadership brought them safely through all, and at last, after a march of many months, they reached the sea. After hailing it with such extravagance of joy as might be expected from men who had hardly even dared to hope for escape, they followed along the shores to safety among the Grecian colonies that lined the sea. This expedition had a most important effect in after years in that it

suggested to one Greek that he, too, might march an army through the heart of the Persian empire, but toward its capital, not away from it.

We must now return to the main thread of our narrative which follows that of Spartan supremacy, resulting from the victory at Ægos Potamos, and which continued till the defeat at Leuctra in B.C. 371. Persia could not fail to see the jealousy and dislike of the other Grecian states to the newly acquired empire of Sparta, and she turned it to good account. By distributing a large sum of money, Thebes, Corinth, and Argos were brought in line with Persia, and the hostilities which soon opened were at first confined to Sparta and Thebes. But the flames spread and the strange sight was seen of the Thebans applying to their old rivals and implacable enemies, the Athenians, for help, with the offer to assist them in recovering their lost empire, and the Athenians promptly granted their appeal. The army of Lysander was routed by the Thebans, and that distinguished commander slain, the Lacedæmonians being compelled to withdraw from the territory.

This humiliation of Sparta led her enemies to take fresh courage. Thebes, Athens, Corinth, and Argos formed a league against her, and were soon joined by the Eubœans, the Acarnanians, the Ozolian Locrians, the Ambraciots, the Leucadians, and the Chalcidians of Thrace. Because a large force of the allies assembled at Corinth in the spring of B.C. 394, the war is known in history as the Corinthian. The battle of Corinth was fought in July, and though the allies of the Lacedæmonians were routed, the victory went to their leaders.

Within a space of less than two months, two battles on land and one on sea were fought. The Spartans were successful on the land, though not decisively so, but the naval defeat at Cnidus caused the loss of nearly all of their maritime empire.

In the spring of B.C. 393, the Athenian admiral Conon and the satrap Pharnabazus sailed from the Hellespont with a powerful fleet and headed for the Peloponnesus. Placing an Athenian garrison on the captured island of Cythera, they proceeded to the isthmus of Corinth, then occupied as a central post by the allies. Conon obtained the consent of the satrap to rebuild the fortifications of Piræus and the long walls of Athens, not because of the love of Pharnabazus for Athens, but because of his greater hatred of Sparta. It was a strange reversal of fortune that the Thebans who had been most delighted with the despoiling and fall of Athens, and the Persians who paid Sparta to destroy it, now joined hands in rebuilding it.

The pendulum of war swung back and forth until the disgraceful peace of Antalcidas was concluded in the year B.C. 387, by which Hellas was prostrated at the feet of Persia, for the terms engraven on stone and set up in the sanctuaries of Greece accepted the barbarian king as the arbiter of her destinies.

XENOPHON AND THE TEN THOUSAND HAIL THE SEA

Sparta pretended to aim to secure the independence of the Grecian cities, but her real purpose was to break up the confederacies formed by Athens and Thebes, and, with the aid of Persia, become supreme in Greece.

Sparta did not delay her plans for the weakening of her most dreaded enemy Thebes, which in the end was forced to become a member of the hated Lacedæmonian alliance. The power of Sparta on land soon reached its greatest height, while she divided with Athens the empire of the smaller islands, most of the larger ones retaining their independence of both.

And yet it was in Thebes that a new power was arising that was to stop the insolent advance of Spartan despotism, and tumble Sparta forever from her high estate. The three years during which Thebes was in the hands of the Spartans were years of ferment, growth, plotting, and crystallization of the ever-deepening hatred of the Thebans against their oppressors. This was now to take definite form, so that when the hour came for action, the man, or rather the men, to strike the blow were ready and waiting.

The rise and greatness of Thebes were due to two persons—Pelopidas and Epaminondas. The former was a daring, chivalrous young man of noble descent and immense wealth, while Epaminondas belonged to the very poorest class, but was one of the ablest generals whose names illumine the pages of Grecian history. The inviolable friendship that existed between these two is one of the most beautiful things in the annals of their country. Either was ready to sacrifice his own life at any hour for the other. Once when Pelopidas was wounded and thrown down in battle, Epaminondas stood over him and protected him with his shield, holding his ground against a ring of enemies until help arrived. This incident cemented their friendship. Pelopidas was driven out of Thebes in B.C. 382 by the oligarchical party, who were supported by the Spartans. He was forced to take refuge in Athens, whence he returned to Thebes three years later, with a number of spirits as daring as himself, entered the city in disguise, and recovered possession of the citadel, slaying the Spartan leader with his own hand. Epaminondas knew of the plot, but his sense of honor would not permit him to take a hand in what was really a treacherous piece of work, but when the revolution was set on foot he gave it his ardent support. The grateful assembly unanimously chose Pelopidas, Charon, and Mellon as the first restored Bœtarchs. In order to force Athens into becoming the ally of Thebes, in the struggle against Sparta, Sphodrias, a Spartan general, was bribed to invade Attica. This so enraged the Athenians that they made the desired alliance with Thebes, and in B.C. 378 declared war against Sparta.

Pelopidas gave all his energies to the training and disciplining of his troops, who soon became as formidable as the Lacedæmonians. He organized the famous "Sacred Band," composed of Theban youths to the number of 300, sup-

ported at public expense and always under arms. The Thebans were naturally good soldiers, but their great fortune lay in having Epaminondas as commander-in-chief. Under his leadership the successes of the Thebans and Athenians were so decisive that Sparta appealed to Persia for intervention; but the sufferings of the war, and perhaps also the jealousy of the growing power of Thebes, caused Athens to open negotiations with Sparta, and a congress assembled in that city to arrange the terms of peace.

Now arose a dispute as to the manner in which the terms should be signed by the representatives of the different parties. Sparta ratified the treaty for herself and allies, but Athens did so only for herself, leaving each ally to sign separately. When the turn of Thebes came, Epaminondas refused to sign except in the name of the Bœotian confederation, maintaining that the title of Thebes to the leadership of Bœotia rested on as good a foundation as that of Sparta to the sovereignty of Laconia, which depended wholly upon the power of the sword.

This view was enforced in an able speech, which was received by the Spartans as the most flagrant of insults. Their king Agesilaus angrily sprang to his feet, and turning upon Epaminondas called out, "Speak! Will you or will you not leave each Bœotian city independent?" Epaminondas calmly replied with the question, "Will *you* leave each of the Laconian towns independent?" Agesilaus was too angry to reply, but ordered the name of the Thebans struck out of the treaty and proclaimed them excluded from it. The peace concluded on the part of Sparta, Athens, and their allies is known as the peace of Callias.

The renewed war between Sparta and Thebes brought on the decisive battle of Leuctra, fought in B.C. 371, in which the military genius of Epaminondas, the Theban commander-in-chief, and the brilliant support of Pelopidas outweighed the much superior numbers of the Spartans. In this engagement, Epaminondas for the first time employed the strategy of Napoleon Bonaparte, through which in later years he won many of his greatest victories. This was in concentrating heavy masses of troops and hurling them irresistibly against some point of the enemy's line. Pelopidas, with his Sacred Band, formed the front of this terrific wedge, which drove everything before it. Cleombrotus, the Spartan king, was killed, and his whole army put to flight, with a loss ten times greater than that of the Thebans.

Two years later Epaminondas and Pelopidas marched into the Peloponnesus and incited several tribes to turn against Sparta, toward which city the two marched with their troops; but it was so ably defended by Agesilaus that the Thebans withdrew and returned to their city. These operations compelled Epaminondas to hold the command of his army a short time beyond the period for which he was appointed, and he was now accused of violating the laws of

EPAMINONDAS SAVES THE LIFE OF PELOPIDAS

his country. He replied that he was willing to die if the Thebans would record that he was put to death because he had humbled Sparta and taught his countrymen how to conquer her armies. He was acquitted and became more loved and honored than before.

In B.C. 368 Epaminondas sent an expedition against the ferocious tyrant Alexander of Pheræ, who treacherously made Pelopidas a prisoner while acting in the character of an ambassador. Epaminondas led a force the following year into the country, and conducted the matter with such tact and skill that he secured the release of his friend without harm to him.

In B.C. 364 Pelopidas led an expedition into Thessaly against Alexander of Pheræ, who met him with a much superior force among the hills of Cynoscephalæ, but was routed by the impetuous Theban and his troops. Catching sight of the man who had treated him so treacherously, as he was trying to rally his forces, Pelopidas gave way to his rage and rushing forward challenged him to a single combat. The frightened Alexander shrank back among his guards, but Pelopidas dashed after him and was killed while desperately striving to get within reach of his foe. His death robbed the victory of the joy that otherwise would have been felt throughout Thebes.

It was in the spring of B.C. 368 that the war between Sparta and Thebes was renewed with great fury. Epaminondas again marched into the Peloponnesus, but did not accomplish much, and, returning home, received a check at Corinth. To retrieve this lack of success, he advanced with 33,000 men into Arcadia and met the main body of the enemy near Mantineia, in B.C. 362. At the head of his troops he broke the Spartan phalanx, but was mortally wounded in the breast by a javelin. He was carried off the field and told by the physicians that he would die as soon as the weapon was extracted. He waited until he learned that his army was victorious, when it is said he tore out the javelin with his own hand, saying, "I have lived long enough." Thus died a truly great man, whose moral purity, justice, and clemency were admired as much as his military talents, and of whom it is recorded that such was his horror of an untruth that he was never known to tell a lie even in jest.

It may be said of Epaminondas, as it was said in modern times of Washington, that the life and death of his country was involved in him. He gave Thebes its commanding influence, and when he died it perished with him. Just before passing away he advised the making of peace, and it was done. This treaty left everything as it was, with the acknowledgment of the Arcadian constitution and the independence of Messene. Because of the last article Sparta refused to join in the treaty, but none of her allies supported her in this step, and Sparta herself was in the dust, from which she never fully rose again.

THE WOUNDING OF PHILIP

Chapter XXI

MACEDONIAN SUPREMACY—PHILIP

IT was in the year B.C. 368 that Pelopidas led a Theban force into Thessaly for the purpose of protecting several cities against its king, the miscreant Alexander, who afterward treacherously made him prisoner. Alexander was compelled to sue for peace, and Pelopidas passed into Macedonia, whereupon its regent, Ptolemy, formed an alliance with the Thebans. To make sure it would be observed, a number of hostages were sent to Thebes, and among them was Philip, the youngest son of the dead Macedonian king.

Thus it came about that Philip spent several years at Thebes, and it was the most fortunate thing that could have happened to him. He was a remarkable young man, who employed his time in studying the art of war, and the constitution and laws of the Greek states, as well as the literature and character of the people. The assassination of his eldest brother, Alexander II., after a reign of only two years, and the death of his second brother, Perdiccas III., in battle in B.C. 360, made Philip guardian to his nephew Amyntas, still an infant, but the stress of events soon brought Philip to the throne, the rights of Amyntas being set aside.

Now Macedonia in ancient times was a country of small extent, lying north of Thessaly, embracing only the district of Emathia, but it gradually grew until in the time of Philip it reached on the north the Scardian Mountains, a portion

THE CITADEL OF CORINTH

of the modern Balkan range; on the west, the borders of Epirus and Illyria; on the east, the river Strymon, and on the south Thessaly. As a whole, the country is mountainous, especially in the south and west, but it has a number of large plains of great fertility. In remote years Macedon was famous for its gold and silver mines and its productiveness in oil and wine. It contained numerous populous cities, the principal of which were Pella, the capital, Pydna, Thessalonica, Potidæ, Olynthus, Philippi, and Amphipolis, some of which you will remember as being mentioned in the Scriptures.

The language of the Macedonians differed from and yet was allied to the Greek, but it is a singular fact that it contained words not used in the Greek, but preserved in Latin, which would indicate that the inhabitants and those of Greece proper were united at a very ancient period, but that unknown causes prevented the early development of the Macedonians.

The history of Macedon is vague until about B.C. 490, when the Persians subdued it, and its king Alexander I. was compelled to aid Xerxes in his invasion of Greece, but on the retreat of the Persians Macedonia regained its independence. It grew rapidly in strength and power under the wise reign of Archelaus, who died in B.C. 399, when a series of civil wars desolated the country, and ended in the accession of Philip II. to the throne.

He was only twenty-three years old, and he was met by dangers which might well have daunted a less aggressive and ambitious spirit. He easily freed himself of two pretenders to the throne, and then confronted the Pæonians and Illyrians, who were preparing to invade Macedonia. The former were subdued with little effort, and then Philip marched with a force of ten thousand men against the Illyrians. This was his first battle, and he brought into play the art of war as he had learned it from Epaminondas, its ancient master. By concentrating his troops and precipitating them against one point in the enemy's line, he routed the Illyrians and destroyed two-thirds of their army. The people were compelled to submit unconditionally.

Throughout the years of his young manhood, a grand scheme had been gradually taking shape in the brain of Philip. This was not to conquer Greece, but to have Macedonia recognized and accepted as a Greek state, and then to make it the leading one, thus becoming the successor of Athens, Sparta, and Thebes. The manner in which this remarkable scheme was carried through to success reflects the highest credit upon Philip's skill. He was handsome and attractive in appearance, very eloquent, overflowing with what we call magnetism, and he was never bothered by moral scruples. When he set his heart upon an object, he neglected no means of securing it. If corruption was necessary, he used it freely, and it is said he often boasted that he had taken more towns with silver than with iron. When, however, force was re-

quired, no man knew better how to apply it than he, and his rugged strength gave him the power to stand all the hardships of the most difficult campaigns.

With his far-reaching scheme ever before him, Philip trained his army to the highest point of efficiency. Early in his career he introduced the celebrated Macedonian phalanx, and amazed and gratified most of his countrymen by the establishment of a standing army. Here is an incident that illustrates the methods of this extraordinary man:

Amphipolis, on his eastern frontier, was once the most highly valued of cities to the Athenians, who, although they made several attempts, had never been able to recover it after its capture by Brasidas, in the eighth year of the Peloponnesian war. Its site at the mouth of the Strymon gave it the highest value to Macedonia as a commercial port, and also as opening a passage into Thrace. The Olynthians were equally anxious to secure Amphipolis as a member of their confederacy, and proposed to Athens that they should form an alliance and compel Philip to keep his hands off. Such an alliance would have been insurmountable to him, and he set out to prevent it. His first step was to promise the Athenians to secure Amphipolis for them if they would give him possession of Pydna. This pledge caused the Athenians to reject the proposal of the Olynthians. Then Philip ceded the town of Anthemus to the latter and thus satisfied them. He next laid siege to Amphipolis, which surrendered in the year B.C. 358. Advancing against Pydna, he compelled its submission, and then, on the ground that he had secured it without the help of the Athenians, he refused to let them have Amphipolis.

But the subtle king had not yet threaded his way out of the labyrinth. Nothing would seem more natural than for Athens and Olynthia to hasten with their alliance when they saw how they had been outwitted. It was the Athenians who were most bitter against him, so he set to work to win the favor of the Olynthians. He helped them in recovering Potidæa from the Athenians, but treated the Athenian garrison with great kindness and allowed them to go home in safety.

Crossing the Strymon, Philip secured possession of the Pangæus range of mountains, belonging to the Athenians, and containing valuable gold mines. There he founded the famous town of Philippi, and through superior methods secured a product from the gold mines of more than a million dollars annually.

And all this time Athens could not raise a hand to prevent, because of the war with her allies known as the *Social War*. This broke out in B.C. 357, and was due to the heavy taxes laid upon the allies by Athens. They formed a coalition against the parent government, which two years later was compelled to assent to a disadvantageous peace, which secured the independence of the more important allies.

ASSASSINATION OF PHILIP OF MACEDON

Everything seemed to work in favor of Philip. The *Sacred War* raged at the same time as the *Social War*, and was between Thebes and Phocis. The relations between those two countries, as we say in these days, had been strained for a long time, and the Phocians reluctantly joined the Theban alliance. They sullenly refused to give any assistance to Epaminondas during his last campaign in the Peloponnesus, and after his death they struck at Bœotia more than once.

The Amphictyonic Council was the central political and religious court of the leading Greek tribes, and was held twice a year. Its purpose was twofold: to determine questions of international law and to preserve the religious institutions of the Greeks. It was a powerful means of binding the different tribes in a bond of brotherhood, but the pledges of its members were often broken, and it never checked the ambitious projects of a really able man.

The Thebans used their influence in the Amphictyonic Council to induce that body to impose a heavy fine upon the Phocians, on the charge that they had cultivated a part of the Cirrhæan plain, which had been consecrated to the Delphian god with curses pronounced upon those who should thus desecrate the ground. The Phocians protested that the fine was so exorbitant that to pay it would ruin them; the Amphictyons replied by doubling the amount, with the warning that if they did not pay they would be reduced to the condition of serfs. Driven to desperation, the Phocians seized the temple of Delphi itself, to which they claimed an ancient right. The leader in this daring act was Philomelus, whose force numbered about two thousand men. He destroyed the records containing the sentence of the Amphictyons, and appealed to all Greece against its injustice. Receiving reinforcements, he invaded the Locrian territory and defeated the forces there in a pitched battle.

The Locrians now applied to Thebes for aid. Philomelus, as master of the oracle, easily secured a decree sanctioning all that he had done, and sent envoys to the different cities, assuring each that the treasures of Delphi had not been touched. Sparta and Athens consented to form an alliance with Philomelus, but Thebes repelled his messengers with threats and did all she could to help the Locrians. Messages were sent to rouse the Thessalians and all the northern tribes that belonged to the Amphictyonic Council. This new and formidable danger caused Philomelus to throw aside all disguise, and he announced that the sacred treasures should be used for the payment of the mercenaries who now crowded around him. In the war which followed, all prisoners were put to death, Philomelus losing his life in the last important battle. The war was still going on under his successor when Philip of Macedon interfered.

In the sharp fighting which followed, Philip met several defeats, but in the

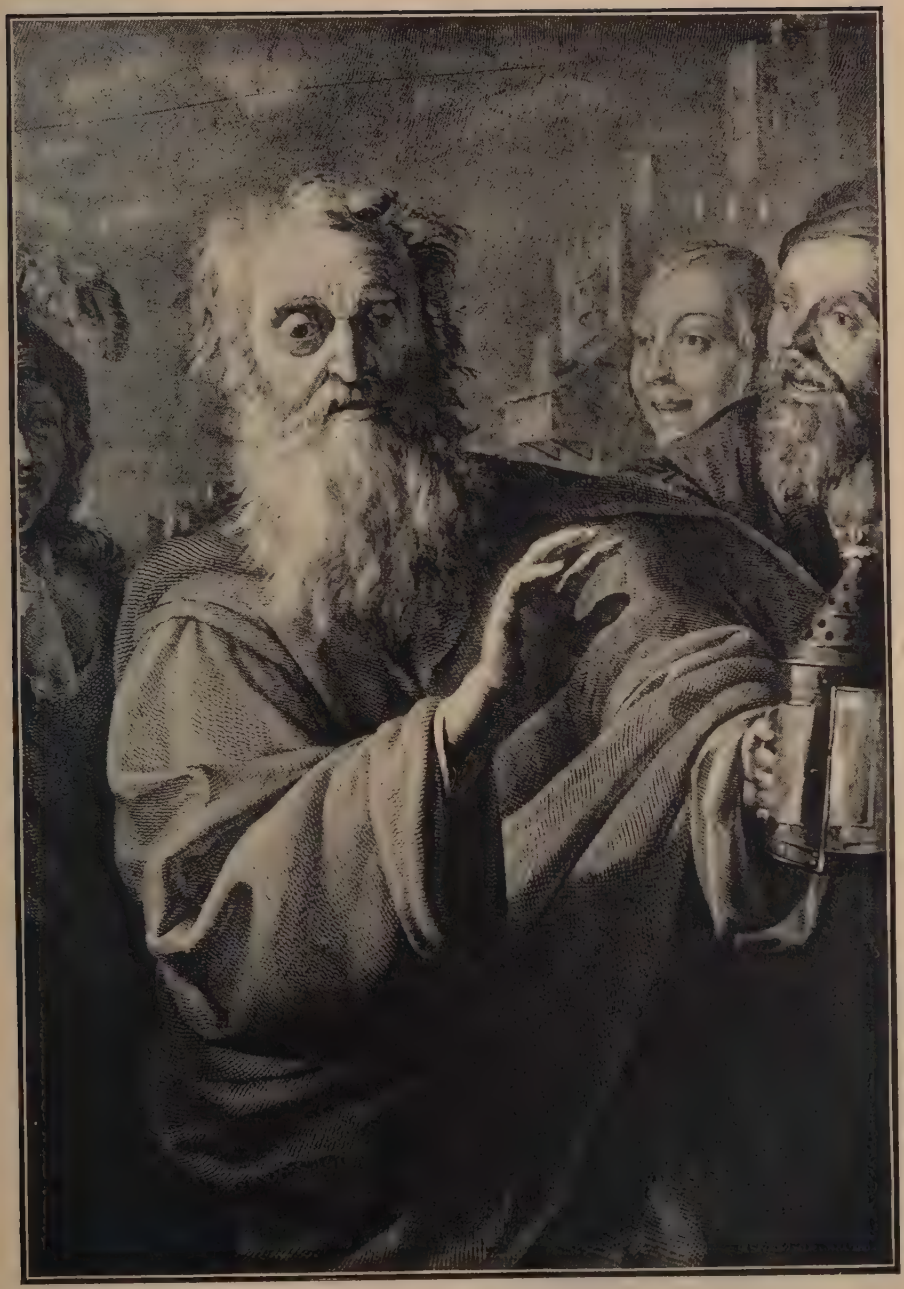
main he was victorious. He assumed the character of a champion of the Delphic god, and by his orders his soldiers wore wreaths of laurel plucked in the groves of Tempe. A victory in B.C. 352 made Philip master of Thessaly. Then he marched against the Phocians, but a strong Athenian force at Thermopylæ compelled him to retreat.

All this time Philip was playing his deep game, but there seemed only one man in Greece who had the wisdom to penetrate his purposes and the courage to denounce them. That man was the greatest orator of ancient times—Demosthenes.

Who has not heard of this wonderful man, who was born in Athens about B.C. 385, though the exact year is unknown? He was swindled out of his fortune by the stewards who had care of it during his boyhood. Upon reaching maturity he prosecuted them, but secured only sufficient to save him from poverty. His success induced him to study the laws and politics of his country with a labor and perseverance never equalled. His voice was harsh, his utterance stammering, and his health frail. He strengthened his lungs by climbing steep hills, reciting as he went, spoke with pebbles in his mouth and thus overcame his stammering, declaimed on the shores of the sea in stormy weather, took lessons from a famous actor, practised before a mirror, and toiled for months at a time without intermission, except to eat and sleep. He first began to take part in public affairs when about thirty years of age, and henceforward to his death his history is the history of Athens.

Recognizing Philip as the enemy of the liberties of Greece, Demosthenes in his first "Philippic" (a word that has become incorporated in our language) tried to rouse his countrymen to their danger, but was only partially successful. Olynthus was the head of thirty-two towns, and, when in B.C. 350 Philip captured one of them in Chalcidice, Olynthus awoke to its danger and sent envoys to Athens to beg for help. It was on this occasion that Demosthenes delivered his three Olynthiac orations, in which with burning eloquence he urged an alliance with Olynthus. He was opposed by the dry, cynical, but pure and disinterested statesman Phocion, whom Demosthenes feared more than any other man. His opposition so crippled the efforts of the Athenians that Philip captured town after town of the confederacy, and finally (B.C. 347) secured Olynthus itself, razed it to the ground and sold the inhabitants into slavery. This made Philip master of the whole of the Chalcidian peninsula.

No one could now fail to see the peril of Athens. The freedom of the Greek towns on the Hellespont was threatened and the possessions in the Chersonese were in danger. Demosthenes turned his efforts to persuading his countrymen to form an alliance among the Grecian states, to check the overshadowing power that threatened the liberty of all. Many of the politicians



THE SEARCH OF DIOGENES

who had formerly opposed him arrayed themselves on his side, but their efforts came to nothing.

The attention of the Athenians was next turned toward a reconciliation with Thebes, where the progress of the Sacred War seemed favorable to the plan, for Thebes was weary of the exhausting struggle. The shrewd Philip saw his danger, and in the summer of B.C. 347 made several overtures to the Athenians, which were received with suspicion by some, and with favor by others. It was decided to send ten ambassadors to Philip's court, among whom was Demosthenes. This was one of the occasions when the Macedonian used gold and lavish hospitality with effect. The peerless orator was incorruptible, but it was not so with his companions, enough of whom yielded to the blandishments of Philip to render the whole scheme a dismal failure. Subsequent attempts were brought to naught, and in the end Philip conquered all Phocis, occupied Delphi, and assembled the Amphictyons to pronounce sentence upon those that had taken part in the sacrilege committed there. This council decreed that all the cities of Phocis, except Abæ, should be destroyed and their inhabitants scattered into villages containing no more than fifty houses each, while they were to replace the stolen treasures in the temple by the payment, through annual instalments, of a sum equal to twelve million dollars. Still further, Sparta was deprived of her share in the Amphictyonic privileges; the two votes of the Phocians were turned over to the Macedonian kings; and Philip was to share with the Thebans and Thessalians the honor of presiding at the Pythian games. This seat in the Amphictyonic Council made Philip a Grecian power, and was sure to give him the pretext for interfering in the affairs of Greece. To Thebes were restored the places which she had lost in Bœotia, and the Sacred War closed in B.C. 346.

Macedon was now the leading power in Greece, and the blindest man among the Athenians read Philip's ambitious designs. Those who had promoted the peace with him were execrated and Demosthenes rose higher than ever in popular favor. The wisdom and pure character of the orator shone forth like the noonday sun. Philip, holding the position lately held by Thebes, declared himself the protector of the Messenians and the ally of the Megalopolitans. Demosthenes was sent into Peloponnesus to counteract his work there, but could do nothing. With his usual fearlessness he publicly accused Philip of perfidy, and that it hurt was proven by the act of the Macedonian in sending an embassy to Athens to complain of the scarifying accusation. This was in B.C. 344, and Demosthenes delivered his second Philippic, aimed chiefly against the orators who supported the Macedonian.

Philip steadily pushed his conquests, and began an attack upon the Greek cities north of the Hellespont. He met with varying success, but it was plain

that the nominal peace between Macedon and Athens was near the breaking point. Fierce fighting soon followed at different points, but, to the disgrace of many of the Athenian leaders, they were corrupted by the gold of Philip and played directly into his hands. Finally, early in B.C. 338, the Amphictyonic Council declared war against the city of Amphissa, and Philip, acting as general for the Council, marched southward. Instead, however, of attacking Amphissa he seized Elatea, the principal town in the eastern part of Phocis, and began rebuilding its fortifications. This action left no doubt that his real design was against Bœotia and Attica.

The news reached Athens at night and threw the city into consternation. Hurried preparations were made against immediate siege, and early the next morning the Five Hundred met in the senate house and the people gathered in the Pnyx, where all with bated breath discussed the astounding tidings. The herald invited any one who chose to speak. There was no response for some minutes, and then Demosthenes ascended the platform and soothed the fears of his countrymen by showing that Philip apparently was not acting in concert with the Thebans, since he had thought it necessary to secure Elatea. He appealed to his hearers to make the most vigorous preparations for defence, and urged them to send an embassy to Thebes to persuade the people to unite with them against the common enemy. The advice was acted upon and ten envoys were sent thither, Demosthenes being one of the number. When they reached Thebes a Macedonian embassy was there, and it was with great difficulty that the Athenians persuaded the Thebans to shut their gates against Philip. The combined Athenian and Theban army marched forth, some time later, to meet Philip, and at first gained some advantage. The decisive battle was fought in August, B.C. 338, on the plain of Chæronea in Bœotia, near the border of Phocia. It is noteworthy that in Philip's army was his youthful son Alexander, who commanded one of the wings. At that early age he gave proof of his great military ability, for he led the charge against the Sacred Band which won the battle. The Band was annihilated, all holding their ground and refusing to fly, and the whole army was routed. Demosthenes was serving as a foot-soldier and was among the disorderly fugitives driven from the field.

This defeat prostrated Greece at the feet of Macedonia, and she now became simply a province of that monarchy. Athens was thrown into so great dismay that many of the wealthier citizens fled, and more would have gone had they not been prevented. Demosthenes exhorted his countrymen to make the utmost preparations for defence, and he was appointed to pronounce the funeral oration over those who had fallen on the battlefield.

The elation of Philip was extraordinary. He is said to have celebrated his great victory by outlandish drunken orgies, during which, so intoxicated that

THE MACEDONIAN PHALANX—BATTLE OF THE CARTS

he could barely stand, he danced over the dead, singing and beating time to his grotesque gyrations. When he became sober he treated the Thebans with harshness, compelling them to recall their exiles, into whose hands their government was placed, and he deprived them of their sovereignty over the Bœotian towns. After restoring Platæa and Orchomenus, he filled them with people hostile to Thebes. But he seemed to feel a certain respect and affection for Athens, because of her supremacy in art and refinement. He sent all the Athenian prisoners home with their baggage, and to those who needed clothing he furnished it. The peace which he then offered gave better terms than Athens would have dared to ask. He took Oropus from the Thebans and gave it to the Athenians, whose only punishment was that they were required to surrender a few of their foreign dependencies.

Philip now announced his purpose of uniting all the forces of Greece in a war upon Persia, to avenge the invasions of Darius and Xerxes. In the congress of the Grecian states assembled at Corinth, Sparta was the only state that refused to send delegates. War was declared against Persia, each state was assessed its quota of men and ships, and Philip naturally was named the chief commander of the expedition. He first chastised Sparta for her sullenness, and returned to Macedonia in the autumn of B.C. 338 to complete his preparations for the Persian expedition.

No doubt the glimpses you have had of this man have shown you that he was immoral and depraved. He adopted the Eastern practice of polygamy, and had several wives. It was Olympias, daughter of the king of Epirus, who was the mother of Alexander. She was a proud, imperious woman who considered herself the legitimate queen, but soon after his return to Macedonia Philip celebrated his nuptials with Cleopatra, daughter of Attalus, one of his generals. At the nuptial banquet wine flowed freely and unloosed the tongues of the feasters. Attalus in his maudlin state taunted Olympias. With a savage exclamation the prince Alexander hurled his goblet at Attalus. Philip seized his sword, sprang from his couch and dashed at his son, whom he would have killed had he not in his intoxicated condition slipped and fallen to the floor. Alexander rose and walked out of the banqueting hall, but at the door paused, and, pointing at his father who was being helped to his feet, said: "Behold the man who was about to pass from Europe to Asia, but who cannot keep his feet in going from one couch to another!"

Alexander and his mother left Macedonia. She found shelter at the court of her brother, the king of Epirus, while Alexander made his home in Illyria. After a time Philip patched up a reconciliation, and the prince was persuaded to return to Pella. Olympias was compelled to return to Philip's court, but in her heart burned an inextinguishable hatred of her husband.

Before setting out on his great expedition against Persia, Philip determined to secure the stability of his dominions by marrying his daughter to the king of Epirus. The ceremonies at Ægæ, the ancient capital of Macedonia, were marked by great splendor, and included banquets, musical and theatrical entertainments. The latter were opened with a procession of the images of the twelve Olympian deities, in which Philip took part, clothed in white robes and crowned with a chaplet. As this procession was moving through the city a youth named Pausanias suddenly glided out from the throng, and, before any one could suspect his purpose, drew from under his clothes a long sword which he drove deep into Philip's side. The monarch fell dead, and the assassin, having stumbled, was cut down before he could reach the spot where his horse was waiting. It was said that the motive for his crime was an insult received from Attalus, which the king refused to punish; but the question naturally arises why Pausanias did not visit his vengeance upon Attalus himself. Olympias could not conceal her delight over the death of her husband, and both she and Alexander were suspected of having instigated the assassination. The general belief now is that Alexander had nothing to do with it, but that his mother was guilty.

COINS OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT

ALEXANDER'S CHARGE AT GRANICUS

ENTRY OF ALEXANDER INTO BABYLON—A GREEK FRIEZE

Chapter XXII

ALEXANDER THE GREAT

WE are now to trace the career of one of the most remarkable men that ever lived. Alexander's early education was entrusted to Leonidas, a kinsman of his mother, while Lysimachus, a governor, instilled in him an ambition to emulate the heroes of the *Iliad*. More important, however, were the three years, as the period is supposed to have been, spent under the guidance and instruction of Aristotle. It must not be supposed from the account of the quarrel between the prince and his father, as related in the preceding chapter, that Philip had any intention of excluding his son from the throne. On the contrary, he was fond of him and appreciated the evidences of greatness shown in his youth. When only sixteen years old the son was made regent of Macedonia during his father's absence, and it was two years later that he acted his brilliant part in the great battle of Chæronea. His age was but twenty when he ascended the throne of Macedon.

Alexander announced his purpose of prosecuting his father's expedition into Asia, but before doing so he was obliged to tranquillize his own country, in several portions of which revolts were set on foot. The insurgents had to learn the character of the young monarch, and they learned it so quickly and forcefully that the various rebellions were crushed before they had time to get fairly under way. This done, he called a general congress at Corinth, which again

was attended by delegates from all the Grecian states except Sparta, and which appointed him generalissimo for the Persian war in place of his father.

All bowed to the rising sun. The philosophers and men of note in Corinth called upon Alexander to offer congratulations, but he noticed the absence of Diogenes, the eccentric cynic. The monarch could afford to be magnanimous, and he hunted out the singular fellow whom he found lolling in the sunshine. At sight of the king and his gorgeous retinue Diogenes raised up and looked curiously at him. Courteously saluting, the smiling monarch asked in what way he could serve his friend.

"By standing out of my sunshine," was the impudent reply that startled the attendants. But Alexander, instead of being offended, said to them: "If I were not Alexander, I should like to be Diogenes."

This cynic philosopher was born in Sinope, in Pontus, in B.C. 412. He was a spendthrift and a rake in his youth, but on coming to Athens he plunged into the opposite extreme of austerity and self-mortification. He wore the coarsest clothing, lived on the plainest food, rolled in hot sand during the heat of summer, and in winter would embrace a statue covered with snow. His home was in a tub belonging to the temple of the mother of the gods, and he was accustomed to grope around the streets in daylight, with a lantern, with the explanation to inquirers that he was looking for an honest man. Despite his eccentricities the Athenians respected him and submitted good-naturedly to his rebukes and comments. He was captured by pirates on a voyage to Ægina, carried to Crete and sold as a slave. His ability soon enabled him to rule his master, who gave him his freedom and appointed him tutor to his children. It was at this time, while living at Corinth, that he had the interview described with Alexander. Perhaps there is a valuable lesson in the fact that Diogenes, in spite of his early excesses, lived, through his abstemiousness and privations, to the age of ninety.

Alexander treated with indifference the pretensions of Sparta to the supremacy of Greece, and did not imitate his father in punishing her for her insolence in not attending his congress. He was detained from starting on his great expedition, however, by news of disturbances among the Thracians and Triballians. The wild tribes of these regions had been only half subdued by Philip, and they were determined to test the mettle of this young, new king before they would submit to him. His military genius showed itself even in this, his first campaign. The Thracians prepared to resist his advance from the summit of the famous Spitka Pass in the Balkan mountains. They had carts loaded with great stones ready to roll down the mountains, hoping to crush the advancing foe beneath the wheels, or at least break their ranks and throw them into confusion. The Macedonian soldiers were much disheartened, and hesi-

ALEXANDER AT THE SIEGE OF TYRE

tated to climb the pass; but Alexander formed them into the famous phalanx, and directed them to advance with shields above their heads. When the thundering carts came plunging amidst them, they crouched to the ground, their shields presenting a solid mass of steel, over which, as Alexander had hoped, the swift carts leaped without injury to the mass of men below. Then the phalanx rose and moved on. The Thracians, who stood ready expecting to rush among the broken ranks and easily slay the half-crushed men, were helpless before the long spears of the unbroken phalanx. With their inferior weapons they could not even reach their enemies to strike a blow. Their resistance was soon overcome, and so impressed were they with their own inferiority that Thrace became thoroughly and permanently a Macedonian province.

Crossing the Balkan mountains Alexander entered the territory of the Triballians, defeated them and pursued them to the Danube, where they took refuge on an island and fortified themselves. Leaving them there, he crossed the river by means of a fleet brought from Byzantium and attacked the Getæ; but so great had his reputation become that they fled in a panic on his approach. Returning to the banks of the Danube, he received the submission of the Danubian tribes and admitted them into the Macedonian alliance. While the Illyrians and Taulantians were preparing to assault his kingdom, he attacked and quickly reduced them to obedience.

During these months of absence nothing was heard at home from Alexander, and the report was generally believed that he had been killed. Under this belief the Thebans revolted and besieged the Macedonian garrison in the Cadmea, calling at the same time upon the other states to declare their independence. As might be supposed, Demosthenes threw all his energies to the aid of the movement. Through his persuasions the Thebans were furnished with subsidies and were promised an alliance; but before they dreamed of their danger Alexander was at Onchestus in Bœotia. The rebels fought desperately, but were driven back in such confusion that, as they scrambled through the gates, the Macedonians mixed with them and massacred thousands of the defenders.

The punishment of Thebes for its treason was left to the decision of the allies, who decreed that it should be destroyed. All the inhabitants were sold as slaves, and the only house left standing was that of Pindar the poet. The severe punishment struck terror throughout Greece, but Alexander showed forbearance and generosity toward the other states, and accepted their explanations and excuses.

The affairs of Greece being placed at last upon a satisfactory footing, he set out for the Hellespont in the spring of B.C. 334 with a force of 30,000 foot and 5,000 horse. Antipater was left as regent of Macedonia, supported by about

one-third as many troops as marched away with the king. The latter before setting out divided most of the crown property among his friends. "What have you reserved for yourself?" asked Perdiccas. "My hopes," was the reply.

At the end of sixteen days the army reached Sestos, where ships and transports were waiting. The march northward was along the coast of the Propontis. An army larger than Alexander's, among whom were twenty thousand Greek mercenaries, were encamped on the Granicus, waiting to dispute the passage of the river. Disregarding the advice of his veteran general Parmenio to delay the attack until morning, Alexander led the plunge into the stream and the climb up the precipitous bank. In the impetuous attack, which scattered the Persians, Alexander's life was often in danger, and once he was saved by his friend Clitus. He killed two Persian officers with his own hand.

The course of the conqueror was now southward toward Sardis, which surrendered as soon as the invaders came in sight of its walls. Ephesus did the same four days later, and Magnesia, Tralles, and Miletus fell like ripe fruit into his hands. There was sharp resistance at Halicarnassus and a siege, until finding it untenable, the defenders set it on fire and crossed over to the island of Cos. The town was destroyed, and Alexander pursued his course along the southern coast of Asia Minor, intending to seize such cities as were likely to afford shelter to the Persian fleet. Winter was at hand and most of the army went into quarters under Parmenio at Sardis. The officers and soldiers who had been recently married were allowed to return to Macedonia on condition that they should bring back in the spring all the recruits possible. Parmenio was instructed to join the king with the main army at the same time in Phrygia. With a select body Alexander proceeded along the coasts of Lycia and Pamphylia, and crossed the Xanthus, nearly all the Lycian towns making their submission.

Alexander was a man who loved danger and adventure for their own sake. By some historians he has been characterized as simply a colossal adventurer, and it must be admitted that there is justice in the charge. He was restless, and his thirst for new perils and difficulties to be overcome was insatiable. Mount Climax, on the frontier of Lycia and Pamphylia, approaches the sea abruptly, leaving only a narrow footway along the base, which is often under water. Alexander found it buried out of sight on his approach, and sent his main force by a tedious and difficult road across the mountains to Perge; but instead of going with them, he and several of his companions waded through the chilling waters for a whole day, obliged to struggle at times to prevent being carried off their feet.

It was easy to subdue all with whom he came in contact on the road to the

THAIS SUGGESTS THE BURNING OF PERSEPOLIS

neighborhood of Gordium in Phrygia, where he was rejoined by Parmenio and the new recruits from Greece. Now here is an interesting story connected with Alexander's visit to the place at that time:

There is a legend that Gordius, a Phrygian peasant, was ploughing in the field when an eagle settled on his yoke of oxen, and remained until the labor of the day was over. Astonished and puzzled by the strange incident, Gordius sought an explanation and was told by a prophetess of Telmissus that he should offer sacrifice to Zeus. He obeyed, and, grateful for the kindness done him, married the prophetess, by whom he had a son, the famous Midas, whose touch (until relieved of the nuisance) turned everything to gold. The disturbances in Phrygia caused the people to send messengers to the oracle at Delphi for advice about choosing a new king. The oracle told them that a king would come to them riding on a wagon and peace would follow. The messengers were telling the people these things, when Gordius with his father was seen approaching on a wagon or car. He was immediately chosen king, and he dedicated his vehicle and yoke to Zeus, in the acropolis of Gordium, a city named for himself, and tied the knot of the yoke so cunningly that an oracle declared that whoever should untie it would become ruler of all Asia. Knowing the legend, Alexander went to the acropolis and took a look at the wonderful knot of bark which held the yoke of the wagon to the pole. Instead of wasting his time in trying to disentangle it he drew his sword, cut the rope in two, and took the prophecy to himself. This constituted the "untying of the Gordian knot," of which every one has heard.

Alexander resumed his march eastward in the spring of B.C. 333. While heated from a trying march, he bathed in the cold waters of the Cydnus near the town of Tarsus, and the result was a flaming fever which threatened his life. An Acarnanian physician was called in, but directly after he had provided a remedy a letter came from Parmenio warning his master that the physician had been bribed by Darius to poison him Alexander after reading the letter handed it to the physician, and then, to show his confidence in him, took up the cup and swallowed the draught. The fact that he speedily recovered his usual health warrants the belief that the veteran general did injustice to the medical man.

So when strong enough, Alexander advanced toward the defiles of Cilicia, where Darius had stationed himself with an army numbering more than half a million men. He arrived in the neighborhood of Issus, where the ground was so unfavorable for the Persians that they wholly lost the advantage of their superior numbers, while Alexander had full play for his consummate skill. The splendid charges of the Macedonian troops sent their enemies flying from the field. Before the battle Darius took his station in the centre of the line in

his gorgeous state chariot, that he might enjoy the overthrow of the insolent Macedonians; but the Persian king was an arrant coward, and the moment he saw his left wing defeated, he dived out of his chariot, ran panting to the hills, leaped upon the back of a fleet horse, and after throwing away his royal robes and his bow and shield, scurried off at headlong speed.

The treasures of the Persian army became the spoils of the Macedonians, but the tent of the king was reserved for Alexander, who gazed in astonishment upon a scene of Oriental royalty. One part was fitted up as a bath, and was heavy with rich perfume, while another was a splendid pavilion with a table spread for a banquet. In a tent near at hand were the wife and mother of Darius, who were treated with delicate courtesy and consideration. This famous battle of Issus was fought in the month of November, B.C. 333.

Darius fled toward the Euphrates, which he crossed with a body of four thousand fugitives. Meanwhile, the immense number of levies which he had summoned were still hurrying toward Babylon, so that in a short time he would be at the head of a still larger number than that which had been defeated. Nevertheless, the cowardly monarch twice made overtures to peace, the latter proposition being a proposal that Alexander should possess all Asia to the Euphrates. Hearing this, Parmenio exclaimed: "I would accept the proposal if I were Alexander." "So would I," replied Alexander, "if I were Parmenio."

The Macedonian monarch next turned toward Syria and Phœnicia, with a view of cutting off the escape of Darius by the sea. When he occupied Damascus, he secured a prodigious amount of treasure, and with little difficulty conquered all the cities along the shore of the Mediterranean. Tyre had such a powerful position that it held out for seven months, when after tremendous exertion on the part of the besiegers, it fell, B.C. 332, and was destroyed. From that point Alexander continued his trumphant career through Palestine, where the only city that refused to submit was Gaza, whose fate was the same as Tyre's. Egypt, as will be remembered, was groaning at that time under the Persian yoke, and it welcomed Alexander as a deliverer. Different from the merciless Cambyses, he won the respect and affection of the people by restoring all the old customs and religious institutions of the country. There, too, he founded Alexandria, which became one of the leading cities of ancient times, and is still an important metropolis of Egypt.

Alexander next marched through the Libyan desert, in order to consult the oracle of Jupiter Amon, whose priests saluted him as a son of Jove. He made the consultation in secret, and it is said never revealed the answer which he received, though the magnificence of his offerings to the god leave no doubt that it was favorable.

At the town of Arbela, now known as Arbil, east of Mossul, in Assyria (the

KING PORUS BROUGHT BEFORE ALEXANDER

battle was really fought near Guagamela, to the northwest), Alexander met Darius with an army numbering fully half a million men, and routed and pursued them for fifty miles from the scene of the fight. He was particularly anxious to make the Persian king a prisoner, but the latter fled as before on a swift horse, leaving again his baggage and royal treasure in the hands of his conqueror. Babylon and Susa opened their gates to him, and he next moved toward Persepolis, the capital of Persia, which he entered in triumph.

Rarely, indeed, can a man withstand the perils of attaining the highest pinnacle of success. Alexander had always been fond of wine and luxurious living, and he now descended to the most degrading debauchery, during which he spent days in sodden drunkenness. At such times he was capricious and as ferocious as a demon. It seems pretty certain that he set fire to Persepolis, then the most splendid city of the world, and reduced it to ashes. We are told that he applied the torch in the midst of a drunken feast, being prompted to the wanton destruction by Thais, a Grecian courtesan, who urged him thus to avenge his comrades, the soldiers who had fallen in his battles. When sober, he was ashamed of his wicked act, and, as a diversion to his mind, set out with his cavalry in hot pursuit of Darius. He had learned that Bessus, the satrap of Bactriana, held the king as prisoner, and fearing the worst, Alexander made all haste in the hope of saving him. When he overtook Darius, he found that Bessus had inflicted upon him a mortal wound and left him dying at the roadside. Alexander was shocked and gave the fallen king a suitable burial.

He then resumed his pursuit of Bessus, who aspired to the throne of Persia, and after a long pursuit to the present city of Bokhara, he found that Bessus had been surrendered by the satrap of that city, and he was put to death by order of the Persian court. Then a plot was revealed to Alexander in which the son of Parmenio had conspired to take his life. The father was entirely innocent, but the cruel monarch executed his faithful old general, as well as the son. This act horrified all who knew it, but no one dared protest.

In B.C. 329 Alexander pushed his way to the farthest known limits of northern Asia and routed the Scythians on the banks of the Jaxartes. The following year he conquered the whole of Sogdiana and married Roxana, the daughter of one of his enemy's captains, and said to be the most beautiful woman in Asia. Returning to Maracanda, he was joined by the other divisions of his army. It was at this time that he made Clitus, the friend who had saved his life at the battle of the Granicus, satrap of Bactria. On the night before Clitus was to depart to his new post, he and Alexander drank heavily. They quarrelled, and the king in his rage drove a spear through the body of Clitus. Then, when he realized what he had done, he was seized with an agony of remorse, and flinging himself upon the corpse, refused for three days

to leave it or take any nourishment. It was not until utterly exhausted that he allowed himself to be led away and consented to partake of food.

In B.C. 327 Alexander advanced upon his famous conquest of India. Crossing the Indus near the modern town of Attock, he made his way under the guidance of a native prince to the Jelum, where he met and defeated another native prince, Porus, after a furious battle. Porus was brought captive before his conqueror, who demanded frowningly how he expected to be treated. "As a king should be," returned the Indian, haughtily. And Alexander, pleased by the pride of the answer, freed him and made a friend of him. Then the conqueror marched through the part of India now known as the Punjaub, planting Greek colonies at different points.

He was accompanied by a number of historians, and it is to them that we are indebted for the first authentic knowledge of that wonderful country. The strange fact is, that what they wrote more than two thousand years ago would answer well for an account of the country to-day; for India, like China, has stood still for centuries. Its oldest history is wholly legendary, and nothing is known with certainty about the region and the people until the fourth century before Christ. The narrative is a fascinating one which tells of India's riches and valuable natural productions, its costly merchandise and splendid manufactures, the magnificence of its sovereigns, its overwhelming animal and vegetable life, which includes the fiercest wild animals and the deadliest reptiles in the world, its smothering heat, its physical features which have led it to be called "an epitome of the whole earth," and its whole record from the Mohammedan conquest in 1010 down to the present day, with its population five times as great as that of England, of which it has long remained a princely dependency.

The army of Alexander was sated with conquest, wearied with endless tramping and fighting, and so homesick that when it reached the southern boundary of the Punjaub, it refused to go any farther. The king could not help himself, and, after erecting twelve immense altars, on the banks of the river, to mark the limit of his conquests, he gave the order to march homeward. Arriving at the newly founded cities of Nicæa and Bucephala, he separated the army into three divisions, two of which were ordered to pass down the river on opposite banks, while Alexander himself with eight thousand men embarked on a fleet, which had been built with a view of descending the Indus to its mouth.

Setting out in the latter part of November, B.C. 327, several months were occupied, during which there was considerable fighting with the natives. Alexander never had a narrower escape than in the storming of a town standing on the present site of Mooltan. A ladder was placed against the wall, and he was the first to run to the top. He was closely followed by four of his officers,

WEDDING OF ALEXANDER AND STATIRA

but as the fifth placed his foot on the ground the ladder broke and the king was left on the wall, a fair target for the missiles of the enemy. If he stood still but for a minute, he was certain to be killed; he must either leap down among his own friends or among his enemies. He chose the latter desperate alternative, and, dropping on his feet, placed his back against the wall and faced the clamoring mob who fought among themselves to get to him. Two chiefs who ventured within reach of his sword were killed, but an arrow pierced his corselet, and, overcome with weakness, he sank to the ground. Two of the officers who had followed him fought off their assailants until the arrival of more soldiers, who had scaled the walls and opened the gates. The place was quickly taken and every defender put to the sword.

Having reached the ocean, Alexander ordered Nearchus, the commander of the fleet, to sail to the Persian Gulf, while he pushed inland with a division of the army which he intended to lead through the present territory of Beloochistan. There he had to cross burning deserts, where thousands of his men died through want of water. When he arrived in Persia in B.C. 325, three-fourths of the men who had left their homes in such high hopes were absent, never to return.

In the handling of his conquests Alexander displayed many proofs that he was more than a mere general. He seems to have had extensive and far-seeing plans for the welding of his loosely held dominions into one united and settled state. For this reason he had all along treated the Persian nobles with great consideration and encouraged friendships between them and his own commanders. In the year 325 he announced that the two nations were henceforth to be governed as one people; and in proof of this he himself wedded Statira, the eldest daughter of Darius. The ceremony was celebrated with great pomp at Susa, and at the same time many of his Macedonian and Grecian officers were married to Persian ladies of rank.

The overbearing conduct of Alexander and the marked favoritism he showed toward the Persians roused the jealousy of his own people, and, but for his severity in crushing the discontent, he would have had to face a formidable mutiny. Then he went to Ecbatana, where in the autumn he celebrated with imposing splendor the festival of Dionysius. Then in the face of the warning of the priests of Belus, that some evil would befall him, he entered the city of Babylon in the spring of B.C. 324. There were to be enacted the crowning, grandest ceremonies of all. He came as the invincible conqueror of Asia. Ambassadors from all parts of Greece, from Italy, Libya, and still more remote regions, were waiting to greet and do him homage. Nearchus had arrived with the fleet and was joined by other vessels built in Phœnicia and brought overland and then down the river to Babylon. Nothing was wanting to make the scene one of the grandest of which the world's history contains a record.

Strange that men will go on planning, scheming, and fretting as if they are to live forever! Alexander was still young, and his brain seethed with dazzling visions of conquest that opened out before him. He had already proven himself one of the greatest conquerors that ever cursed the earth, but ambition grows by what it feeds upon. He meant to become master of the world.

As the first step in this stupendous dream, he determined to subjugate Arabia. Three expeditions were sent out to survey its coast; he gave orders to build a fleet for the Caspian Sea, and the course of the Euphrates was surveyed with a view of improving its navigation. With myriads as slaves to his will, there seemed no possible limit to his triumphs, nor any reason why the same towering success should not attend his schemes in the future as had in the past. There was but a single contingency to fear, and that was death, and the grim foe now rose in the path in front of him.

All preparations for the Arabian campaign being completed, solemn sacrifices were offered up for its success, and luxurious banquets were given before the departure. It was natural that Alexander should be inspired by the overwhelming grandeur of the vista opening before him. He drank deeply, and continuing his debauch, was seized with a fever. He regarded it lightly and refused for several days to take to his couch; but he grew steadily worse, and eleven days after the attack, B.C. 323 (May or June), he died, in the thirty-second year of his age, having reigned twelve years and eight months. His body was placed in a golden coffin at Alexandria and divine honors were paid to it in Egypt and other countries.

Although such men as Philip, Alexander, Napoleon Bonaparte, and their like, are stupendous curses to mankind, yet it is seldom that their career proves an unmixed evil. Alexander was selfish and, as has been said, craved adventure and danger for their own sake. He was controlled by an insatiate ambition, which had no regard for the rights of others; but wherever he went, he carried Hellenic civilization with him. Thus he bore light and blessing to multitudes which otherwise would not have received them for centuries. Of the two continents thus brought into closer communication, both were gainers. The arts and literature of Greece obtained a footing in the East, and after Alexander had passed away Greek kingdoms were formed in the western parts of Asia and lasted for centuries.

"The Greek language became the tongue of all government and literature throughout many countries where the people were not Greek by birth. It was thus at the very moment that Greece began to lose her political freedom that she made, as it were, an intellectual conquest of a large part of the world."

THE DEATH OF ALEXANDER

ACHAIA AND THE CORINTHIAN GULF

Chapter XXIII

THE FALL OF GREECE

AS Alexander lay dying, he was asked to whom he left his empire. "To the strongest," was his reply; but there was none strong enough to take his place and his vast schemes of policy and conquest were buried in the grave with him.

After much dispute, threatening the gravest consequences, a complicated division was made, but the empire broke apart, and the generals who had served under Alexander fought for twenty years over the fragments. A decisive battle at Ipeus in Phrygia, in B.C. 301, gave Syria and the East to Seleucus, Egypt to Ptolemy, Thrace to Lysimachus, and Macedonia to Cassander. It is not our province to give a detailed account of the various kingdoms founded by these men, and we must now return to the history of Greece, from which we have been necessarily diverted by our story of the career of Alexander. When the latter pushed into the interior of Asia in the pursuit of Darius, he left his favorite Harpalus at Ecbatana, with a large force in charge of the royal treasures. Harpalus removed to Babylon, where his rioting and wild excesses alienated the people. No doubt he believed Alexander would never return from Asia and the regions of the far East, but when he learned he was on his way and was punishing with rigor all who had been faithless to their trust, Harpalus fled, at the head of six thousand mercenaries and with all the treasures he could collect. Crossing to Attica, he applied to Athens for admission, but obtained

it only by the free use of bribes. This was such a flagrant act of hostility against Macedonia that Antipater, the vicegerent left in charge there by Alexander, called upon the Athenians to deliver up Harpalus and those of their number who had accepted bribes. The Athenians did not dare refuse and Harpalus was put in prison, but succeeded in escaping. Demosthenes, one of the accused, was convicted and sentenced to pay a fine so enormous that it was impossible to meet it, and he too was thrown into prison. Since there is every reason to doubt his guilt, it is a pleasure to record that he also made his escape. He lived mostly at Ægina and Troezene in sight of his native land, toward which it is said he often turned his tearful eyes.

Alexander died the following year, and Demosthenes was recalled from exile and once more placed at the head of affairs. The Macedonian power, however, prevailed and the conquerors demanded the surrender of the great orator and statesman. There was no escape this time for him, and he sought an asylum in the temple of Neptune, in the island of Calaurea, where, before his pursuers could overtake him, he died, there is reason to fear from poison administered by his own hand (B.C. 322). Of him it has been said that it is scarcely possible to praise or admire him too much. His dauntless bravery, the stainless purity of his public and private life, his splendid and disinterested patriotism, and his services as a statesman and administrator entitle him to a place among the highest and noblest men of antiquity. As an orator, the intelligent of all ages have, with hardly a dissenting voice, assigned to him the highest place. Homer is not more clearly the prince of ancient poets than is Demosthenes the prince of ancient orators.

On the death of Antipater, his son Cassander expected to become king of Macedonia, but the honor was given to another, which so angered Cassander that he determined to contest the sovereignty. He had been ill-treated by Alexander, and had formed an implacable hatred toward that monarch and the members of his family. He succeeded in his contest for the throne, but while engaged in conquering southern Greece news reached him that Olympias, mother of Alexander, was making serious trouble in Macedonia and he hurried thither. He captured Olympias and put her to death, after which only Roxana, widow of Alexander, and her son Ægus stood between him and the throne. He married the half-sister of Alexander, "removed" the widow and son who stood in his way, and caused Thebes, which Alexander had destroyed, to be rebuilt. His war with Antigonus, king of Asia, lasted from B.C. 315 to 301, in the latter year of which Antigonus was defeated and killed at the battle of Ipsus. Then with his auxiliaries Seleucus, Ptolemy, and Lysimachus, Cassander seized and shared the dominions of the vanquished.

It was in the year B.C. 317 that Cassander placed Demetrius Phalereus at

THE DEATH OF DEMOSTHENES

the head of affairs in Athens, where he ruled with so much wisdom for ten years that the grateful Athenians heaped all manner of honors upon him, including no less than three hundred and sixty statues. But he lost his popularity through dissipation, and upon the approach of Demetrius Poliorcetes, the son of Antigonus, in B.C. 307, he was obliged to flee, while all his statues except one were demolished.

After the battle of Ipsus, Demetrius Poliorcetes had succeeded to what was left of his father's power, and retreating with the remnant of his army to Ephesus, had sailed to Cyprus. He wished to go to Athens, but the Athenians would not receive him. He then turned toward the Peloponnesus, but found that his allies in that quarter had joined Cassander. While engaged in ravaging the Thracian Chersonese in B.C. 300, he was gratified to receive an embassy from Seleucus with a request from that monarch for the hand of his daughter. The request was gladly granted, and Demetrius was so much strengthened by the new alliance that in the spring of B.C. 296 he besieged and captured Athens. The ferocious tyrant Lachares, established there by Cassander, was driven out, and since the city was suffering fearfully from famine, Demetrius distributed corn among the starving inhabitants and treated them with a kindness that was as marked as it was unexpected.

Cassander had died a short time before, and his successor, who was his eldest son, known as Philip IV., lived but a short time, whereupon the two brothers Antipater and Alexander quarrelled over the succession. The mother, Thessalonica, a daughter of the great Philip, tried to smooth matters by dividing the kingdom between them, but Antipater got the belief that she was favoring his brother, and in a paroxysm of rage killed her with his own hand. Alexander called upon Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, and upon Demetrius to assist him. Demetrius was in the Peloponnesus, and Pyrrhus being nearer, succeeded in partitioning Macedonia between the two brothers. This of course weakened the kingdom, and Demetrius, seeing a good opportunity for gratifying his ambitious designs, entered the country with his army and did not hesitate to have Alexander assassinated when he joined him with his forces.

Somehow or other Demetrius convinced the Macedonians that his crime was justified, maintaining that Alexander was plotting against his life. Be that as it may, they would not have the other brother, the slayer of his mother, to rule over them, and therefore made Demetrius their king. But after a time Demetrius offended his subjects by his pomp and splendor, and the scorn with which he treated them. He aimed to recover all of his father's dominions in Asia, but before he could take the field his adversaries forestalled him. In the spring of B.C. 287 Ptolemy sent a great fleet against Greece, and Pyrrhus and Lysimachus invaded Macedonia at the same time from two different directions.

Pyrrhus had won the favor of the Macedonians by his generosity, kindness, and courage, while, for the reasons named, they detested Demetrius. In the hour that Pyrrhus appeared, the Macedonians flocked to his support and Demetrius had to fly for his life. Pyrrhus became king, but seven months later Lysimachus drove him out. Demetrius tried several times to regain his power in Greece, but failed and then set sail for Asia, where he finally fell into the hands of his son-in-law Seleucus, who held him captive in Syria, with all his depraved tastes gratified until his death in B.C. 283, from gross indulgences.

Meanwhile, Pyrrhus retreated to his own kingdom of Epirus, while Seleucus and Lysimachus fought until the latter was killed. Thus Seleucus, the last of Alexander's generals, held all of his empire except Egypt, Southern Syria, Cyprus, and part of Phœnicia, but while taking possession of Macedonia he was murdered by an Egyptian Greek, to whom he had shown many favors (B.C. 280). This wretch, Ptolemy Ceraunus, in the turmoil that followed, made himself king of Macedon.

The miscreant did not long escape punishment. The Celts or Gauls swarmed into Macedonia, defeated the people, cut off the head of Ceraunus, carried it on a pole and overran Thrace and Macedon. A second invasion by these barbarians compelled the Greeks to rally against them, and the command of the army was given to the Athenian Callippus (B.C. 279). The Celts penetrated as far south as Delphi, which they intended to plunder, but they were repulsed and their leader Brennus killed.

Anarchy and confusion followed the death of Ceraunus, till in B.C. 278 Antigonus Gonatus, son of Demetrius Poliorcetes, succeeded in gaining the throne. He held it with slight interruption until his death in B.C. 239. Pyrrhus marched into the Peloponnesus in B.C. 272, at the head of a large army with which he intended to make war upon Sparta and also to reduce the places which still supported Antigonus. He failed to capture Sparta and then advanced against Argos, arriving at the same time with Antigonus and his forces. Simultaneously the two entered the city by opposite gates. While fighting in the streets, Pyrrhus was knocked from his horse by a tile hurled by a woman to save her son, and was slain by several soldiers. Antigonus shed tears at sight of the head of his enemy and caused the body to be honorably buried in the temple of Ceres.

Finding himself master of the greater part of Peloponnesus, Antigonus Gonatus governed the various cities by means of Tyrants and then laid siege to Athens, in whose defence an Egyptian fleet and Spartan army assisted. Athens was finally taken about the year B.C. 262, after the defenders had been reduced to the last stages of famine and exhaustion.

And now while all Greece, except Sparta, lay bound and helpless at the

THE FARNESE HERCULES

feet of Macedonia, a new and strange power came into life. The troubles in Macedonia kept Antigonus Gonatus there, thus offering the opportunity for a well-directed revolt in the Peloponnesus. In the early part of our history we learned something about the narrow slip of country upon the shores of the Corinthian gulf known as Achaia, where a sort of religious league had existed from a remote period. It embraced the twelve cities of the province, but was suppressed by the Macedonians, who held possession of all the towns, now ten in number, two having been destroyed by earthquakes. Relieved of the presence of Antigonus Gonatus, these cities began to draw together again. It was about the year B.C. 251 that Aratus of Sicyon succeeded in bringing the new Achæan League into being. He had spent many years in exile at Argos, and now collected a number of his companions and, attacking Sicyon at night, drove out the last of the execrated Tyrants. This daring act brought Sicyon into the league, which was governed by a general, with the sovereignty, however, residing in the general assembly, which met twice a year in a sacred grove near Ægium. Every Achæan who had reached the age of thirty was a member, and the body decided all questions that affected the welfare of their country. Aratus was the general in B.C. 245 and again two years later, when he performed a still more daring exploit by capturing Corinth from the Macedonians and joining it to the league, which grew with amazing rapidity, embracing in the end all the towns except Sparta, Elis, and a few of the Arcadian cities.

Sparta although independent was only a wreck, hardly suggestive of her former greatness. The whole number of citizens was only seven hundred, of whom no more than a hundred retained enough land to support themselves in idleness. They removed to foreign courts to live in extravagance, for the Spartan simplicity that has made the name immortal had long since departed.

The young king, Agis IV., who came to the crown in B.C. 244, was fired by the noble spirit of the ancient founders, and determined that Spartans should regain their virtue. He gave up all his own wealth as well as that of his family, but was bitterly opposed by his colleague bearing the honored name of Leonidas, who rallied the wealthy citizens on his side. Agis, however, succeeded in deposing Leonidas, and it looked as if the reformer would succeed in his beneficent purpose; but he undertook an expedition to aid Aratus against the Ætolians, and when he returned he found that Leonidas had been restored to power and was strong enough to seize him and put him to death. Some years later Cleomenes, the son of Leonidas, who had married the widow of Agis, affected most of the reforms which Agis had had in view. Cleomenes made himself powerful through his military successes, and was thus able to carry out his political principles. Aratus in his efforts to extend the Achæan League seized several Arcadian towns which the Ætolians had ceded to Sparta. This

brought on a war (B.C. 227–226), in which the League was defeated by Cleomenes, who returned home and began carrying out with military rigor the reform measures of Agis. A natural consequence was the renewed successes of the Spartan arms, and Aratus, driven to the wall, appealed to the Macedonians. Antigonus and his son were dead, and the government was administered by Antigonus Doson, a guardian of the youthful heir Philip. The Macedonians compelled him to accept the crown, yet he remained faithful to his trust, and at his death Philip succeeded him.

Antigonus Doson, in answer to the prayer of Aratus, marched into the Peloponnesus and drove Cleomenes into Laconia. The war was not brought to a close till two years afterward (B.C. 221), when in the battle of Sellasia in Laconia, the army of Cleomenes was annihilated, and he was compelled to take refuge in Egypt. Then Sparta, which had remained unconquered for so many centuries, fell into the power of Macedonia.

It was a great triumph for Antigonus, but within a year he was recalled to Macedonia by an invasion of the Illyrians, whom he defeated. He died a short time afterward, and Philip V., son of Demetrius II., still in his teens, succeeded him. Because of his youth, the Ætolians ventured to make plundering excursions into the Peloponnesus. They had previously united into a confederacy composed of tribes instead of cities, and were held in great dread by their neighbors. The disorganized state of Greece, following the death of Alexander, had encouraged them to increase their power, which in time extended over Locris, Phocis, Bœotia, and parts of Acarnania, Thessaly, and Epirus. Such was the state of the Ætolians when Philip came to the throne of Macedon. In the effort to help the Messenians, Aratus was routed and the Achæans applied to Philip for help. He made an alliance with them and the Social War followed, with the Ætolians on one side and the Achæans, aided by Philip, on the other. The Ætolians suffered several defeats, but three years after the opening of the war, B.C. 217, Philip made peace with them, because a more formidable power demanded his attention.

The tremendous struggle was now going on between Rome and Carthage, with the certainty that miserable, distracted Greece would be inevitably swallowed by the victor in that mighty contest for supremacy. Philip made the fatal blunder of uniting with the forces of Carthage, and the Romans formed an alliance with the Ætolians who made war against him. Previous to this, Philip, who had become arbitrary and harsh in his methods, quieted the remonstrances of Aratus by causing him to be poisoned to death. The Ætolians pressed the Achæans so hard that in B.C. 209 they again called upon Philip for help. There were a few noble spirits left among the Greeks, of whom the leader was Philopœmen, called by Plutarch "the last of the Greeks." He was born in Mega-

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lopolis about B.C. 252, and received a careful education, through Cleander, a wealthy citizen. He fought bravely in the defence of Megalopolis against Cleomenes, king of Sparta, in B.C. 222. At the head of one thousand horse he joined Antigonus the next year and greatly aided in the routing of the Spartan king Satellasia. Foreseeing the trouble that was coming to his people, he improved the few years of peace by going abroad and studying the science of war. He learned well, and, on his return to Peloponnesus in B.C. 210, was appointed general of the Achæan horse. He did splendid service, and in the expedition against Elis in B.C. 209 killed the Elean leader with his own hand. The following year he was raised to the highest possible military rank, that of commander-in-chief of the Achæan League. So admirable were his discipline and training of the forces under his command, that it began to look as if the ancient heroism of his country had returned to life again.

In B.C. 207 Philopœmen gained a great victory at Mantinea over the Spartans, whose king and leader fell in a personal encounter with him. They had formed an alliance with the Romans, who now withdrew to give their whole attention to Carthage, and Greece enjoyed a few years of tranquillity. The fame of Philopœmen had reached the highest pinnacle, and at the Nemean festival which followed he was proclaimed Liberator of Greece. The beautiful simplicity of his character was not touched by these honors. His influence over his quarrelsome countrymen was so great that Philip feared Greece would regain her independence. He attempted to have her liberator secretly assassinated, but the plot was discovered in time and Philopœmen was more endeared than ever to his people.

The conduct of Philip gave the Romans good grounds for renewing their designs against Greece at the conclusion of the second Punic war. In B.C. 200 the Romans declared war against Philip, and relieved Athens which he had besieged. Two years later the Achæan League was won over to the Roman alliance, and since the Ætolians had already deserted him, Philip was faced by a problem beyond his power to solve. In B.C. 197 the deciding battle between the Romans and Philip was fought at Cynoscephalæ in Thessaly. Philip was defeated and the doom of the Macedonian empire sealed. The treaty which he was compelled to sign in the succeeding year renounced its supremacy, withdrew its garrisons from the Grecian towns, surrendered its fleet, and bound it to pay more than a million dollars for the expenses of the war. The independence of Greece was proclaimed, and in B.C. 194 the Roman armies were withdrawn from the country.

On the departure of the consul, Nabis, ruler of Sparta, attacked the Achæans, but his force was almost annihilated by Philopœmen, and he was killed soon after by the Ætolians. Philopœmen exerted himself to heal the quarrels

among his countrymen, knowing that unless they stopped, Rome would step in and take away the independence she had lately given them. The Ætolians were mad enough to fight alone against the Romans, who utterly crushed them in B.C. 189, and compelled them to make peace upon the most humiliating terms.

Sparta had put to death a number of the friends of Philopœmen, who took a savage revenge upon the city, for which he was strongly censured by the Roman senate, as well as by the commissioner sent into Greece in B.C. 185. Two years later, Philopœmen was elected commander-in-chief or Strategus, as it was called, for the eighth time. He was seventy years old and was lying ill with fever at Argos when news was brought to him that the Messenians had broken from the league. He sprang from his couch and hurried at the head of a force of cavalry to quell the revolt, but having fallen from his horse was captured and two days later was presented with a cup of poison by the Messenian leader, which he calmly drank off and died.

Philip, the Macedonian king, died in B.C. 179, and was succeeded by his son Perseus, who, although his country was prepared for war, renewed the treaty of peace which lasted seven years. Perseus improved this interval in making alliances with Greek and Asiatic princes. Rome was watching his actions, and reading their meaning, declared war against him in B.C. 171. The struggle lasted four years, the first three of which were so advantageous to him that there was a widespread feeling in his favor in the countries bordering on the Levant and the Archipelago. The final battle was fought at Pydna, June 22d, in which the army of Perseus was utterly routed. He was compelled to surrender shortly after and was taken to Rome, where he adorned the triumph of the conqueror. Perseus was the last king of Macedonia, and with him fell the empire of Macedon.

The Roman commissioners charged with arranging the affairs of Macedonia gave their attention also to Greece, which they intended to bring under Roman sway. There were plenty of traitors who were readily bribed, and Callicrates a man of great influence, was chief of them. He did everything in his power to bring about the degradation of his country. Wretched, miserable Athens had become a tramp, begging for meagre favors. Sometimes in her distress she craved the bounty of Eastern princes or the Ptolemies of Egypt. The condition of the people was so desperate that in B.C. 156 they sent out an expedition against their neighbor Oropus, and appropriated supplies without permission of the owners. The Oropians complained to the Roman senate, which sentenced the Athenians to pay an enormous fine; and here follows a fine story of the state of morals at that time:

The Oropians being injured again, appealed to the Achæan League, which at

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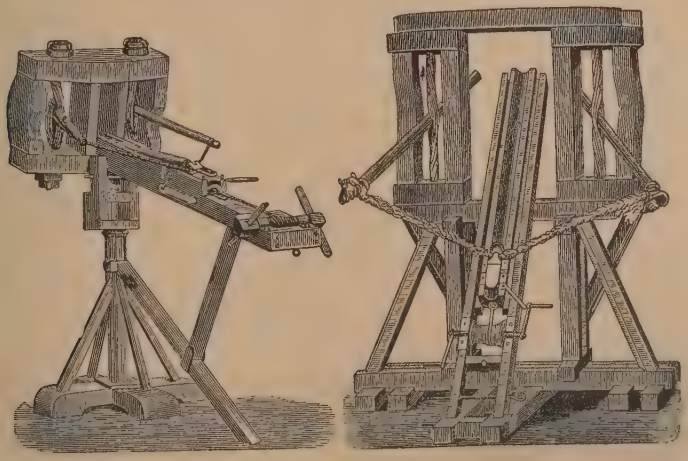
first refused to have anything to do with the matter. Then the Oropians bribed Menalcidas, a Spartan, and the Strategus of the league, of which Sparta was an unwilling member. He in turn hired the corrupt Callicrates to obtain the intervention of the league. Menalcidas cheated Callicrates out of his share of the bribe, and the latter in revenge charged him with having urged the Romans to separate Sparta from the league. Menalcidas would have been condemned had he not bribed Diæus, his successor in office. This becoming known Diæus became so odious that to turn attention from himself, he stirred up the Achæans to violence against Sparta.

Too weak to repel the attack, Sparta appealed to Rome, which sent two commissioners in B.C. 147 to adjust matters. They decided that Sparta, Corinth, and the remaining cities, except those of Achaia, should be disjoined from the league and restored to independence. Corinth was enraged and fierce rioting broke out, the Roman commissioners narrowly escaping violence. The new embassy sent thither could obtain no satisfaction for the outrages, and finally the Roman Senate declared war against the league. The Strategus was incompetent and cowardly; he fled, and upon being overtaken was routed. Diæus, who succeeded him, did a little better, but he was overthrown near Corinth, which city was immediately evacuated by most of the inhabitants. Mummius, the Roman commander, put to death the men who remained and burned the city to the ground. Ten commissioners arrived from Rome to settle the future condition of Greece. As a result, the whole country to the frontier of Macedonia and Epirus was made into a Roman province, under the name of Achaia, and thus vanished the freedom of Greece.



GRECIAN CATAPAULTS

PAUL PREACHING IN ATHENS

Chapter XXIV

GREECE AS A ROMAN PROVINCE—ITS LITERATURE AND ART

THE story of the decline of Greece is a sad one. As a dependency of the Roman empire, it suffered severely during the wars of Antiochus and Mithridates, which you will hear of in the story of Rome. Later for over two centuries there were comparative peace and prosperity under the early Roman emperors. Julius Cæsar rebuilt Corinth and made it the capital of the province. Standing where the isthmus was only six miles across, with a beautiful harbor on each side, it was entered by many travellers who, fearing to sail around the dangerous headlands of the Peloponnesus, were accustomed to land on one side and embark on the other, just as people do in going from New York to San Francisco by way of the Isthmus of Panama. Thus Corinth grew into a great commercial city, where at all times could be found hundreds of Jews and Greeks.

Christianity was early introduced by Paul, the great apostle of the Gentiles, whose memory is revered by Christians throughout the world. He was born of Jewish parents at Tarsus in Cilicia, and from them he inherited the rights of Roman citizenship. One law of the empire was that a Roman citizen could be tried only by the magistrates and laws of Rome; so it was a fortunate thing for a person to attain the rank of a Roman citizen. Men of eminence were complimented in this way, and sometimes an entire city was given the honor. Paul

ST. PAUL PROTECTED FROM THE MOB BY THE ROMANS

is said to have been of small stature, of spare frame, and able "to stand under the arm of a man of ordinary height." His original name was Saul. His native city, where he was first educated, was then at the zenith of its fame as a centre of schools of literature and philosophy. There he doubtless learned to speak Greek and perfected himself "in the law of his fathers." He was next sent to Jerusalem, where he studied under Gamaliel, a noted Jewish scholar, and became one of the most rigid of Pharisees. In accordance with the good rule prevailing at that time, he learned a trade, which was that of tent-maker, and at which, as he records, he afterward labored to support himself. Among his sect there was none more furious than he in persecuting the Christians.

This wonderful man came upon the stage of action shortly after the death of the Saviour. The Jews of the Cilician synagogue were savage disputants against Stephen the martyr, and no doubt Saul, still in his youth, was among the crowd who were clamorous and headlong in their determination to crush the humble followers of the Nazarene. When Stephen was stoned to death, young Saul stood by consenting, and holding the garments of those who flung them off that they might the better hurl the missiles at the man who thus perished for his Master.

Saul now became a leader in the relentless persecution of the Christians which broke out in Jerusalem, but, as told in the book of Acts, he was miraculously converted while on the road to Damascus. He went into seclusion for a time in Arabia, probably to prepare himself for the solemn work to which he was henceforward to give his life. He changed his name to Paul, and with absolute fearlessness and whole-souled devotion began the labors which made him the foremost teacher and Christian of the ages. The hatred of the Jews against him became so intense that nothing but his death could satisfy them. His friends, however, helped him to escape and he fled to Jerusalem, where the disciples were at first frightened and suspicious, but Barnabas convinced them of his sincerity and he was gladly received. He "spoke boldly in the name of Christ," disputing with such power with the Hellenistic Jews that again his life was sought, and he escaped by fleeing to Tarsus, his birthplace, where it appears he remained until Barnabas brought him to Antioch, which was not far off.

A brief visit was made to Jerusalem in the year 44, which was that of the great famine. He and Barnabas were selected by the prophets and elders of the church at Antioch for work among the more distant Jews. Starting from Seleucia, they entered upon their first missionary expedition, which led them to the southern regions of Asia Minor, where they met with great success. At Pisidian Antioch, the Jews were enraged at his preaching of the gospel to the Gentiles as well as themselves, and he boldly announced Christ as the uni-

versal Redeemer. Later the two missionaries crossed the Ægean and set foot in Europe, planting at Philippi, the capital of Thracian Macedonia, the first Christian church on that continent.

This remarkable work brings the great apostle into the history of Greece, and he himself has given the account of his visits to Thessalonica, Berea, Athens, and Corinth. In Athens, the city of philosophers and followers of false religions, he was invited to the Areopagus to set forth the new doctrine which he taught. There, on Mars Hill, before a multitude among whom were Epicurean and Stoic philosophers, he delivered his magnificent discourse, containing the noble words: "Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are greatly religious. For as I passed through your city, and beheld how ye worship, I found an altar with this inscription, 'To THE UNKNOWN GOD.' Whom, therefore, ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you."

The Greeks listened attentively, but when Paul spoke of rising from the dead, they derided and mocked him. He gained but few converts, but remarkable success was had in Corinth, where he remained nearly two years, and sent thence his letters to the Thessalonians. Leaving Corinth, he wrote to that city and promised another visit, which was made on his third journey. After his arrest in Jerusalem, where the captain of the Roman guard had to interfere to save him from being torn to pieces by the mob, and while he was awaiting his trial in Rome, he wrote to his friends in Philippi so bright and hopeful a letter that it has been called the Epistle of Joy.

St. Andrew also labored in Greece and suffered martyrdom at Achaia, where he was crucified, but exhorted the spectators so long as the power of utterance remained to him. Paul was treated with respect at Rome, where he was allowed to live "for two whole years in his own hired house." It is not known positively whether he ever left the city or not, but it is believed that he obtained his liberty about A.D. 64, made journeys both to the east and to the west, and carried out his longing to preach the gospel in Spain. He and the evangelist St. John, and those of the apostles who still survived, appointed bishops of the cities. Dionysius of Athens was set over Corinth, and Titus became bishop of Crete. Christianity had taken root in Greece, and the divine work of the evangelization of the world began, to continue until all nations shall acknowledge the true God.

In the midst of Paul's labors occurred the burning of Rome, of which the diabolical Nero was guilty. He threw the blame on the Christians, of whom there were many in the city, and in consequence they suffered the most frightful persecution. One of those who perished was Paul, whose death, according to tradition, took place in A.D. 67.

The rapid spread of Christianity was due partly at least to the waning of all

PSYCHE

belief in the old gods. Both art and literature had begun to treat them lightly. Writers invented new legends concerning them, and told these as our own writers tell stories, without any pretence that they were true. Thus a Latin author, Ovid, wrote his "Metamorphoses," in which he represents the gods as changing men into beasts for mere caprice. And Apuleius wrote the legend of Psyche, one of the most beautiful bits of classic mythology. It has been quoted as displaying the first yearnings of the pagan mind toward Christianity. Psyche represents the soul. She is wedded to Cupid or divine love, but loses him through lack of faith. She then seeks him through all the sorrows of the world, and even penetrates Hades in her wanderings, whence she brings, like Pandora, a box of sorrows back to earth.

From the time of the Peloponnesian war, the character of Grecian art had naturally been undergoing change with that of the people themselves. In sculpture marble was more frequently used, and the serene majesty of the ancient gods as depicted by the early sculptors gave place to human passions and sentiments, with a softer and more flowing expression. Although the glory of Athens faded, it still had its philosophers and teachers; and many rich young men went thither from Rome, Carthage, Alexandria, and Asia to admire the splendid buildings and works of art, and to finish their educations.

The two greatest artists of the later Athenian school were Scopas and Praxiteles. Scopas was born in the island of Paros, and flourished during the first half of the fourth century B.C. His chief architectural works were: "The Temple of Athena Alla at Tegea," which ranks first in point of size and beauty in the Peloponnesus; the "Temple of Diana at Ephesus" (though some mention Deinocrates as the architect of this building); and a number of the bas-reliefs in the great mausoleum erected by Artemisia, queen of Caria, in memory of her husband, and now in the British Museum. His sculptures were numerous, and his single statues and groups illustrate the divinities of Greek mythology, most of which were executed in marble. They include subjects from the myths of Venus, Bacchus, Apollo, Diana, etc. The noblest piece of sculpture executed by him was that which stood in the Flaminian Circus at Rome, and represented Achilles conducted to the island of Leuce by the divinities of the sea. It contains statues of Neptune, Thetis, the Nereids, Tritons, and a variety of sea monsters. Pliny says the whole is so beautiful that it alone would have immortalized any sculptor. Nothing is known regarding the life and date of death of this great artist.

Praxiteles was also a citizen of Athens, who lived in the fourth century B.C., and of him all that is known are the productions of his genius. His principal works have been lost to the world. They included statues of Aphrodite at Cos, Cnidus, Thespiæ, Latmian Alexandria, and Rome, that at Cnidus being the most

famous; statues of Eros at Thespiæ and Parum on the Propontis; statues single and in groups from the mythology of Dionysus at Elis, Athens, Megara, and other places; statues of Apollo, the finest being the representation of Apollo as the Lizard-slayer. It is generally agreed that Praxiteles by his work introduced a new epoch in the history of Greece, marking the transition from the heroic, reverential age that preceded the Peloponnesian war to the more corrupt times that followed it. The witchery of woman and the intoxication of Bacchic pleasures were his favorite themes, but he portrayed them with marvellous grace, softness, and naturalness. If his god and goddesses were not divine, they were wonders of human loveliness.

The later Athenian school gave way to the Sicyonic, distinguished by representations of heroic strength and athletic beauty. Euphranor, one of its chief representatives, was a painter as well as sculptor, who flourished during the time of Philip of Macedon. His figures were of all sizes and executed in bronze or marble. One by which he is perhaps best known is a statue of Paris.

Lysippus was more celebrated, and following the school of Polycletus, made his ideals natural. Thus, instead of showing Hercules as a marvel of strength, he represented him as graceful and agile. It is believed that the famous Farnese Hercules in the Naples Museum is a copy of one of his works. In his paintings, which were mostly portraits, Lysippus would have delighted the heart of Oliver Cromwell, for he represented his subjects precisely as they were. Alexander had a wry neck and it was shown in the portrait of him, but the great man was so well pleased with the work that he would permit only Lysippus and Apelles to portray him. The most famous of Lysippus' statues of Alexander shows him brandishing a lance. His works numbered over a thousand and were mostly in bronze.

Pamphillus gained a wide reputation as a teacher of the art of painting. He developed a number of famous artists, the greatest being Apelles, the most famous of all Grecian painters. Apelles added scientific accuracy to the grace and elegance of the Ionic school. He appears to have spent most of his life at the court of Pella, where he was a favorite of Alexander, who, as has been stated, gave him and Lysippus the exclusive privilege of painting his portrait. He was with Alexander on his eastern expedition, and afterward travelled through the western parts of Asia, the latter part of his life being spent at the court of King Ptolemy in Egypt.

I wonder whether any reader of these pages is able to tell the origin of the expression, "Let the cobbler stick to his last." Here it is: Always anxious to improve, Apelles used to exhibit his unfinished pictures in front of his house and then concealing himself behind them, listen to the criticisms of those who stopped to view his work. One day a cobbler detected a fault in one of the

POSIDIPPUS AND MENANDER

shoes of a picture and pointed it out. Apelles was prompt to correct it. Encouraged by the success of his criticism, the cobbler next ventured to find fault with the leg. At this the artist lost patience with his presumption, and uttered the reproof which has been repeated so many times since.

The greatest of Apelles' portraits was that of Alexander wielding the thunderbolt, and his most admired painting was the "Aphrodite rising from the Sea." The goddess is shown wringing her hair, with the drops forming a veil around her. It was painted for the temple of Æsculapius at Cos, and afterward placed by Augustus in the temple at Rome, which he dedicated to Julius Cæsar. Apelles was ranked by the ancients as the first of painters, and no one was ever found competent to complete another figure of Aphrodite which he left unfinished at his death.

Regarding architecture of this period, there was probably no improvement in the style of public buildings and temples, but the cities were laid out in a more majestic and convenient fashion. The finest examples of the improved cities were Alexandria in Egypt and Antioch in Syria. The times were also noted for the splendor of the sepulchral monuments, the greatest of which was the one erected at Halicarnassus by Artemisia, queen of Caria, to the memory of her husband Mausolus. Although this magnificent structure, which was ranked as one of the Seven Wonders of the world, disappeared centuries ago, late excavations have verified most of the description of Pliny, who says it was 140 feet high, the plan of the basement being 126 feet by 100 feet. The elevation of the basement was 65 feet, surmounted by an Ionic colonnade 23½ feet high, on which was a pyramid rising in steps to a similar height, and on the apex of which stood a colossal group, some 14 feet in stature, of Mausolus and his wife, which is supposed to have been the work of Scopas. It is from this grand structure that the word *mausoleum* is derived.

Greek art declined after the age of Alexander, though the decline was gradual, and a number of excellent works were produced. The art centre gradually moved from Greece to the coasts and islands of Asia Minor, Rhodes holding its eminence down to the Christian era. Its principal artist was Chares, whose great work, a statue of the sun, better known as the Colossus of Rhodes, was another of the Seven Wonders of the world. It was 105 feet high, of bronze, and of such vast size that it was a conspicuous object for many miles at sea. Fifty-six years after its erection it was overthrown by an earthquake.

The most impressively beautiful work of the Rhodian school is the group of the Laocoön in the Vatican, of which innumerable copies have been made. According to classic legend Laocoön was a priest of either Apollo or Neptune, in Troy, who vainly warned his countrymen of the deceit practised by the Greeks in their pretended offering of the wooden horse to Minerva, and was

destroyed with his two sons by two immense serpents, which came from the sea and first fastened themselves on the youths. The father went to their assistance and was fatally involved in the serpents' coils. The theme was a favorite one of the Greek poets and is introduced in the "Æneid" of Virgil. The sculpture representing the scene was discovered in 1506 at Rome, in the Sette Sale, on the side of the Esquiline Hill, and was purchased by Pope Julius II. for the Vatican. Napoleon carried it to Paris, but it was recovered in 1814. The anatomical accuracy of the figures, and the representation of bodily pain and of passion approach perfection, and have received the highest admiration. It was the work, according to Pliny, of three Rhodian artists, Agesander, Polydorus, and Athenodorus, but the statement has been doubted.

Another famous work of art belonging to the Rhodian period is the Farnese Bull, a colossal group said to be the work of two brothers, Apollonius and Tauriscus of Tralles, in Asia Minor. The group represents Dirce bound to the horns of a bull by Zethus and Amphion, to avenge the ill usage of their mother. Pliny states that it was transferred to Rome and placed in the library of Asinius Pollio and afterward adorned the Baths of Caracalla. It was found in the year 1546, restored by Bianchi, and set in the Farnese Palace. Notwithstanding its striking vigor and merit, the best critics have pronounced the treatment not quite satisfactory.

There were also eminent schools of sculpture at Pergamum and Ephesus, to the former of which may be referred the Dying Gladiator in the Capitoline Museum at Rome, and to the latter the Borghese Gladiator in the Louvre. The finest relic of ancient art is the Venus de Medici, preserved in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence. It was dug up in several pieces, either at the villa of Hadrian near Tivoli, or at the portico of Octavia, in Rome, in the seventeenth century. It received its name from being preserved for a while in the Medici Palace at Rome, whence it was carried to Florence by Cosmo III., about 1680. The figure is nude, four feet eleven and one-half inches high, without the plinth, and has long been held as the perfection of form in woman. The sculptor was Cleomenes, the Athenian, who lived about B.C. 200.

The exquisite Venus of Milo, now in the Louvre at Paris, is so named because it was found in the island of Milo or Melos in the Archipelago. As Greece passed into the hands of the Romans, the finest Greek treasures were conveyed to Rome, where in time a new school arose. The many victories of the imperial empire brought thousands of the works of art to Rome, and yet so vast was the number in Greece that the temples and public buildings were crowded with statues and paintings as late as the second century of the Christian era.

Grecian literature, which touched perfection with the master minds of

ALARIC RECEIVING THE PRESENTS OF THE ATHENIANS

Athens, lost much of its splendor after the death of Alexander. Alexandria had become not only the emporium of commerce, but the principal seat of learning, and flourished under the munificence of the first Ptolemies. Noble and extensive libraries were founded, and literature was cultivated by grammarians and critics. One of the greatest of these scholars was Aristophanes, chief librarian at Alexandria under the second and third Ptolemies, who established a school of grammar and criticism. He is credited with the invention of the Greek accents, while Aristarchus, his pupil, was the editor of the Homeric poems as we now possess them.

The greatest dramatist of these times was the Athenian Menander (B.C. 342–292), who has been called the chief of the New Comedy. Of course tragedy would have been little welcomed in his degenerate days. So, while his plays are full of a deep knowledge of life, they are solely comedy, and all turn upon the passion of love. Two of the most admired relics of antiquity are the companion statues now in the Vatican at Rome, which represent Menander and one of his successors, the last of the famous Athenian dramatists, Posidippus.

Theocritus, the most winning pastoral poet of antiquity, was a Syracusan by birth, but lived for a time in Alexandria. He had many imitators, his style being followed in later centuries by Virgil, Tibullus, and other Romans. The Alexandrine writers on pure science included Euclid (B.C. 323–283), whose Elements of Geometry is still among the most valuable of text-books. The work of the historian Polybius (B.C. 204–122) has been mostly lost, but the fragments are a part of the treasures of antiquity. Livy closely followed him from the period of the second Punic war.

The greatest of ancient biographers and moralists was Plutarch, who was born at Chæroneia in Bœotia, probably near the middle of the first century of the Christian era. The work by which he is best known is his "Parallel Lives" of forty-six Greeks and Romans, who are arranged in pairs, each pair consisting of the life of a Greek and a Roman. Now and then the comparison is omitted or lost. A distinguished critic says of the extraordinary charm and skill of Plutarch: "There are biographers who deal with the hero, and biographers who deal with the man. But Plutarch is the representative of ideal biography, for he delineates both in one." The "Lives" have preserved their remarkable popularity through mediæval and modern times, as they are sure to do for centuries to come. In addition to this famous work, Plutarch wrote a number of treatises on morals and other subjects.

It has been seen that the closing years of the history of ancient Greece merge into those of Rome, whose grandeur overshadowed the world. In our account of that majestic empire, we shall have to refer to more than one incident upon which we have already touched.

Remains of a French Castle in Greece

Chapter XXV

THE BYZANTINE EMPIRE

IN the year 330 A.D. the Roman Emperor Constantine had resolved to shift his capital from tumultuous Rome to some city where he could feel more secure against sudden rebellion or assassination. Looking over his vast domains he picked out, as having a good central situation, the old Greek colony of Byzantium, which stood at the entrance to the Black Sea on the narrow strait separating Europe from Asia. He greatly enlarged and beautified the old city, and renamed it for himself, Constantinople.

Later there came a split in the Roman world, and while one emperor continued to rule over the East from Constantinople, another governed the West with his capital again at Rome. This Western empire was overthrown by the barbarian Goths, but the Eastern remained. So that, oddly enough, for nearly a thousand years after Rome was destroyed, an empire which called itself the Roman Empire of the East continued to exist at Constantinople.

This state is often called the "Byzantine" or even the "Greek" empire. Byzantium had always been a Greek city, the bulk of its people remained Greek, and after a few centuries the Grecian language took the place of Latin even in the palace of the emperor. The Greeks themselves, proud of this partial restoration of their importance, became very loyal to this Roman ruler; but they were a different race from the valiant Greeks of old. Through centuries of peace and submission they had quite forgotten how to fight. Alaric, the

THE FINAL ASSAULT AND MASSACRE AT MISSOLONGHI

great Gothic leader who destroyed Rome, invaded their land in 396 A.D. and was received, not with iron, but with gold. Everywhere he collected an enormous tribute. He penetrated as far as Athens itself, and her citizens flocked around him like obsequious slaves, welcoming him as a conqueror and paying him a huge ransom for their lives and city.

Mainly, however, the barbarian invasions passed by these Eastern lands, and the Byzantine emperors managed to keep some shadow of power, filling their armies not with their own subjects, but with small wandering tribes of the barbarians, who were quite as ready to fight on one side as another.

In another story you will be told how, during all these years, Western Europe was passing through the destruction and the rebuilding of the Middle Ages, until it emerged with the new civilization of to-day. Meanwhile this Greek empire retained the old civilization, which had come down through Greece, Persia, Babylon, and Egypt. Unfortunately, all real vigor and manliness seemed to have died out of this ancient civilization. The Byzantines were over-refined; their art and literature ran into strange, capricious extremes; their habits were luxurious and effeminate; their manners haughty; their hearts subtle, deceptive, and treacherous. They looked on the rude and ignorant though warlike nations of Western Europe, with intense contempt.

This contempt of the East for the West changed gradually to fear. In those wild ages, the only way a man could be really secure of his property, and even of his own personal liberty, was by his bodily strength and courage. The "valor" or "value" of a man to himself and the world was measured by just what he possessed of these two qualities. This fact caused strength and courage to be highly prized, and this estimation has descended to the present generation, when those qualities are deemed essential in the make-up of a man.

The wit and diplomacy of the Byzantines proved in the end to be no match for the men who surrounded them. By the eleventh century commerce and peace had made the old Greek cities, Athens, Thebes, and Corinth, very rich and populous. Then the fierce Northmen, or Normans, who in their swift ships had pillaged most of the sea-coast of Europe, penetrated even to this furthest end of the Mediterranean. Three times in three large expeditions they ravaged the peninsula of Greece from end to end, seizing the cities almost at will, despite the feeble resistance of the terrified inhabitants.

A more numerous foe from the East followed. They were the Turks, who had become the dominant race among those Mahometans of whom you heard as the conquerors of Persia. These Turks began to attack the empire from the east, and soon robbed it of most of its Asian possessions, including the Holy Land. This brought on the Crusades. The vigorous nations of Western Europe were all Christians, and they determined to own the Holy City of Jeru-

salem. To them it was a horrible profanation that people of another race and religion, the Mahometans, should possess the city of Christ and even bar Christians from visiting it. So great armies of them invaded Asia again and again.

The Greeks did not get on well with these Western allies, the "Franks," as they called them. In addition to the natural antagonism between duplicity and openness, culture and ignorance, timidity and roughness, there arose a still more serious ground of quarrel in the religions of the two races. Both were Christians, but a technical point divided them. The Greeks regarded the Patriarch, or bishop of Constantinople, as the head of the church, while the Franks declared the Pope, or bishop of Rome, the supreme ruler. Quarrels on small points are often more bitter than on greater ones. Through constant friction and irritation, these two sects, both calling themselves followers of Christ, grew to hate each other worse than either hated the Turks.

Their unfortunate enmity paralyzed the Crusades. The Turks could have made no headway against their united foes; but the quarrelling sects almost destroyed each other. In 1203 an army of Franks had gathered at Venice for one of the numerous Crusades, when chance turned their arms directly against Byzantium. The aged emperor, Isaac Angelus, had been deposed, imprisoned, and blinded by his brother. The son of the unfortunate man begged the Franks to help him rescue his father. They were only too glad of any excuse for fighting the insolent Byzantines, and assaulting Constantinople, they replaced the blind king on his throne. He and his son were so grateful that they went to the utmost lengths to reward their champions. The emperor even ordered the Patriarch to submit himself and the whole Church of the empire to the Pope at Rome.

This enraged the Byzantines as perhaps nothing else could. There were ominous murmurs through the city. One day some citizens saw the young prince with his own crown tossed aside, and a Frankish cap set in its place on his head. In a flame of passion, they rushed on the prince, and both he and his father were slain. A general uprising followed; and the Franks had to flee the city. They soon returned with their army and fleet. The city was captured a second time; much of it was burned, amid scenes of dreadful massacre; and the Franks set up an empire of their own. The land was divided among the chiefs who had conquered it, the greater part of the ancient peninsula of Greece going to Otho de la Roche as Duke of Athens.

This Duchy of Athens is famous in the romances of chivalry. For two hundred and fifty years Otho's French knights held possession of the land, never uniting with the people, but ruling them as a subject race, and gallantly holding with the sword against all comers the land they had won. Theirs was one of the wealthiest courts in Europe, and it was certainly the gayest.

DESTRUCTION OF THE TURKISH FLEET AT NAVARINO

Dances, tournaments, and gorgeous festivals followed one upon the other as if in story-land. Knight-errants wandered thither from all countries, assured of a welcome reception. Chaucer made the "Duke of Athens" the hero of one of his poems, and even our great Shakespeare chose him as the centre of a play.

The Greek emperors soon won back Constantinople, though not Athens, from the Franks; but their rule was approaching its end. The Turks, whose career of conquest had been checked for a time by their wars with Asian nations, gathered again like vultures around their prey. In 1453, the warlike Sultan Mahomet II., finding himself with a most unusual peace on his hands, swore a great oath that the famous old city of Constantinople should be his capital or his tomb. Hearing this, its emperor, Constantine, made a similar oath himself, and began preparations for the defence. The one really fine story about this feeble, treacherous, old Byzantine empire is the story of Constantine's struggle to save it from its doom. Among all his subjects he could find scarce six hundred capable soldiers. He prayed the Christian West for help, promising all sorts of returns; but again intervened that fatal schism of the churches. The West turned coldly away from his danger; only a few hundred Italian troops answered his call. Yet the coming even of these was enough to bring down on the unhappy emperor the curses of his own church. "Better," thundered the bigoted Patriarch, "that we bow to the turban of the Turks, than to the hat of the Pope."

Constantine united all these jarring elements; he gathered nine thousand soldiers, and then calmly met the attack of Mahomet's two hundred thousand. Deeds of thrilling daring followed. The Turks battered down the walls with huge cannon, the largest that had ever been seen. These proved dangerous to both parties. More than one burst in firing, but the walls crumbled before them. Huge breaches were made, and the Turks carried the city in a furious assault. In the largest gap, Constantine fought heroically at the head of his men; and long after the others were swept back he was seen delivering his terrific blows in the midst of his foes. His last desperate cry as he was borne backward was, "Is there no Christian sword left to slay me?"

Mahomet entered the city in triumphal procession. Many of the wretched inhabitants had refused to take part in the defence, trusting in a prophecy that at the great church of St. Sophia an angel with a flaming sword would appear and drive back the Sultan. So they huddled together at that point without resistance, and were massacred in cold blood. Forty thousand were killed, and fifty thousand sold as slaves. The body of Constantine was found, almost unrecognizable from the many wounds, lying amid a heap of his assailants. His head was cut off and exhibited to the people, not only in Constantinople

but throughout the Turkish empire. The Greeks, too late repenting their indifference and cowardice, bowed before the head with secret tears.

The few remaining cities throughout Greece soon succumbed to Mahomet. In only one part of the old empire did he meet resolute resistance. This was in Albania, a district corresponding roughly to Epirus of ancient Greece. An Albanian child, known as George Castriot, had been taken by the Turks and reared as a Mahometan. He became a famous military leader among them, and won the name of Scanderbeg (the great lord Alexander). Learning his origin he became again a Christian, deserted the Turks with three hundred faithful followers, and held an Albanian fortress against all the armies his former friends could send against him. The Albanians rallied round him, and for twenty-five years the district became a death-trap that swallowed the bravest of the Turks. Mahomet II. himself led two armies against Scanderbeg without success, the first force losing thirty-five thousand men. All Europe rang with the heroic deeds of the Albanian and his little troop; he was the bulwark of Christendom against the Turks. But Europe was content to stand off and praise, and never sent him an army with which to complete his work.

At last, as he lay an old man dying of fever, another Turkish force was reported approaching. He bade his men go out against it carrying his standard; and at mere sight of the banner the enemy fled. The struggle collapsed with his death; the Turks seized Albania; and, digging up the bones of Scanderbeg, they made charms of them and wore the fragments, hoping thus to inherit something of the bravery and success of the hero whom they regarded as more than mortal.

The centuries that followed have been called the agony of Greece. The softening influence of Christianity was unfelt by the Turks, whose religion taught them to slay all who refused to believe as they did. The Greeks remained steadfast on this one point. The bulk of them would not change their religion; and the Turks grew to hate their Christian victims with implacable intensity. More than once they meditated exterminating the entire race, even as to-day they seem bent on destroying the Christians in Armenia. They only hesitated because the Greeks were useful to them in many ways. Enormous taxes were exacted from the impoverished people; they were used as slaves at will; and, cruelest of all, every year a thousand of their fairest and sturdiest babies were picked from among them and brought up as Mahometans. The girls were placed in Turkish harems; the boys, knowing nothing of their parentage, were trained to become members of the famous band of soldiers, the Janissaries, the bulwark of the Turkish Empire.

Venice, Hungary, and other Christian nations continued fighting against the Turks for centuries, and prevented the further advance of their power into

TURKISH TROOPS ATTACKING THE CRETAN INSURGENTS

Europe. It was in a siege of Athens by the Venetians in 1687, that the peerless Parthenon of Pericles, which had outlived so many scenes of violence, was reduced to ruins. The Turks used it as a magazine for powder, which was exploded by a Venetian bomb, and the beautiful building, with its exquisite statues and carvings, was blown to fragments.

PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE

GREEK VESSELS OF 1821

Chapter XXVI

THE REVIVAL OF MODERN GREECE

BY the beginning of the nineteenth century the Turkish nation had greatly decayed, or rather it had failed to keep pace with Christian civilization. A hope of freedom began to glimmer in the bosoms of the Greeks. Little, helpless rebellions of despair had broken out now and then through all their period of slavery, and they never wholly lost their nationality. The character of the land itself nurtured the spirit of independence. It was impossible for an army to penetrate far into the wild and precipitous mountains which form the most of Greece, and small bands of soldiers were easily ambushed from the overhanging rocks. So, when oppression roused a Greek to any resistance which put his life in danger, he fled to the mountains and joined his fellows in the desperation of robber life. These brigands or "klephts," as they were called, became the heroes of their more timid countrymen. They were sheltered as far as might be, and warned against the Turks. Wonderful tales were told of them, and ballads sung in their honor. Courage and resolution revived in the hearts of the degenerate race.

Selfish and wicked men of Russia, and perhaps of other nations, took advantage of this fact. When Russia was at war with Turkey, in 1768, and more than once in later years, Russian agents claiming to have government authority roused the Greeks to revolt, and promised them Russian support. This aided

BOMBARDMENT OF CANEA BY THE COMBINED POWERS

Russia by dividing the Turkish armies; but the promised help never came to the betrayed and wretched Greeks, who were left to suffer the unspeakable vengeance of their barbarous masters, while Russia made such peace as she could with advantage to herself.

At last, in 1821, there came another rebellion more general than any before. This was started by a secret society, called simply the Hetairia, which means "societies." The Hetairia were organized everywhere by the Greeks as literary societies, and it was several years before the Turks suspected there was any unity or even any political purpose behind them. The system was elaborate; there were circles within circles; members of the outer one learned scarcely anything of the order, and only the final innermost circle of sixteen men knew fully its plans and purposes. The dream of the Hetairists was to restore the ancient freedom and glory of Greece, and their membership was not confined to Greeks; many romantic scholars throughout Europe supported the movement. They selected as their leader a Russian Greek, Prince Alexander Ypsilanti, and he raised the standard of revolt in the Turkish provinces along the Danube, March, 1821. The Greeks, armed and provisioned by the Hetairia, joined him rapidly. Especially noteworthy was one band of five hundred students, recruited partly from Greece and partly from enthusiastic young men of the best families of Europe. They called themselves the "sacred band," and adopting the old Spartan motto, vowed to return carrying their shields in triumph, or be carried dead upon them. Ypsilanti's little army was defeated by the Turks in June at Dragaschan, he himself fled, and over four hundred of the gallant "sacred band" were left lifeless upon the field.

But the rebellion was begun, and the common people had taken it up through all Greece. The klephts of the mountains were its natural leaders, and instead of the romantic, high-minded, theoretical struggle planned by the leaders of the Hetairia, it became a bloody carnival of revenge and retaliation between the savage Turks and the ignorant peasantry, brutalized by centuries of oppression.

March 25, or according to our calendar, which differs from theirs, April 6, 1821, is the day celebrated by the Greeks as beginning their war of independence. It was on that day that Archbishop Germanos, being summoned to the Turkish court to explain what was going on among the peasants, refused to go, and raising his holy cross at Laura, called the Greeks to join him. Already the peasantry with their secretly supplied weapons, were rising everywhere, and beginning the fearful work of vengeance. Early in March there were twenty thousand Turks residing in lordly comfort and security throughout Greece. Before June they were all dead, except a few miserable survivors who had managed to entrench themselves in strongholds where they were besieged. Men,

women, and children had been slain without pity. Old men may still be found in Greece who will point with calm satisfaction and say, "There we slew such a one, and his slaves, and his harem."

Before learning of this terrible massacre, the Sultan had instituted a similar one. Immediately on learning of Ypsilanti's rising and the suspicion of a general plot, the Sultan declared that the Greeks of Constantinople must be concerned in it, and he turned his soldiers loose upon them. Hundreds were slain in the streets without question and without warning. The aged Patriarch of the Greek Church and many of its leading bishops were among the victims.

All Europe felt the vast difference between the frenzied outbreak of the unguided peasantry, and the authorized and deliberate barbarity of the Sultan; and Christian sympathy was naturally with the Greeks. But it was not easy for governments which had just recovered from the disorders of the French Revolution to approve revolution elsewhere. So for five years Greece was left to resist the hordes of the Sultan as best she might. It is said that over half the population perished. The land became a desert.

Early in the war it became evident that the Greeks would not stand in the open against the regular charge of a Turkish army. They had neither the numbers, the individual strength, nor the training to make such a stand successful, and were too wise to sacrifice themselves uselessly. So, when the Turks charged they fled. On the other hand, place a Greek in the mountains with a gun and he would take desperate risks to get a shot at a few Turks; and if a few Greeks were caught in a corner whence there was no escape, they fought like tigers, laughing at death, and seeming only eager to slay as many of their foes as possible before succumbing. Hence this became, not a war of famous battles, but of small fights and sieges and deeds of individual heroism. The Greeks were scattered in little bands, and never united under one great leader.

Such a man might have been found in the Suliote, Marco Botzarris. The Suliotes were a people of Epirus who had been in revolt against Turkey. Under promise of pardon they yielded, and the Turks then started to murder the entire race. Many escaped to Greece, and they were waiting there, hungry for blood and revenge. Under their leader Botzarris, they became the best soldiers of the war. Almost every schoolboy has read the poem about Botzarris's splendid attack, beginning, "At midnight in his guarded tent." This able and heroic chieftain fell at the head of his "Suliote band"; and no other man appeared who seemed really qualified to be a leader of the Greeks. The klepht captain, Colocotrones, was almost the only chieftain who was prominent throughout the war.

In 1822 occurred the massacre of Scio, which, for its unprovoked wanton-

SULIOTES

ness and the number slain, stands unparalleled in modern annals. The people of the island of Scio, or Chios, had taken no part in the rebellion, but were living in quiet and peaceful submission. They were Greeks, however, so a Turkish fleet landed on their shore, a slight pretext was found, and the massacre commenced. It continued for days. Of the one hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants only a few hundred survived, by hiding half-starved in secret places.

This atrocious deed was partly avenged by Canares, the naval hero of the war. The Greeks had no real warships; but they were always expert sailors, and now every little fishing smack, every tiny trading vessel, had a couple of cannon mounted, or a stack of small arms hidden in the hold, and took a dashing part in the struggle for independence. Of course they could not battle openly against the big Turkish men-of-war, but their daring seamanship made them enemies to be feared. Canares, while the Turkish fleet was returning from Scio, took four small boats. Two were made to represent fleeing Turkish merchants, the others pursuing Greeks. The supposed Turks were really fire-ships loaded with explosives and ready to burst into flame the moment the torch was applied. They steered straight for the Turks who stood in their riggings, cheering and encouraging the fleeing boats and making ready to drive back the pursuers. The fire-boats reached the two largest ships of the fleet, and were quickly fastened to them with numerous ropes. Then the daring Greeks lit the flames and leaped overboard into rowboats. One of the fire-ships failed to explode, but on the other was Canares himself. Seeing that his powder train had become disarranged, he remounted to the deck from his row-boat. By this time the Turks had discovered the true character of their visitors and were struggling desperately to cut the ships apart. Shots began to fall among the Greeks; the explosion might come at any instant; but Canares calmly rearranged his materials, relit the train, and sprang into his boat just in time to escape. The huge Turkish ship was set on fire and completely destroyed, with two thousand of her crew. Her commander, who had authorized the great massacre of a few weeks before, perished with her.

The whole Turkish fleet, believing the remaining Greek vessels were also fire-ships, fled in dismay. Two frigates ran ashore and were wrecked in the confusion. So expert did the Greeks become with these fire-ships and other similar devices, that the Turkish naval officers were terrorized, and more than once whole fleets took to flight at sight of a few Greek boats sailing toward them.

The most noted siege of the war, or rather series of sieges, occurred at Missolonghi. This little town, situated near the mouth of the Corinthian Gulf, was repeatedly besieged by both sides. Its final capture by the Turks

was in 1826. The populace held out for twelve months. They were reduced to starvation, living on rats' hides and seaweed. Yet they answered all commands to surrender, with fierce defiance. When the last fragment of food was gone, they made a desperate night attack on their besiegers. Three thousand men threw themselves against the Turkish line, hoping to cut a passage through which the women and children were to follow. The Turks had been warned and were specially prepared, yet the desperate Greeks swept their cavalry aside, cut down the infantry, and slew the artillerists at their guns. Eighteen hundred of them, including some two hundred women, escaped; but the main body of the women and children, bewildered in the indescribable confusion and uproar, returned to the town. The Turks poured in after them, and a general massacre followed. It was not wholly one-sided. The wounded and decrepit Greeks who had been left behind, had grimly prepared for their foes. Death-dealing devices met them on every side. Beams fell, and shells were exploded by hand. One lame soldier shut himself with his family in the principal powder magazine, waited till it was crowded with howling Turks, then hurled a torch among the explosives, and went with those he most loved and most hated into eternity.

The capture of Missolonghi was not achieved by the Sultan himself, for he had despaired of conquering the unyielding Greeks, and had called to his help his overgrown vassal, Mehemet Ali, the cruel and cunning khedive of Egypt, of whom you learned in Egypt's story. It was Ibraham, son of Mehemet Ali, who captured Missolonghi; and he next proceeded to capture Athens and harry Greece from end to end. He was a far more powerful and terrible foe than the Sultan, and the Greek cause sank to its lowest ebb.

However, the turn of fortune's wheel was at hand for the heroic and despairing fighters. Europe at last was roused to action. Many noble men had espoused the Greek cause, both with sword and pen. Lord Byron, the poet, after writing magnificent poems which made all men sympathize with Greece, himself joined the fighters and died of fever, the most famous victim in the great cause.

His death helped more perhaps than his life could have done. European sentiment was stirred to the quick; and the heroic defence of Missolonghi, the gallant deeds of Botzarris, Canares, and others—all these aided. The public compelled their governments to take action, and slowly and lumberingly enough the governments obeyed. They talked to the Sultan of yielding Greece some such semi-independence as Egypt enjoyed. The Sultan obstinately refused, and the hesitant governments came to a diplomatic standstill.

Accident brought to the Greeks all that diplomacy refused. A number of warships of the three great allied nations, France, Russia, and England, had

GREEK TROOPS CAPTURING MOUNT ST. ELIAS

gathered outside the harbor of Navarino, in the southwest of the Peloponnesus. The Turkish and Egyptian fleet lay within the harbor. The English admiral in command of the allies decided that it would be wiser to have his ships inside also, so they sailed in. The Turks thought the allies were coming to attack them, or perhaps, with characteristic stupidity, they did not think at all, and were spoiling for a fight; they had twice as many cannon and four times as many vessels as the allies. At any rate, they fired on the approaching ships. The allies promptly returned the fire, and a wholly unintended naval battle followed in which the Turkish fleet was annihilated (1827).

Even then the Sultan refused to yield. The French landed troops and began driving the Turks from the Peloponnesus. Mehemet Ali, with more sense than his master, saw that the game was up; he entered into negotiations; his helpless army was transported back to Egypt in the ships of the allies; and Greece was free in fact, though it took the Sultan two years longer to realize and admit it by treaty.

The European "Powers," which had thus established the independence of Greece almost against their wills, treated her as a child, and kept her long in leading-strings. Perhaps she needed it, for the Greeks had shown themselves united in only one thing—unyielding hatred of the Turks. In all else they were as quarrelsome as the famous "Kilkenny cats." At one time during their life and death struggle, they had seven separate little private wars going on among themselves. Count Capo d'Istrias was chosen president, but was accused of injustice and assassinated in 1831. The Powers had told Greece they could not approve of republics and that she must have a king; but it was not easy to select one. Every native Greek had rivals as powerful as he. Several foreign princes were privately offered the throne, but declined the honor much as they would have declined a seat on a rumbling volcano. At last Prince Otho of Bavaria accepted, and in 1832 became king of Greece.

It was a thankless position for the well-meaning youth of seventeen. The people distrusted him; they had learned to be experts at falsehood and deception during their long slavery to the Turks; they were treacherously quick with their knives; and a Greek election was more dangerous and more hotly contested than the proverbial Irish one. King Otho was not a brilliant man, and he soon fell back upon the simple expedient of having nothing to do with his subjects. He called no parliaments or assemblies, and placed all the offices in the hands of Bavarian favorites who flocked around him.

One of the best handled rebellions on record followed in 1843. All Greece united in it. The government troops themselves surrounded the king's palace and notified him that the country meant to have a parliament and a constitution. The king tried to temporize and delay, and the foreign ministers sought

to help him out with threats; but the people and soldiers insisted good-naturedly yet firmly. The king had no choice but to yield, and thirteen hours after it began the rebellion was over, the Bavarian ministers departed, and Greece became a constitutional kingdom.

King Otho, however, was never a success; and as the Greek parliament slowly grew to manhood, it felt a stronger sense of its own power as representing the people. So, in 1862, it dismissed him, and he returned to Bavaria. The crown was again offered to various princes, and finally accepted by the present king, George I., the second son of the king of Denmark.

The Greeks have had endless trouble with their old enemy Turkey. This is mainly due to the position taken by the European Powers. When they gave Greece her freedom, they allowed most of Thessaly and Epirus, and many of the islands in the Ægean Sea to remain in Turkish hands. These lands were really Greek, and their people, especially those of Thessaly and Epirus, had fought as bravely throughout the war as their more fortunate countrymen to the south of them. The undying hope, aim, and ambition of every Greek peasant or statesman, is to give these people their longed-for freedom and unite them to Greece. Every war against Turkey has found Greece eager to rush into the fray. But European policy has opposed the dismemberment of Turkey, fearing lest Russia become too strong. So again and again Greece has been held back with threats and promises, though her territory has been gradually increased by successive treaties, until to-day most of the islands and Thessaly belong to her. Epirus is still Turkish, and so is the famous old island of Crete, the probable birthplace of Greek civilization.

It seems specially hard that Crete should remain under the Turkish yoke. During the war of 1821, the Cretans overthrew their oppressors and were practically free, but when peace came the "Powers" compelled them to submit again to Turkey. The condition of the people has been much improved by slow concessions wrung from the unwilling Sultan; but there have been nine different rebellions in the island during the last century. All have been put down with more or less of Turkish ferocity, at more or less expense of Christian blood. The last one occurred in 1896. The Turks in Canea, the capital of the island, celebrated a religious holiday by massacring a few Christians. The Cretans, who have discovered their own strength, rose in masses, retaliated savagely, and before troops could be marched against them, retreated to the mountains. The Turkish forces have learned to hesitate before entering among those wild cliffs and gorges. A few detachments did, however, and their fears were justified. A party of about two hundred were ambushed and slain. The "Powers" interfered; and autonomy, that is the right to govern themselves though paying a money tribute to the Sultan, was promised to the Cretans.

PRINCE NICHOLAS AND HIS BATTERY AT MATI

This was an old pledge, often made but always evaded by the wily Turk. However, a peace was patched up, and the Cretans returned to their homes. More Turkish troops were poured into the island; trouble flared up afresh, and the Cretans called on their brethren of Greece for help.

In February, 1897, a Greek fleet came to the island and transported several thousand non-combatants, women, children, and aged men, into Greece for safety. The resolute Cretans who remained, joined in more than one instance by Greek soldiers, set out to sweep every Mahometan from the island. The Turks, driven from the hills and the open country, concentrated in a few strong forts and towers. The insurgents attacked the capital itself.

The Sultan clamored to the Powers for protection. He was not at war with the Greeks; he was not allowed to go to war with them, yet here they were helping his subjects to rebel against him. Such an appeal to support regal authority has always strongly influenced European diplomacy. Greece was ordered to behave herself; the insurgents, again to submit; and as they hesitated, the European fleets which had been gathered about Crete, went so far as to bombard those portions of the capital which the insurgents had won, February 21, 1897.

The insurgents were naturally compelled to retire from the town. Then, as Greece still refused to desert them, a "pacific blockade" of the island was proclaimed, and all Greek vessels were prevented from either approaching or leaving it.

This hurried Greece to the next step, open war with Turkey. From a merely mathematical standpoint such a war was madness. Turkey, though decaying, is still a large country and a fairly rich one; Greece is small and poor. But the Greeks are not a people who move by cold-blooded and logical calculation. There was a deep, passionate public sentiment which clamored for war. Loyalty to their brethren in Crete, the still smouldering hatred against the Turk, the desire to prove worthy of their ancient name, bitter scorn at the paltering, fruitless policy of Europe—all these flamed out together into a resistless cry for war. The wise and wary old King George tried to hold the nation back. He had been popular with the people before; his popularity vanished like straw in the blaze.

All the troops of Greece, sixty thousand in number, gathered on the Turkish frontier. Twice as many Turks waited for them. There were the usual diplomatic quibbles. Europe warned both nations that the first to strike a blow would be held to strict account and punished. "We have no intention of attacking," responded the well-trained statesmen of both sides. "We are only guarding ourselves against a threatened attack."

Theoretically the Greek government maintained this attitude throughout;

but every day little bands of Greeks slipped through the mountain passes of the frontier and attacked Turkish outposts. The Greek minister apologized profusely. "These are brigands," he said, "wicked people over whom we have no authority." "This is war," growled the Sultan, and his troops proceeded to seize certain neutral ground between the two armies. "They are attacking us," shouted the Greeks delightedly, and rushed to resist the assault.

There was some brave fighting on the neutral ground. Twice the Greeks charged up the slopes of Mount St. Elias and recovered positions which the Turks had fortified. But the Turks had been prepared for the advance; the Greeks were far outnumbered, and eventually fell back. These were mere introductory skirmishes.

It was on April 18 that the Sultan issued a formal proclamation that war existed. The din of battle was already rolling along the frontier from sea to sea. The Greeks pushed forward everywhere, under the lead of the king's eldest son, Prince Constantine, and his brother, Prince Nicholas. One division won its way far into Turkish territory, and seemed likely to outflank a portion of the enemy, when a message from headquarters reached the division, ordering it to return.

This message was afterward explained as a "mistake." If so, it was a mistake which extinguished the only tiny chance of success the Greeks ever had. Everywhere else their forces, though fighting well, were unable to hold their own. The Turks in their turn poured through the mountain passes. There were two days of fighting (April 21, 22), mostly by artillery, known as the battle of Mati. Then came Prince Constantine's order to his weary soldiers to retreat from the frontier and rally at Larissa, a Thessalian town some twenty-five miles distant.

Retreat! when they had thought to surge like a tidal wave over Turkish territory! when they had dreamed of marching amid the cheers and prayers of the liberated populations beyond the border! The mercurial Greeks despaired; they were beaten from that moment.

A sudden panic seized them on the gloomy backward march. It was night; some one cried out that the Turkish cavalry were coming, and without waiting to learn the truth, the men fled wildly through the darkness. Many in their blind terror threw away their arms. Instead of halting at Larissa, the Greek forces were not again rallied into anything resembling order until they were twenty miles further south, at Pharsala and the seaport town of Volo.

The inhabitants of Larissa and the surrounding district of Thessaly were left with far greater cause for fear than the fleeing troops. They had thought themselves secure in the rear of their army, but they now found themselves between the two foes, left to the mercy of the "unspeakable" Turk. What

GREEK PEASANTRY FLEEING FROM LARISSA

they could carry of their household goods they took with them, the rest they left, and hurried southward in bewildered pitiable crowds, questioning everybody, helping to block the roads and add to the terrifying confusion.

The Greeks began to think of peace. This was not the kind of war they had wanted. The European governments held sternly aloof. Private individuals in many lands had expressed and continued to express sympathy with the Greek cause, and the Greeks not unnaturally confused this with governmental sympathy. A party of "Red Cross" nurses, women who devote themselves to tending the wounded on the battlefield and in the hospital, came out from England. They were received in Athens with an extravagant delight, which seemed to see behind them every regiment and every battleship of the British Empire.

Meanwhile, the Turks were advancing in leisurely fashion. Before anything definite came of the peace talk, they had driven the disorganized Greeks from their second line of defence, and also from a third line centred at Domoko, where the bloodiest battle of the whole war was fought. Then the patient Powers arranged a truce, and peace followed. Greece yielded a trifle of territory, and agreed to pay Turkey $14,000,000, the Powers guaranteeing the payment and taking control of the Greek custom duties with which to pay it. The war had lasted just thirty-one days.

It is not surprising that the Greek royal family found itself in trouble. The king had opposed the war. The Crown Prince Constantine had proved himself a military bungler, if not worse. There was that first unfortunate "mistake" of recalling the successful troops; then came the order to the still resolute and unbeaten soldiers to retreat after the battle of Mati. Many Greeks soothed their national pride by crying that they had been betrayed from the beginning.

An attempt to assassinate the king followed. While he was driving in the country with his daughter, two men rose from the side of the road and aimed their rifles at him. They proved poor marksmen, amateurs at the business perhaps, for the shots went wide of their mark. The king displayed considerable personal courage; and the attack, which was intended to destroy him, restored in a measure his popularity among his people.

Prince George, his second son, is, however, the only really popular member of the family. He is a sailor, has had a romantic love affair, escaped the smirching of the war, and has since done his country good service in Crete.

In Crete the Powers continued their "pacific blockade" and their discussion of autonomy for over a year. They might have been talking still, had not a Mahometan mob in the town of Candia attacked a patrolling party of British marines on September 6, 1898. Over fifty Englishmen were killed or wounded, the survivors escaping with difficulty to their boats. Then the tri-

umphant rioters swept the town, massacring over four hundred Christians. The Turkish governor thoughtfully kept his troops in barracks, so as not to add to the confusion, and only sent them out to restore order when the mob had finished its bloody work.

The four hundred dead Cretans might have been passed over, as so many thousand Turkish victims have been before; but a dozen Britons were lying among the slain. Within three months a new order of things was arranged, and the rule of the Turk in the island, or at least his direct interference with its inhabitants, came to an end—let us hope forever. The island still pays an annual tribute to the Sultan, but it is governed by its own people through an elective parliament and a High Commissioner appointed by the Powers.

This arrangement was a temporary one for three years, and Prince George of Greece was appointed High Commissioner. He landed in Crete, December 21, 1898, and has since been very successful both in governing the island and in gaining the good will of the inhabitants, Mahometan as well as Christian. The temporary arrangement came to an end with the close of 1901, but the Powers persuaded Prince George to reaccept office for a longer term.

Since then Greece has been at peace, although much troubled in 1903 by the uprising across her borders, in Macedonia. The Greeks and other Christians there rose in desperate rebellion against Turkey, and though the outbreak was suppressed with great cruelty its flame still smolders. One thing is clear, the Greek war did not settle the Eastern question. It cannot be settled; it will not cease to be a menace and a bugbear to Europe until every Christian in the East is free from the cruelty and treachery of the barbarous Turk.

As far back as 1896 the Greek government in its endeavor to fraternize with the other Christian nations, re-established upon an international basis the ancient Olympian games, which had sunk into oblivion during the ages of Grecian slavery. The friendly rivalry of these contests has already done much to attract to Greece the attention of the world. The recent games of 1906 resulted in a triumph for the athletes of the United States.

The marvellous torch which once illumined the world has been extinguished, the sun of Hellas has gone down in gloom and darkness, but her sons sit upon the throne whose splendor once dazzled the world, and they are not wholly degenerate. No picture in human history is more pitiful than the contrast between ancient and modern Greece; yet even here we see the effort, the struggle, the hope, which have been inspired by Christian civilization.

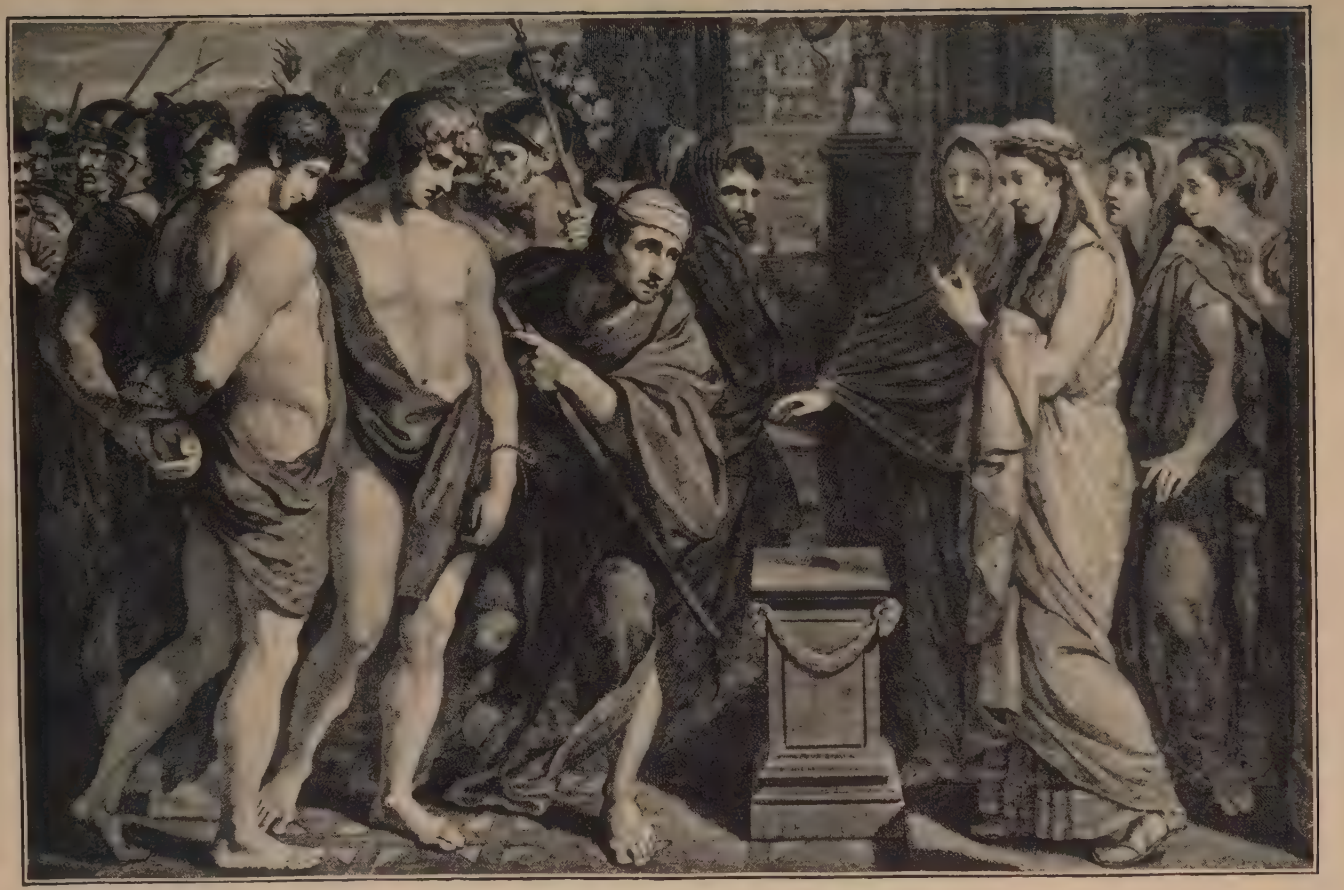
THE BRITISH RED CROSS NURSES LANDING IN ATHENS

CHRONOLOGY OF GREECE

THE early history of Greece is mythical and the dates are either conjectural or wholly fanciful. Positive chronology begins with the year 776 B.C.

B.C. 2200—Conjectural date of the recently discovered ruins in Crete. **2089**—Sicyon founded by Ægialus, according to the historian Eusebius. **2042**—The god Uranus rules Greece; revolt of the Titans; war of the giants. **1856**—Kingdom of Argos begun by Inachus. **1773**—Sacrifices to the gods introduced by Phoroneus. **1700**—The Pelasgi hold the Peloponnesus. **1550**—The Hellenes overthrow them. **1556**—Cecrops founded Athens. **1520**—Corinth built. **1507**—The Areopagus established in Athens. **1497**—Reign of Amphictyon and founding of the religious council in Athens. **1495**—Panathenæan games begun. **1493**—Cadmus with the Phœnician letters settled in Bœotia and founded Thebes. **1490**—Lelex, first king of Laconia, followed by Lacedæmon and his wife Sparta, who gave their names to the city. **1485**—Danaus said to have brought the first ships into Greece. **1474**—Danaus usurped the kingdom of Argos. **1457**—Perseus built Mycene. **1453**—First Olympic games at Elis. **1384**—Corinth rebuilt and so named. **1356**—Eleusinian mysteries instituted by Eumolpus. **1326**—Isthmian games. **1313**—The kingdom of Mycenæ created out of Argos. **1266**—Œdipus, king of Thebes. **1263**—Argonautic expedition; the Pythian games begun by Adiastus, king of Argos. **1234**—Theseus makes Athens the capital of Attica. **1225**—War of the seven Greek leaders against Thebes. **1193**—Beginning of the Trojan war. **1184**—Troy taken and destroyed. **1176**—Teucer founded Sala-

mis. 1123—Migration of Æolians who built Smyrna. 1103—Return of the Heraclidæ, who become kings of Sparta. 1088—End of the kingdom of Sicyon. 1070—Codrus, the last king of Athens, sacrifices himself; the monarchy abolished. 1044—The Ionians settle in Asia Minor. 935—Bacchus, king of Corinth. 884—Olympic games revived at Elis. 844—Laws of Lycurgus. 814—Macedonia founded by Caranus. 776—The first Olympiad; from this date an exact record was kept. 743-724—First Messenian war, ending with the capture of Ithome by Sparta, and the subjugation of the Messenians. 735—Sicily settled by the Greeks. 734—Syracuse founded. 720—Sybaris settled. 710—Crotona founded. 708—Tarentum founded. 700—Corcyra founded. 685-669—Second Messenian war; the Messenians settle in Sicily. 683—Authentic history of Athens begins; Loci in Southern Italy founded. 664—The first sea fight on record between the Corinthians and the people of Corcyra. 659—Cypselus, king of Corinth. 657—Byzantium built. 630—Cyrene founded. 624—Draco appointed to draw up a code of written laws. 600—Marseilles founded. 594—Solon's laws supplant those of Draco; period of the seven sages. 560—Pisistratus makes himself master of Athens. 547—Battle of the three hundred champions of Argos and Sparta. 544—The Persians make conquests in Ionia. 535—First tragedy acted at Athens by Thespis on a wagon. 531—Pisistratus collects the poems of Homer. 527—Pisistratus dies. 514—Assassination of Hipparchus. 510—Democracy at Athens; destruction of Sybaris. 504—War with Persia caused by the burning of Sardis by the Greeks. 496—Macedonia and Thrace conquered by Persia. 491—Sparta and Athens refuse homage. 490—The Persians defeated at Marathon. 480—Invasion of Greece by Xerxes; defeat at Thermopylæ; destruction of Athens; battle of Salamis. 479—Mardonius defeated and slain at Platæa; the Persian fleet destroyed at Mycale. 472—Pausanias starved to death for treason. 469—Battle of Eurymedon and end of the Persian war. 464—Pericles and Cimon adorn Athens. 459—Athens tyrannizes over Greece. 444—Herodotus reads his history in Athens. 435—Corinth wages war with its colony Corcyra. 433—Athens helps Corcyra. 431-404—Peloponnesian war. 430—Plague in Athens; death of Pericles. 428—Surrender of Platæa. 413—Banishment of Alcibiades and destruction of the Athenian army at Syracuse. 410—Alcibiades defeats the Spartans at Cyzicus. 407—Alcibiades again banished. 405—Defeat of the Athenian fleet at Ægos Potami. 404—Surrender of Athens; Sparta becomes the ruling state in Greece; death of Alcibiades. 399—Socrates put to death. 378-360—Rise and fall of the Theban power. 371—Battle of Leuctra. 362—Battle of Mantinea; death of Epaminondas. 359—Philip of Macedon quarrels with Athens; orations of Demosthenes. 357—Social war. 348—Philip ends the Sacred Wars, taking



ORESTES AND PYLADES BROUGHT BEFORE IPHIGENIA

all the cities of the Phocians. 338—Philip defeats the Athenians and Thebans at Chæronea and overthrows the liberty of Greece. 336—Philip assassinated by Pausanius. 335—His son, Alexander, subdues the Athenians and destroys Thebes. 334—Alexander invades the Persian empire; victory of Granicus. 333—Battle of Issus. 332—Siege of Tyre and Gaza; capture of Egypt; founding of Alexandria. 331—Battle of Arbela. 327—Conquest of India. 323—Death of Alexander. 322—Death of Demosthenes. 301—Battle of Ipsus settles the division of Alexander's empire among his generals. 296—Capture of Athens by Demetrius. 280—The Gallic invasion. 277—The Gauls expelled. 278–239—Antigonus Gonatus, king of the Greeks. 251—The Achæan League revived. 200—Dissensions lead to Roman intervention. 191—Sparta united with the League. 168—Macedon made a Roman province, its last king, Perseus, having been defeated at Pydna. 147—The Achæan League defeated by Rome. 146—Destruction of Corinth; Greece conquered and made a Roman province under the name of Achaia. 21—Augustus visits Greece and favors it.

A.D. 122—Hadrian dwells in Athens and adorns it. 396—Invasion of Alaric. 1146—The Normans of Sicily plunder the country. 1204—Conquered by the Latins and subdivided into small governments. 1456—Athens and part of Greece conquered by the Turks, under Mahomet II. 1466—Athens and the Peloponnesus held by the Venetians. 1540—The Turks control most of Greece. 1552—The island of Rhodes captured by the Turks. 1670—Crete, or Candia, surrendered to the Turks. 1717—All of the Peloponnesus comes into the possession of Turkey. 1770—Struggle for independence, with aid of Russia. 1820—Revolt of Ali Pasha, governor of Albania. 1821—Insurrection in Moldavia and Wallachia suppressed; war of independence begun; the Peloponnesus gained by the Greeks. 1822—Independence of Greece proclaimed; Corinth besieged and captured; horrible massacre at Scio. 1823—National congress at Argos. 1824—Death of Lord Byron at Missolonghi; provisional government of Greece set up. 1825—Ibrahim Pasha captured Navarino and Tripolitza. 1826—Missolonghi captured by Ibrahim Pasha. 1827—The Egypto-Turkish fleet destroyed at Navarino by the allied fleets of England, France, and Russia, who signed the treaty of London on behalf of Greece. 1828—Count Capo d'Istria, president of Greece; Egyptians evacuate the Peloponnesus. 1829—Missolonghi surrendered to Greece; Greek National Assembly begins its sessions at Argos; the Porte acknowledges the independence of Greece by the treaty of Adrianople. 1831—Count Capo d'Istria assassinated. 1832—Otho of Bavaria made king of Greece. 1843—A bloodless revolution at Athens establishes a Constitution. 1862—Provisional government at Athens deposed the king; Prince Alfred of Great Britain

offered the crown. **1863**—Prince William of Schleswig-Holstein proclaimed king as George I. **1868**—Rupture between Turkey and Greece in consequence of Greek armed intervention in Crete. **1869**—Under pressure of the Western Powers diplomatic relations were resumed between Turkey and Greece. **1878**—Insurrection in Thessaly against Turks, closed through British intervention. **1880**—Berlin Conference to propose settlement of the Turkish and Greek frontiers met; order for mobilization of the army signed; national feeling warlike. **1886**—Increased warlike feeling; British intervention supported by the Great Powers; foreign ironclads sent to Suda Bay, Crete; the Powers order Greece to disarm, and the king finally signs a decree for disarmament. **1896**—Olympic games reopened on the seventy-fifth anniversary of independence. **1897**—Greek warships sent to Crete with troops, ostensibly to protect the Christians; the Powers remonstrated, and compelled their withdrawal; Greece entreated the Powers to sanction the union of Crete with her, but the Powers proclaimed the autonomy of the island; Greek sentiment favored war with Turkey; the Powers notified both governments that the aggressor would be held responsible. Greek irregulars took the first serious step on the frontier, and the Sultan declared war, April 18; fighting began at once; the Greeks were continually defeated; the Powers intervened; the government accepted autonomy for Crete; treaty of peace was signed at Constantinople. **1898**—Indemnity loan arranged: attempt made to assassinate the king; Thessaly reoccupied by the Greeks, the Turkish troops having evacuated it; massacre of Cretans and British at Candia; Prince George of Greece made High Commissioner of Crete. **1901**—Student riots in Athens over the translation of the Gospels. **1902**—Diplomatic relations resumed between Greece and Persia.

KINGS OF GREECE.

1832. Otho. | **1863.** George I.

PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY FOR GREECE

Abydos (a-by′dos)
Acarnania (ak′ar-nā′ni-ă)
Achaia (ā-kā′yă)
Achelous (ak′e-lo′us)
Achilles (a-kil′lēz)
Æantides (ē-an′ti-dēz)
Ægean (ē-gē′an)
Æginetans (ĕj′i-nē′tans)
Æschines (ĕs′ki-nēz)
Æschylus (ĕs′ki-lus)
Æsculapius (ĕs′cu-la′pi-us)
Æsop (ē′sŏp)
Æthra (ē′thră)
Agamemnon (ăg-a-mĕm′non)
Agesander (aj′e-san′der)
Agesilaus (a-gĕs′i-lā′us)
Alcibiades (ăl-sĭ-bī′a-dēz)
Alcides (ăl-sī′dēz)

ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF GEORGE I. OF GREECE

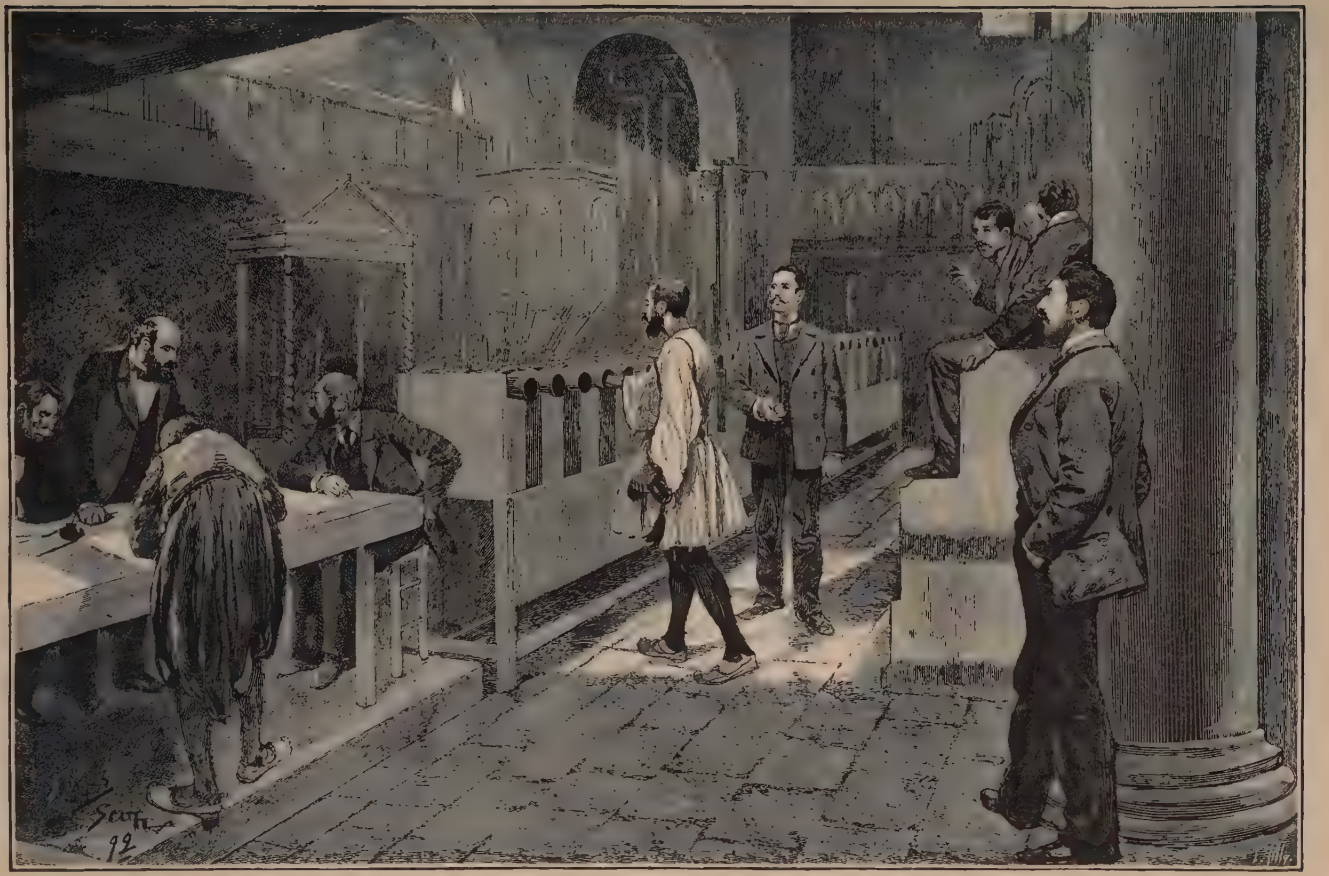
Alcmæonidæ (ălk′-mē-ŏn′ĭ-dē)
Alemani (al′e-ma′ni)
Amphictyon (ăm-fĭck-ti-ŏn)
Amphipolis (ăm-fĭp′o-lis)
Amphytryon (ăm-fĭt′rĭ-on)
Anacreon (a-năk′re-on)
Anaxagoras (an-aks-ăg′o-ras)
Anchises (ăn-kī′sēz)
Andromache (ăn-drom′a-kē)
Antigonus (an-tĭg′o-nus)
Antiope (an-tī′o-pē)
Antipater (an-tip′a-ter)
Apelles (a-pĕl′lēz)
Aphrodite (ăf-ro-dī′tē)
Apuleius (ap-u-lē′yus)
Arachne (a-răk′nē)
Aratus (a-rā′tus)
Arbela (ar-bē′lă)
Archidamus (ar′kĭ-dā′mus)
Archon (är′kon)
Areopagus (a′re-ŏp′a-gus)
Ares (ā′rēz)
Aristides (ăr-is-tī′dēz)
Aristocrates (ar′is-tŏc′ra-tēz)
Aristodemus (a-ris′to-dē′mus)
Aristogiton (a-ris′to-jī′ton)
Aristomenes (ăr′is-tŏm′e-nēz)
Aristophanes (ăr-is-tŏf′a-nēz)
Aristotle (ăr′is-tōt-l)
Artabazanes (ar′tă-bă-ză′nēz)
Artaphernes (ar′ta-fĕr′nēz)
Artemisia (ăr-tĕ-mĭs′i-ă)
Aryan (är′yan or ăr′i-an)
Astræus (as′trē-us)
Athene (a-thē′ne)
Athenodorus (a-thĕn′o-dō-rus)
Athens (ă′thens)
Athos (ā′thŏs)
Atropos (ăt′rō-pŏs)
Atticus (ăt′i-kus)
Augeas (ō′jē-as)
Beleminatis (be-lĕm-ĭ-nā′tis)
Bithynia (bĭ-thĭn′i-ă)
Bœotian (bē-o′shĭ-an)
Botzarris (bō-zar′i or bŏt′ză-ris)
Brasidas (brăs′ĭ-dăs)
Bucephala (bu-sĕph′a-lă)
Byzantium (bī-zăn′ti-um)
Calaurea (kăl′o-rē′a or ka-lo′rē-a)
Calchas (kăl′kăs)
Callimachus (kal-lim′a-kus)
Callisto (căl-lĭs′to)
Canachus (kan′a-kus)
Canares (ca-nar′ēz)
Carneades (kar-ne′a-dēz)
Caryatis (ka′ry-ā′tis)
Cassander (căs-san′der)
Cassandra (căs-săn′dră)
Cassiopea (kas′si-o-pe′ă)
Ceres (sē′rēz)
Chæronea (kĕr-o-nē′ă)
Charilaus (kar′i-lā′us)
Chios (kī′os)
Chrysomallus (krĭs′o-măl′lus)
Cilicia (sĭ-lĭs′i-ă)
Cimon (sī′mŏn)
Circe (sĭr′sē)
Cleobulus (kle′o-bu′lus)
Cleomenes (kle-om′e-nĕz)
Clio (klī′o)
Clitus (klī′tŭs)
Clotho (klō′thō)
Clytemnestra (klў̆t′em-nes′tră)
Colocotrones (ko-lo-ko-trō′nēz)
Colophon (kŏl′-o-fon)
Copais (kō-pā′is)
Corcyra (kor-sī′ră)
Corinth (kor′ĭnth)
Critolaus (krĭt′o-lā′us)
Ctesiphon (tĕs′i-fon)

Cunaxa (kū-năx′ă)
Cyclades (sĭk′la-dēz)
Cyclopean (sī′klo-pē′an)
Cylon (sī′lŏn)
Cynoscephalæ (sĭn′o-sĕf′a-lē)
Cynuria (sī-nu′ri-ă)
Cypselus (sĭp′sĕ-lus)
Cyrene (sī-rē′ne)
Cythera (sī-thē′ră)
Demaratus (dem′a-rā′tus)
Demeter (de-mē′ter)
Demetrius (de-mē′trĭ-us)
Demiurgi (dĕm′ĕ-urjē)
Deucalion (du-kā′le-on)
Diacrii (di-ā′krī)
Diæus (dī-ē′ŭs)
Diogenes (dī-ŏj′e-nēz)
Diomedes (dī′o-mē′dēz)
Dionysius (dīo-nĭs′ĭ-us)
Diopethes (dī′o-pē′thēs)
Dipœnus (di-pē′nus)
Dodona (do-dō′nă)
Draco (drā′cō)
Eleusis (e-lu′sĭs)
Empedocles (em-pĕd′o-klēz)
Epaminondas (e-pam-ĭ-nŏn′das)
Epimenides (ep-ĭ-mĕn′ĭ-dēz)
Ephesus (ĕf′e-sŭs)
Ephialtes (ĕfĭ′-ăl′tēz)
Ephora (ĕf′o-ră)
Epictetus (ĕp-ĭk-tē′tus)
Epidaurus (ĕp-ĭ-dor′us)
Epirus (ē-pī′rŭs)
Eretria (ē-rē′trĭ-ă)
Erymanthus (ĕr′ĭ-măn′thus)
Etiocles (ē-tī′o-klēz)
Eubœa (yū-bē′ă)
Eupatridæ (yū-păt′rĭ-dē)
Euphaes (yū-fā′ēz)
Euphranor (yū-frā′nor)
Euripides (yū-rĭp′ĭ-dēz)
Eurybiades (yū′ry-bī′a-dēz)
Eurydice (yū-rĭd′ĭ-sē)
Eurystheus (yū-rĭs′thē-us)
Euterpe (yū-tĕr′pē)
Euxine (yūks′ēn)
Gæa (jē′ă)
Gelon (jē′lŏn)
Geomori (jē-ŏm′o-rī)
Geryon (jē′rĭ-on)
Græci (grē′sī)
Granicus (gră-nī′kus)
Gylippus (jĭ-lĭp-pŭs)
Hageladas (hăg′ĕ-lā′das)
Harmodius (har-mō′dĭ-ŭs)
Harpalus (hăr′pă-lŭs)
Helios (hē′lĭ-os)
Hellenes (hĕl-lē′nēs)
Helots (hē′lŏts or hĕl′ots)
Hephæstos (hē-fēst′os)
Here (hē′rē)
Hermes (hĕr′mēs)
Hesiod (hē′sĭ-od)
Hestia (hĕs′ti-ă)
Hiero (hī′e-ro)
Himera (hĭm′ĕ-ră)
Hippocrates (hĭp-pŏk′ra-tēz)
Hippolyte (hĭp-pŏl′ĭ-tē)
Idomeneus (ī-dom′e-nē′us)
Iphigenia (ĭf′ĭ-jĕ-nī′ă)
Iphitus (if′ĭ-tŭs)
Isagoras (ī-săg′o-ras)
Issus (ĭs′sŭs)
Ithome (i-tho′mē)
Jason (jā′son
Knossus (nŏs′sus)
Ancient form Cnosus (nō′sus)
Lacedæmon (lăs′ĕ-dē′mŏn)
Lacedæmonian (lăs′ĕ-dĕ-mō′nĭ-ăn)
Lachesis (lăk′e-sis)

THE EASTER FESTIVAL OF FLOWERS IN MODERN GREECE

Laconia (lă-kō′nĭ-a)
Laius (lā′yus)
Laocoön (lā-ŏc′ō-ŏn)
Leocorium (lē′o-cō′rĭ-um)
Leonidas (lē-ŏn′ĭ-dăs)
Leotychides (lē′o-tĭch′ĭ-dēz)
Lycaonia (lĭc′a-o′nĭ-ă)
Lycomedes (lĭc′o-mē′dēz)
Lycurgus (lī-kŭr′gus)
Lysander (lī-săn′dĕr)
Lysicrates (lī-sĭk′ra-tēz)
Lysimachus (lī-sĭm′a-kus)
Lysippus (lī-sĭp′pus)
Maleatis (mā′le-ā′-tis)
Mardonius (mär-dō′nĭ-us)
Medea (mē-dē′ă)
Medusa (mē-dū′să)
Megabazus (mĕg′a-bā′zus)
Megacles (mĕg′a-klēz)
Megalopolis (mĕg′a-lŏp′o-lis)
Melpomene (mĕl-pŏm′e-nē)
Menalcidas (me-năl′si-das)
Menander (mē-năn′dĕr)
Menelaus (mĕn′ē-lā′us)
Messenia (mĕs-sē′nĭ-ă)
Miletus (mī-le′tŭs)
Miltiades (mil-tī′a-dēz)
Missolonghi (mĭs′sō-long′gē)
Minos (mī′nos)
Mithrydates (mith′rĭ-dā′tez)
Mitylene (mĭt-ĭ-le′nē)
Mnesicles (nĕs′-ĭ-klez)
Mycale (mĭc′a-lē)
Mycenæ (mī-sē′nē)
Mysia (mĭs′ĭ-ă)
Nearchus (nē-ar′kŭs)
Nereid (ne′rē-ĭd)
Nesiotes (nē′sĭ-ō′tēz)
Nicias (nĭc′ĭ-as)
Nicomedia (nic′o-mē′dĭ-ă)
Œdipus (ĕd′ĭ-pŭs)
Olynthus (ō-lĭn′thŭs)
Orchomenes (or-kŏm′e-nes)
Orpheus (ŏr′fē-us)
Ortygia (or-tĭj′ĭ-ă)
Othrys (ō′thrĭs)
Pagasæan (păg′ā-sē′an)
Pallene (pal-lē′ne)
Pamphilus (pam′fĭ-lŭs)
Parali (păr′a-lī)
Parmenio (păr-mē′nĭ-o)
Patroclus (pā-trō′clŭs)
Pausanias (paw-sā′nĭ-us)
Peliades (pe-lī′a-dēz)
Pelion (pe-lī′on)
Pelopidas (pe-lŏp′ĭ-das)
Peloponnesus (pel′o-pon-nē′sŭs)
Penelope (pe-nĕl′o-pē)
Peneus (pe-nē′ŭs)
Pericles (pĕr′ĭ-clēs)
Periœci (pĕr′ĭ-ē-sī)
Periphetes (per′i-fī′tēz)
Persephone (per-sĕf′o-ne)
Persepolis (pĕr-sĕp′o-lis)
Perseus (pĕr′zē-us)
Phæa (fē′ă)
Phidias (fĭd′i-ăs)
Philomelus (fĭl-o-mē′lŭs)
Philopœmen (fīl-o-pē′mĕn)
Phrygia (frĭg′ĭ-ă)
Piræus (pī-rē′us)
Pisidia (pi-sĭd′ĭ-ă)
Pisistratus (pi-sĭs′tra-tŭs)
Pittheus (pĭt′thē-us)
Platæa (plă-tē′a)
Plistoanax (plĭs-to′a-nax)
Pnyx (nĭks)
Poliorcetes (po′li-or-sē′tes)
Polybius (po-lĭb′ĭ-us)
Polycletus (pol-ĭ-klē′tŭs)

Polydorus (pol′ĭ-dō′rŭs)
Polygnotus (pŏl-ig-no′tŭs)
Porus (pō′rŭs)
Poseidon (po-sī′don)
Posidippus (pō-sĭd′-dĭ-pŭs)
Praxiteles (praks-ĭt′e-lēz)
Prytanes (prĭt′a-nēz)
Psyche (sī′kē)
Psychro (sī′kro)
Pyrrhus (pĭr′us)
Pythagoras (pi-thăg′ō-răs)
Pytho (pī′tho)
Rhadamanthus (rad′a-man′thŭs)
Rhea (re′ă)
Rhetra (rĕt′ră)
Salamis (săl′a-mĭs)
Scio (sī′o)
Sciritis (si-rī′tĭs)
Scopas (skō′păs)
Scylla (sĭl′lă)
Scythians (sĭth′ĭ-ans)
Selene (se-lē′ne)
Seleucus (se-lū′kus)
Sicyon (sīs′ĭ-on)
Simonides (si-mŏn′ĭ-dēz)
Sinis (sī′nis)
Sinope (sĭn-ō′pē)
Solon (so′lŏn)
Sophocles (sŏf′o-klēz)
Spercheus (sper-kē′us)
Sporades (spor′a-dēz)
Statira (stă-tī′ră)
Stageira (sta-jī′ră)
Stenelus (sten′e-lŭs)
Sybaris (sĭb′a-rĭs)
Tartarus (tăr′tă-rus)
Tegea (tē′jē-ă)
Teleclus (tĕl′e-clŭs)
Telys (tē′lĭs)
Tempe (tĕm′pe)
Terpsichore (tĕrp-sĭk′ō-rē)
Thais (thā′ĭs)
Thales (thā′lēz)
Thalia (tha-lī′a)
Thasos (thā′sos)
Theagenes (thē-aj′e-nēz)
Theano (thē-ā′nō)
Theia (thē′ă)
Themistocles (thē-mĭs′to-klēz)
Theocritus (thē-ŏk′rĭ-tus)
Theramenes (thē-ram′e-nēz)
Thermopylæ (thĕr-mŏp′e-lē or lā)
Thrace (thrāce)
Thucydides (thu-sĭd′ĭ-dēz)
Timoleon (tĭ-mo′le-on)
Tissaphernes (tĭs′sa-fĕr′nēz)
Trœzen (trē′zn)
Typhoeus (tī-fō′e-us)
Tyrrhenian (tĭr-rhē′ni-an)
Tyrtæus (tĭr-tē′us)
Ulysses (yū-lĭs′sēz)
Urania (yū-rā′nĭ-ă)
Uranus (yū′ră-nus)
Xanthippus (zan-thĭp′pŭs)
Xenophanes (ze-nof′a-nēz)
Xenophon (zĕn′o-fon)
Ypsilante (hip-si-lăn′tee)
Zacynthus (za-sin′thŭs)
Zethus (zē′thŭs)
Zeus (zūs)
Zeuxis (zūks′ĭss)



METHOD OF VOTING IN MODERN GREECE

ROMULUS AND REMUS

ANCIENT NATIONS—ROME

Chapter XXVII

THE BEGINNING OF THE CITY

[*Authorities:* Gibbon, "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire"; Mommsen, "History of Rome"; Goldwin Smith, "The Greatest of the Romans"; Horton, "History of the Romans"; Ihne, "History of Rome"; Pelham, "Outlines of Roman History"; Dyer, "History of the Kings of Rome"; Liddell, "History of Rome"; Smith, "Rome and Carthage"; Shuckburgh, "History of Rome to the Battle of Actium"; Merivale, "The Fall of the Roman Republic," and "History of the Romans"; Rawlinson, "Sixth Great Oriental Monarchy"; Forsyth, "Life of Cicero"; Long, "Decline of the Roman Republic"; Froude, "Cæsar"; Browne, "History of Rome from A. D. 96"; Crevier, "History of the Roman Emperors"; Sismondi, "History of the Fall of the Roman Empire"; Bury, "History of the Later Roman Empire"; Hodgkins, "Italy and her Invaders"; Bryce, "The Holy Roman Empire"; Freeman, "The Chief Periods of Roman History"; Milman, "History of Latin Christianity"; Arnold, "History of Rome"; Creighton, "History of Rome"; Guerber, "Story of the Romans"; Taine, "History of Rome and Naples"; Duruy, "History of Rome."]

ROME, the city of to-day, is only a shadow of its former self; it is a city of ruins. It has two present claims to fame—as the capital of Italy, and as the centre and fountain-head of the great Roman Catholic church. But long before Italy was thought of as a single country, long before there was any Catholic or even Christian religion, long before Christ Himself came on earth, Rome was an immense city, far mightier than it is to-day, and ruling over all the known world.

Many kings and many countries since history began have striven for this universal dominion, but Rome alone reached the goal. For centuries she retained the mastery over a vast region, bounded only by the burning deserts of Asia and Africa, and the icy wildernesses of the north.

At what remote period Rome first became a great city is not known with certainty. Her people were not scholars like the Greeks, but fighters. At first they had no historians, and kept no record of

their doings. Perhaps they had little cause to be proud of their origin. They became mighty before they became cultured. It was only after they had begun conquering the Greeks, that they learned from their new subjects the value of the arts. When they looked back through the centuries to record, as the Greeks had recorded, the story of their own growth, much of it had been forgotten and was lost.

The impression made on this rude though powerful people by the culture of the Greeks was so strong that it changed them in many ways. They tried to imitate what they admired. Even their religion felt the change. They abandoned their old gods, or strove to identify them with those of the Greeks, declaring that both worshipped the same deities under different names. The chief Roman god, Jupiter, was declared to be Zeus; and his wife, Juno, was Hera; Minerva was Athene, and so on. It follows that in describing the gods and myths of Greece we have described those of Rome as well—at least as the later Romans understood them—though we shall find some few gods peculiarly Roman that have come down from those earlier and almost unknown ages.

So, in telling what is popularly called the history of Rome, it is necessary to warn you that the earliest part of it is merely legendary, the invention of a later age, intended to explain with credit the circumstances in which the Romans found themselves and whose origin they had forgotten. In places we can catch a glimpse of shadowy facts behind the legends; but most of the story is as entirely imaginary as if it were being invented at this moment for your amusement.

The story opens with the siege of Troy, of which you heard among the tales of the Greeks. There was one Trojan warrior, Æneas, who next to Hector was the greatest of them all. He was a son of the goddess Venus, and as he reverenced his mother and always implicitly obeyed her commands and those of the other gods, they took care of him, and saved him from the general destruction which overwhelmed the Trojans. When the horse of the Greeks was brought into the city, Æneas, by the command of Venus, departed, bearing on his shoulders his aged father Anchises, and followed by a troop of his relatives and friends. Some represent him as fighting valorously amid the ruins of the burning city, and remaining for a year or more to rule and protect the fragment of the Trojans who escaped the massacre. Sooner or later, however, he and his followers departed from Troy.

They sailed to many lands and encountered many adventures. At last they reached Carthage, then a flourishing city under its foundress, Dido. The wandering hero was brought before the beautiful queen, and the two fell in love at first sight. He stayed long at the court, telling her hero tales of the great Trojan war, hunting with her, wooing her. Their marriage was daily

THE MEETING OF ÆNEAS AND DIDO

expected by their followers, when suddenly there came to Æneas in the night the command of his goddess mother to move onward, for not here was he to find rest. Without a word to Dido, this excellent servant of the gods rose, gathered his people, and departed on the instant, leaving the deserted queen to mourn and wonder at his flight, till finally she slew herself upon a funeral pyre built from the relics he had left behind. Thus, said the Romans, began the ancient enmity between the Carthaginians and themselves, the descendants of Æneas.

It was in Italy that Æneas next paused, being assured by Venus that there his people should remain and become masters of the world. After conquering the natives of the land, he died and was rewarded for his somewhat blind obedience to the gods by being carried up to their home in a cloud of fire. His son Iulus founded the city of Alba Longa—"the white, long city"—on the cliffs. Rome itself was not founded until over three hundred years later.

Romulus and Remus, the reputed builders of Rome, were twin brothers, descended on their mother's side from Æneas and having for their father the stern war-god Mars. Their mother's uncle was king of Alba Longa. He had stolen the kingdom from his brother their grandfather, so, fearing the new-born infants might some day drive him from the throne, he exposed them in a basket on the flooded Tiber. The tumultuous stream carried them to a safe haven on the present site of Rome. There they were found and suckled by a she-wolf. Then a shepherd, Faustulus, discovered them and brought them up as his own sons.

Eventually the mystery of their birth was solved; they did slay the usurping king of Alba Longa and re-established their grandfather on his throne. He would have persuaded the young men to stay with him; but they had become leaders among the wild shepherds of the Tiber plains where they had grown up, and were determined to found a city for themselves.

Ambition bred between them their first strife. Each wished to be the leader in building the new city. Neither would yield, so finally they agreed to leave the decision to an omen. The flight of great birds was considered a sign of good fortune, so each brother took his stand on the spot where he believed the city should be built, and watched for whatever sign the gods chose to send him. For a whole day and night they stood waiting, expectant and anxious. Then Remus saw with joy six great vultures, the largest of birds, fly past him. He hurried exultingly to tell his brother; but just as he arrived, Romulus discerned twelve vultures. Immediately the strife between them broke out afresh. Remus had seen first, but Romulus had seen most. Which did the gods mean to favor? Most of their friends decided in favor of Romu-

lus; but Remus and his adherents would not submit; so for a time it seemed likely that two cities would be built.

Romulus and his larger party were the first to begin work. Choosing the summit of the steep hill beneath which he had been found as a babe, Romulus performed solemn religious ceremonies, and drove around the hill a bull and a heifer, each of purest white, and yoked to a brazen plough. The furrow thus turned up was to mark where the walls of the city were to stand; and as he ploughed Romulus recited this prayer:

"Do thou, Jupiter, aid me as I found this city; and Mars, my father, and Vesta, my mother, and all other, ye deities, whom it is a religious duty to invoke, attend; let this work of mine rise under your auspices. Long may be its duration; may its sway be that of an all-ruling land; and under it may be both the rising and the setting of the days." Jupiter's lightning flashed from the sky in sign that he had heard the prayer; and every one began work at once, digging and heaping up the earthern rampart.

Remus, approaching, found them at work and laughed scornfully at their feeble walls, which were no higher than a man's breast. To show his derision and prove how little protection the wall would be, he leaped over it with a taunting word. Romulus, or according to some, his friend Celer, flared up in anger and with his sharp spade struck Remus to the ground, where he lay dead. All recoiled in grief and horror, for the victim of a brother's anger had been their leader and their friend. Romulus, however, boasted grimly of the deed. "So perish all," he said, "who seek to climb these walls." Thus the defences of the infant city were cemented with a brother's blood.

You will notice how all these stories flattered the Romans' self-love. They sought an origin as ancient and noble as that of the Greeks; and they found it by tracing their descent back to the Trojan prince Æneas. They were proud of their military prowess, as is repeatedly shown in the legend of Romulus. He was the son of Mars, thus making the whole race of Romans what they delighted to call themselves, "the Children of the War-god." He was nourished by a wolf, and thus his race became the strong and savage wolves of war. He slew his brother for insulting Rome; and his people placed the love of the city, or patriotism, above all ties of family. Romulus is the typical figure of what all Romans strove to be.

The city which he built stood on what is now called the Palatine Hill (Mons Palatinus), a steep and rocky mound rising abruptly amid a group of others from the broad, flat plain around them. It was one of these other hills on which Remus had wished to build. In time the city covered them all, one of its famous names being the "City of the Seven Hills." The first settlement, however, was on the Palatine. The river Tiber—"Father Tiber," as the Romans

THE FINDING OF ROMULUS AND REMUS

called it—ran past the foot of the mount. It was a turbulent, varying stream, shrinking to a mere creek in the summer drought, but roaring and raging in the spring-time, flooding the low valleys between the hills, and then, as it sank again, leaving its waters to stagnate in the hollows and form pestilent, fever-breeding marshes.

There was not much in this stubborn rock and feverous marsh to attract strangers to the new city. So Romulus, to increase the number and power of his people, proclaimed that within its walls there should be an asylum; and that he would protect the lives of all who fled thither from their enemies, no matter what they had done. As a consequence, criminals, rebels, escaped slaves, and all manner of desperate and hunted outlaws must have flocked to him. His city grew strong in men; but it lacked women. Naturally the people of neighboring cities had no desire to marry their daughters to those wild roisterers of Rome.

This difficulty was also overcome by Romulus with his characteristic vigor and readiness. He held a great so-called religious festival near Rome, inviting thither all the inhabitants of the surrounding region. When they had gathered in large numbers, his young men rushed upon them from ambush and, seizing each such woman as caught his fancy, carried her off within the city walls for his wife.

The remaining visitors, taken unawares and unprepared for attack on the strong city, retired in confusion, threatening vengeance for the unparalleled outrage. Fortunately for Rome, they did not unite in one compact, aggressive body; and the men of each city, making war upon her separately, were beaten in detail. Last of all came the Sabines. They were the most numerous and powerful of the injured peoples, and they had waited to assemble all their forces. In them the Romans had an enemy likely to prove at least their match. They felt this, and therefore made the most careful preparations. They fortified the neighboring hill, the Capitoline, and gathered there all their herds of cattle and sheep under a strong guard, while the main body of their army withdrew within the walls on the Palatine Hill.

Treachery gave the Sabines an advantage at first. A Roman maiden, Tarpeia, whose father held command on the Capitoline, was so fascinated by the golden bracelets of the Sabine warriors, that she offered to betray the fortress to them for "the ornaments on their arms." The Sabines eagerly agreed, and thus secured possession of the Capitoline hill, from which the defenders fled. Tarpeia, however, failed to receive the reward she had expected; for the Sabines, while ready to profit by her treachery, felt that she ought to be punished for it. As she opened the way to admit them within the walls, each, as he passed, tossed his heavy shield upon her, saying, "These are the ornaments we wear upon our arms." So she was deservedly crushed under the weight of metal.

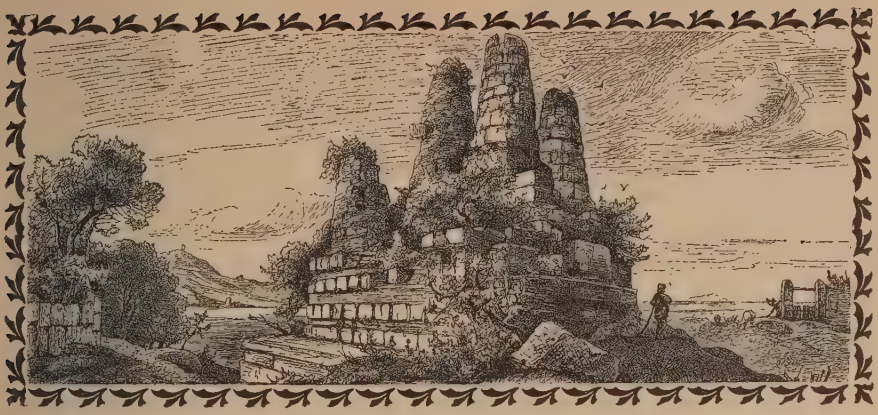
You will presently see why the Roman story-tellers wished to give the Sabines as well as themselves the credit of being bold, and hating treachery. The Romans sallied from their city to retake the Capitoline hill; the Sabines rushed to meet them, and the two armies encountered in deadly combat in the valley between. The less numerous followers of Romulus were being driven back up their hill, when their leader prayed to Jupiter for divine help. Instantly the temple of the old Roman god Janus, which had been closed, burst open; and from it poured a torrent of water, which swept the invaders down the hill again.

A second time the resolute fighters were about to join battle in the valley, when suddenly the captured Sabine wives rushed between them. The women were happy, it seems, in their new homes; and now they begged their husbands and their relatives to become reconciled, and not, by mutual slaughter, plunge both nations into mourning. Their intervention was successful, so much so indeed that the two races, mutually respecting each other's prowess, agreed to unite in one. The Sabines stayed where they were; the two hills were joined as a single city; and both kings reigned together. Soon after, however, the Sabine chieftain died, and Romulus continued sole ruler of the united races and the growing city.

He commanded the temple of Janus always to be left open in time of war, so that the god might again help his worshippers if he wished; and this god Janus was one of the few Roman gods who were never forgotten. Even when sacrifice was made to the other gods, an offering was first presented to Janus. He was the beginner of all things, the opener and guardian of all gates. January, the first month of the year, is named for him, and from him we have our word "janitor," a gate-keeper. He was represented as a two-faced god looking both ways, perhaps because gates generally open in both directions.

Romulus reigned for thirty-seven years, and then in the midst of a terrific tempest he disappeared, carried up to the gods, as his ancestor Æneas had been, in a cloud of fire. His shade or spirit, anxious that there should be no doubt about this, appeared to a Roman and told him so. The vision explained also that Romulus was now to be worshipped as a god under the name of Quirinus. So Romulus became a sort of semi-human Mars, and was honored as a second god of war.

THE SABINES TEMPTING TARPEIA TO BETRAY ROME



THE GRAVE OF THE HORATII AND CURIATII

Chapter XXVIII

THE EARLY KINGS AND THEIR OVERTHROW

SEVEN kings reigned in the early days over the City of the Seven Hills, counting Romulus as the first. Of these rulers it is noteworthy that no one was the direct descendant, or what we should consider the legitimate successor, of the preceding. The earlier ones are represented as having been freely chosen by the people. You remember that the death of the Sabine king left Romulus alone upon the throne of the dual city. After Romulus died it was agreed that a Sabine should be king; but to make the choice equitable, he was to be selected by the Romans. They chose Numa Pompilius, a man of peace, a sage and a philosopher. He was one of the disciples of Pythagoras, the Greek philosopher of whom you heard as teaching and ruling at this time among the Greek cities in Italy.

The temple of Janus was never opened during Numa's reign, that is to say, there was no war. As a consequence, the city throve mightily, and grew great and strong and rich. The people no longer lived wholly within the walls, on the summits of the two steep hills. Farms and villas spread over the surrounding plains. The shepherds of Romulus, half-barbaric nomads, whose herds in time of peril could all be driven within the city walls for safety, had become civilized agriculturists, with permanent homes and with crops which, as they must remain upon the ground, were not so easily protected.

The pacific wisdom of Numa succeeded, therefore, to the fierce valor of Romulus. Numa's wisdom, however, was not all his own. He was a hand-

some youth, beloved for his beauty by the nymph Egeria, a goddess of the woods. Or let us say, following the obvious allegory, the beauty of this peaceful, flower-blooming Rome charmed Nature itself, and Nature guided and protected it.

Numa often visited Egeria in her cavern, and brought to the city her counsels for his people. Once when men doubted whether this invisible Egeria really came to help him, he invited them all to a banquet and set before them the plainest food, in wooden dishes. "This," he said, "is all I have to give you of my own." Then, while they dined grumblingly, he suddenly cried out, "Now Egeria is come to visit me!" and at once the food before them became rich and magnificent, and the wooden dishes changed to gold and silver. After that no man questioned the friendship of the goddess.

Numa was the law-giver of Rome. He aimed to break up the threefold tribal division which separated the nation into the Ramnes or people of Romulus, the Titienses or people of Tatius, king of the Sabines, and the Luceres, a minor race, probably the aboriginal people of the land. To make these tribes forget their ancient antagonism, the king divided the people into guilds according to their occupation, and decreed that men should be referred to not as members of their tribe, but of their guild.

Numa also established the religious customs of the land, and regulated the rights and duties of the priesthood. The pontifices or main priests were to offer sacrifices to the gods. The augurs were to read omens, and thus interpret the future and the will of the gods. The vestal virgins were to watch and keep always alight the sacred fire which burned before the altars.

The religion seems at this time to have been a worship of the productive powers of Nature, fitting to an agricultural people. All their gods had more or less to do with farm life. Saturn, the chief god, was the maker of all peaceful and useful inventions. He taught men to gather their grain, mow their hay, and trim their fruit-trees. There was a great festival held at harvest time in honor of Ceres, the goddess of harvests. Numa sought also to teach the people the worship of the goddess Fides or Faith, that is, he tried to make them honorable and faithful; and ever afterward the Romans were particularly proud of possessing this quality. It was their boast that they never broke their plighted word. The one building that we are told Numa erected is his temple to Fides.

After Numa's death it was the turn of the Sabines to choose a king from among the Romans. They conferred the honor on Tullus Hostilius, who proved a warlike king and also a most generous one. Instead of building himself fine palaces, he lived as simply as any of his subjects, distributing almost all his property among the poor.

THE SABINE WOMEN INTERFERE BETWEEN THEIR HUSBANDS AND KINSMEN

Under him another race descended from the Trojan Æneas was added to the many differing peoples that made up Rome. Tullus declared war against Alba Longa, the long, white cliff city, where Romulus and Remus had been born. Realizing that the fierce armies of these two kindred races would almost exterminate each other, their leaders came to an agreement by which the war was to be decided by a combat between six picked warriors, three from each side. The selected champions were typical of the fratricidal character of the war. Three brothers, the Horatii, or members of the family of Horatius, represented Rome, and three brothers, the Curiatii, old friends of their antagonists —one of them about to marry a Horatian maiden—fought for the Albans. In the combat, two of the Romans were killed, while all three of the Curiatii were wounded. The remaining Horatius then displayed the craft which always mingled with the courage of the Romans. He pretended flight. The three wounded men feebly pursued, to complete their victory. They became separated and still further exhausted, whereon the shrewd Roman turned and, meeting them one by one, slew them with ease.

As Horatius marched back to the city at the head of a triumphal procession, he was met by his sister, the maid whose betrothed he had just slain. She was weeping; and Horatius, enraged that she thus put her own private grief above the glory he had won for Rome, slew her with the same sword that had just killed her lover. He was tried by law for his crime; but the people insisted that it should be pardoned, because it was committed for "the honor of Rome."

The victory of Horatius bound the whole Alban nation to become subject allies of Rome; but in the first battle to which they accompanied their new masters, their assistance seemed half-hearted to the Romans. So King Tullus summoned his new allies to hear a speech by him. While they listened unarmed, his troops, taking them by surprise, surrounded them. Their leaders were slain, their city destroyed, and the survivors and their families compelled to settle upon another of the "seven hills." Thus all the descendants of Æneas were gathered at last into one nation within the walls of Rome.

Their continued success caused the Romans to become proud and overconfident; consequently they neglected the worship of the gods. For this they were punished by a dreadful plague. Many died, and King Tullus himself fell into a lingering illness. In his extremity he endeavored to penetrate the sanctuaries of the gods, and commune with them personally as the good Numa had done; but when he approached the temple of Jupiter, the lightnings of the god flashed forth and destroyed him.

The Romans now chose a Sabine king, and, seeking to return to the happy days of Numa, they crowned his grandson, Ancus Martius. Legend has little

to say of Ancus. He sought peace, but could not win it. The enemies of Rome were too many and too determined. Perhaps the very concessions of the new king brought war, by making his foes believe him weak. The forced wars of Ancus were, however, successful, and the country of the Latins was added to Rome. Such intervals of quiet as came to the king, he devoted to building. Dykes began to bind the uncertain Tiber to its bed, and shut out its waters from the low valleys between the hills.

As we come down from Ancus we begin to catch dim outlines of genuine history. The impossible golden age of brotherly love disappears. The ideal arrangement of the alternate, freely selected kings no longer exists. The sons of Ancus expected to succeed to his throne, and made trouble when they were denied.

The crown went to a newcomer in the city, Lucius Tarquinius, or as we would say, Lucius of Tarquinii, the city whence he came to Rome. Tarquinii was in Etruria, the broad land to the north of Rome, of which we shall have much to tell; but the father of Tarquinius was a Greek, who came to Italy from Corinth. By what arts the stranger persuaded the Romans to make him king, we do not know. Many Greeks, with their restless, venturesome natures, their shrewd wit, and higher civilization, must have thus won exalted rank when they went among half-barbaric communities. Perhaps we have here the shadow of a successful plot or rebellion against the old kings. At all events, Tarquin was at first governor of the sons of Ancus and then king in their stead.

His reign was splendid and successful. He added much of Etruria, including his native city, to the Roman domain. Rome was no longer a single city, struggling for existence against the neighboring towns; it was become the centre of a powerful kingdom, stretching far to the north and south. Most of the enormous buildings of ancient Rome which still remain are attributed to Tarquinius.

In his old age, King Tarquin had two sons; but feeling that the lads were too young to succeed him, he selected from his servants a youth, Servius Tullius, pointed out to him by an omen from the gods. This youth, of unknown origin, Tarquin trained as his confidential assistant. Now we are told that the sons of King Ancus had all these years been hoping to regain their kingdom on the death of Tarquin. Seeing this hope fade with the rising power of Servius, they became desperate and employed assassins who slew Tarquin.

Servius immediately took control of affairs. He announced that Tarquin was not killed, but only stunned, and was recovering. The wife and servants of Tarquin said the same. Servius exercised the duties of king, but with the pretence always that Tarquin bade him do so. On every important matter he left the judgment hall and went ostentatiously to consult his wounded master.

THE FEAST OF CERES

When at last the true state of things leaked out, Servius was secure upon the throne; the people readily accepted him as their ruler; and the sons of Ancus abandoned the city in despair.

With the reign of Servius a new class division comes into the story. His people are separated into the rich *patricians* and the poor *plebeians*. The quarrels between these two orders make up much of the history of early Rome. The patricians seem to have been the first inhabitants of the city, who alone had the full rights of citizenship, and could vote at the public assemblies. The plebeians were the strangers who, never having been admitted as citizens, did not share in the divisions of the public wealth, which were the spoils of so many successful wars. The plebeians had thus small chance of growing rich. In later years they gradually acquired all the rights of citizens, so that the original distinction between the two classes disappeared. The names, however, continued in use, to signify the rich and the poor.

Servius was the "commons' king." He had himself, as we have seen, been a servant, and was probably a stranger in the city. Naturally he became the champion of the common people against the nobility. Indeed, the whole story of his coming to the throne is probably a confused recollection of some uprising of the lower classes against their masters. Through all his reign he kept changing the old laws, so as to bring more power and privileges to the plebeians. He encountered determined opposition from the higher classes, especially from the aristocratic priesthood, who declared the omens sent by the gods forbade these changes. Some improvements in the laws were made, however, and more were contemplated. It was even rumored that Servius intended to abandon his throne, and make the country a republic, in which all men should be equal.

This was more than the haughty patricians could stand; they expected the king to be the chief of their own order, ruling for their good. A plot was formed among them for the murder of the king. In its details it is one of the blackest stories in history; and here at least we may be thankful for leave to doubt the reality of what we tell.

Servius Tullius had two daughters, and for his greater safety he had wedded them to the sons of King Tarquin, whom he had supplanted. Unfortunately for his plans, one of his daughters, Tullia, was as wicked as she was ambitious. She wished to be queen, so she urged her husband to seize the throne, which she told him belonged by right to his family. Failing to drive him to the crime she contemplated, and seeing that the other brother, Lucius Tarquinius, was a man of her own stamp, she slew her husband and also her sister, the wife of Lucius. Then she and Lucius Tarquinius were wedded and perfected their plot.

Waiting till the king was away and most of the common people far off in the fields, Tarquin suddenly entered the senate house with his followers and seated himself in the king's place. He made a speech calling Servius a "slave and the son of a slave," and urging the patrician senators no longer to submit to him. Many of the senators were already in the plot, while others hesitated to speak for fear of the swords of Tarquin and his party. Meanwhile, a friend had hurried to warn Servius, who strode boldly into the council hall, confronted his antagonist, and commanded him to leave the kingly chair. Tarquin was the younger man; he seized his father-in-law, struggled with him, and hurled him down the stone steps of the building. As Servius staggered to his feet half-stunned, he was set upon and slain at the command of Tarquin. The murderer was hailed as king by the half-terrified, half-approving senate.

Meanwhile Tullia, who knew the whole plot, came dashing in her chariot to the senate house, and entering, was among the first to salute her husband as king. Fearing the impression her appearance might make on the consciences of the senators, Tarquin bade her begone. As she hurried off to spread the news of success among their friends, she came upon the body of her father lying across the narrow street. Her charioteer would have stopped, but she savagely ordered him to drive on. Thus her horses' hoofs mangled the body, and her chariot wheels splashed her father's blood upon her robe. The street was held accursed forever after. The Romans called it "wicked street."

You will see how the legends trace step by step the change from the free election of King Numa to the bloody usurpation of Tarquinius. This King Tarquin is called Superbus, or "the proud," to distinguish him from the other Lucius Tarquinius, his father. He proved a merciless tyrant. Abolishing the liberal laws of Servius, he ruled without law, relying wholly on the terror in which the people held him. This was satisfactory enough to the patricians at first; but after a while, Tarquin's cruelty was visited not only upon the poor plebeians, but upon the patricians as well. Tarquin was determined that no man should do to him as he had done to Servius. All those who could boast of wealth, or power, or ability, were marked as his victims. Private feuds were stirred to flame by his cunning. Party was incited against party. Senator after senator was slain, and his property taken by the king. The patricians had digged a pit, and now had fallen into it.

All Rome groaned under the yoke. Rebellion became only a question of time and opportunity. It was not, however, any crime of King Tarquin himself, which led directly to his overthrow; but a wicked deed performed by his son, Sextus Tarquin. The king and the army were absent at war, and the younger captains seated in their camp began a jesting discussion as to how, during their absence, their wives might be engaged at home. A wager fol-

TULLIA DRIVING OVER HER FATHER'S BODY (*From a fragmental Bas-relief*)

lowed; and, taking their horses, Sextus Tarquin, his cousin Tarquin Collatinus, and a few others, galloped away to Rome. Bursting suddenly in upon their wives, they discovered one lolling in idleness, another engaged in riotous feasting; but when they came to the home of Collatinus, they found his wife Lucrece sitting in simple, matronly dignity among her maidens, spinning. So Collatinus won the wager, and rode back to camp among his comrades in high feather.

He had no prevision of the sad result. The black heart of Sextus had become inflamed with love for Lucrece. He returned secretly to Rome and embraced her. Feeling herself dishonored by his caresses, she sent for her husband and relatives, told them what had occurred, and stabbed herself to the heart before them all.

Among the relatives who stood by, was one Lucius Junius, called Brutus, which meant the dullard. He had been a youth of great brightness and promise; but as he grew up he pretended to become dull and half-witted, hoping thus to save himself and his wealth from King Tarquin, who, as we have seen, maintained his own power by destroying all those who seemed likely to become his rivals. As Brutus stood by the dead body of Lucrece, he knew that his chance had come. Plucking out the bloody dagger from her poor breast, he held it up and swore that never again should a Tarquin or any other be king in Rome. Then, in a brilliant, passionate speech, he called on the husband and the others to join him in his oath. They took it as an omen from the gods, that the dullard had suddenly been inspired, and they swore as he had sworn.

Going publicly forth, the party summoned the senators and the people to assemble. Brutus made a speech, and again his eloquence seemed a miracle to all men. Rome pledged itself to his support; and the rebels went boldly to the army of the king, which also espoused their cause. Tarquin the Proud was left a king without a kingdom; and he and his wicked son Sextus fled. Rome had become a republic.

Having thus traced the famous and ancient legend of the beginnings of Rome, let us pause a moment to look at the truth, and learn what little is really known of the early city. The traditional date of its founding by Romulus is 753 B.C., and of the expulsion of the Tarquins, 509 B.C. Recent excavations show, however, that a city existed on the spot much earlier than 753. The Tiber seems to have formed the dividing line between two races—the Etrurians to the north, and the Latins to the south. Rome, the city on the Palatine, was probably a frontier fortress erected at a very early date by the Latins to guard against the raids of the Etrurians. This would seem to account for the warlike character of its people and also for its gradual rise to be one of the leading Latin towns, the enemy of the others, and in the end their master. Romulus and

Remus are clearly mere eponyms, heroes invented to account for the city's name; but Rome must have passed through some such experiences as the legends suggest. By the latter half of the sixth century B.C. it had become the centre and capital of an important kingdom, ruled probably by Etrurian kings, the Tarquins.

These kings possessed a wealth and power which enabled them to erect enormous walls and buildings, whose ruins still remain. The massiveness of these suggests that the kings must have had at their disposal the unpaid labor of thousands of slaves. In no free land are such monuments built, but only under despotisms such as the story of Tarquin the Proud describes.

These early structures are easily distinguished from those of later date, because they are built from the coarse, gray stone found on the site of the city itself. When Rome became mistress of the world, her palaces were composed of marble and other costly stones, transported from the distant mountains. The best-preserved and most noted work of the kings is the Cloaca Maxima, or great sewer, which may still be seen where it empties into the Tiber. Its mouth is a great arch, eleven feet in height. Boats sailed through it, and it remained the main sewer of the city for over a thousand years.

Recently, by digging far underground, a relic even more ancient has been brought to light. This is nothing less than a remnant of the original wall around the Palatine hill, and must date at least as far back as 750 B.C. In building it, the slopes of the hill were cut away almost perpendicularly, and great blocks of stone were then piled one upon the other, up the sides of this embankment. The top of the hill thus became an unassailable platform, towering a hundred feet above the plain below. From this vantage-ground the inhabitants must have kept watch on the bands of Etrurian raiders, that crossed the Tiber and slipped away southward, to foray in the heart of the Latin land. Then messengers sped from the hill with warnings to the other cities, and the garrison marched down to attack the invaders in the rear.

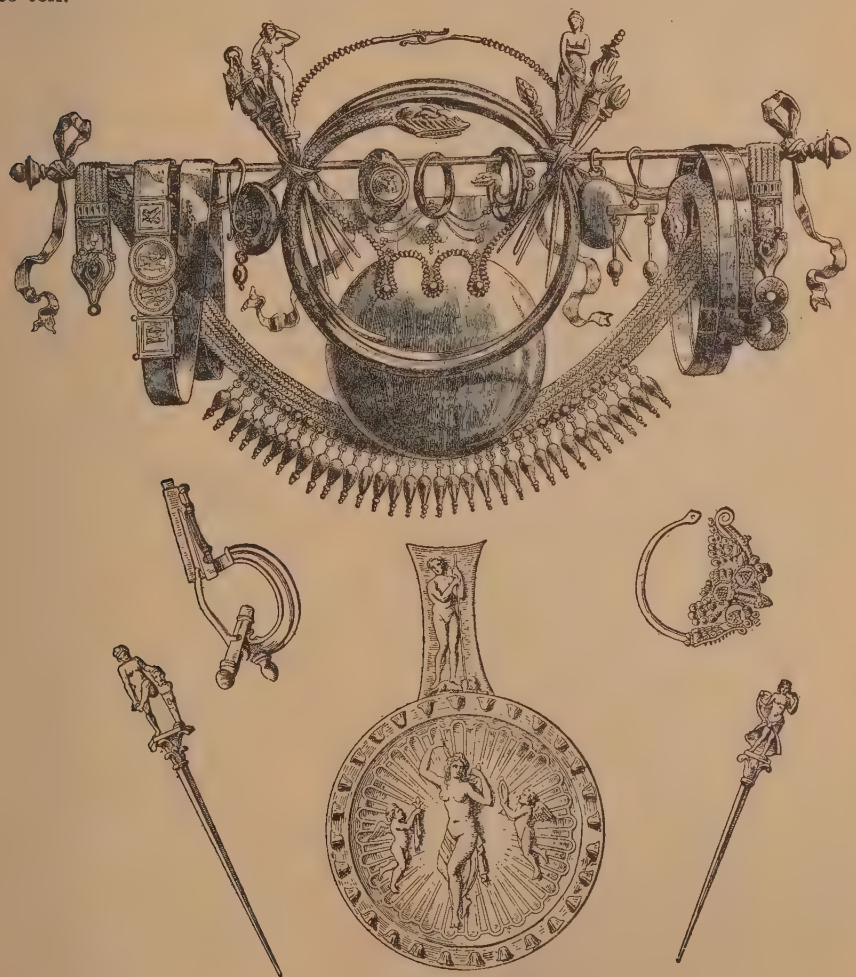
In the time of the first Tarquinius there were at least five of these fortifications rising on five of the seven hills, while unprotected houses filled the narrow valleys between. Servius Tullius is credited with building the great wall which ran across the valleys, connecting hill with hill and making a complete circuit within whose bounds lay the whole of Rome. This wall, whose ruins are still fifty feet high and whose protecting ditch was a hundred feet wide and thirty deep, remained the one great defence of the city till eight hundred years later, when the Emperor Severus erected on a wider circuit the walls which still surround the city.

Before the expulsion of the Tarquins, the centre of Roman defence had shifted from the Palatine to the Capitoline hill. This renowned height, natu-

THE MEETING OF SEXTUS TARQUIN AND LUCRECE

rally steeper, higher, and more rocky than the Palatine, was made by Roman art a fortress utterly impregnable to assault. Gunpowder was unknown, and starvation was the only weapon the defenders had to fear.

It is worth while to keep in mind the location of these places, because between the two hills, in the valley which the Cloaca Maxima had drained, stood the Roman Forum, the broad paved square in which the public assemblies were held, and in which originated most of the famous events of which we are now to tell.



JEWELRY OF ROMAN WOMEN

INVASION OF THE GAULS

Chapter XXIX

THE YOUNG REPUBLIC CONQUERS ITALY

IN their fall the Tarquins dragged down with them the military power and empire of early Rome. They were not the men to submit tamely to humiliation, and the suddenly created republic, which Brutus and his friends found on their hands, had to face sore dangers.

The people chose two *Consuls*, as they were called, to govern them each year. Brutus and Tarquin Collatinus were the first of these; but the people so hated the very name of Tarquin that presently they begged Collatinus, for his name's sake, to leave their city. This he did with a long train of his followers and servants. A similar train had doubtless left with the king; and thus the city was weakened by the loss of much of its best fighting stock.

Nor were those who remained united in support of the new government. Tarquin had hushed the quarrel between patrician and plebeian by trampling upon them both. Brutus and his next associate, Valerius, upheld the cause of the common people. They restored the liberal laws of Servius, and the old dispute flamed out again. Many of the young nobles began to plot the return of the Tarquins. A conspiracy was discovered; and to his amazement and everlasting sorrow, Brutus found among the conspirators his own two sons, youths of great promise. With a firm, patriotic heroism, which has preserved his name forever, Brutus condemned his sons to death along with the other traitors, and himself saw the sentence executed upon them.

THE MOUTH OF THE CLOACA MAXIMA

Meanwhile the Tarquins had been gathering what forces they could, both from the neighboring cities which had owned their sway, and from the more or less independent nations beyond. For what followed we have no record but the Roman legends; and it must be remembered that the Romans were ever a boastful people. They themselves admit that their city was brought to the verge of ruin. All their war-won territories were lost, and they entered on a grim struggle for mere existence. During a hundred years thereafter Rome was once more a single town, battling in petty strife against its nearest neighbors.

Three times the Tarquins stood with an army before the walls of the city. The first time the invaders were defeated in battle; but the hero Brutus was among the slain. The second time it was the great Etrurian king, Lars Porsena, of Clusium, who took up the Tarquin cause.

The story of Porsena is very confused, but two of Rome's most famous legends are built upon it. It was against the army of Porsena that Horatius "kept the bridge." The foe had come so suddenly and in such overwhelming numbers against Rome, that the only way to check them was to destroy the bridge across the Tiber. Even for this there was scarcely time, so Horatius with two companions stood at the far end of the bridge and held back the whole Etrurian army. Champion after champion came against them and was slain in the "narrow way," while the bridge was being cut down. When at last it was about to fall, the two comrades of Horatius darted back across it to safety. The hero, though wounded, remained behind to cover their retreat. The crash of the bridge left him alone with the enemy.

"Alone stood brave Horatius, but constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before, and the broad flood behind.
'Down with him,' cried false Sextus, with a smile on his pale face.
'Now yield ye,' cried Lars Porsena. 'Now yield ye to our grace.'

"Round turned he as not deigning those craven ranks to see;
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena, to Sextus naught spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus the white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river that rolls by the towers of Rome.

"'Oh, Tiber! father Tiber! to whom the Romans pray,
'A Roman's life, a Roman's arms take thou in charge this day!'
So he spake, and speaking sheathed the good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back plunged headlong in the tide."

Of course he escapes in safety; but the vast Etrurian army still threatens Rome, so another hero appears. The brave youth Mucius resolves to save his country single-handed by killing King Porsena. He boldly enters the Etrurian camp, pushes his way to the king's tent, and drives his dagger into the richly dressed lord, he finds seated within. Unluckily this is not Porsena, but only

his secretary. Mucius is seized and brought before the king, who threatens him with torture to make him tell all he knows. To show how little they can force him thus, Mucius plunges his hand into a burning flame, and holds it there till it is consumed to ashes.

This exhibition so impressed Porsena that he bade his guards set the young man free. Mucius thereupon declared that what they could never have won from him by cruelty, they had won by generosity; he would tell what he could. There were three hundred young men in Rome, he said, each as resolute as himself, and all banded together by an oath to slay King Porsena. He himself had failed, but he was the first to try. The other two hundred and ninety-nine were to come. Porsena, staggered by the grim prospect before him, abandoned the siege, and hurried his army back into Etruria.

So much for the legends. As a matter of fact, it seems Porsena, if he did not actually conquer Rome, at least received submission and tribute from the people. What became of the Tarquins in the arrangement is not clear. Perhaps "false Sextus" was never really with Porsena at all.

The Latin cities to the south next took up the Tarquin cause. In face of this great danger, the Romans laid aside their regular government, and chose one man as *Dictator*. That is, he was to have absolute power for six months. The property, and even the life of every Roman was at his command, so that he might concentrate all their force against the foe. At the end of six months, and sooner if he saw fit to lay aside his power, the dictator became a private citizen again; and any man who felt himself wronged might accuse the former ruler as a criminal before the law.

Spurius Lartius was the first of these dictators; but it was the second one, Aulus Postumius, who ended the Latian war. A great battle was fought at Lake Regillus. The Latins were completely defeated, Sextus and all the leading Tarquins were slain, and Rome was at last left to the government of her own people; left free to work out her high destiny as a republic.

Despite the innumerable conflicts with the neighboring tribes, the gravest danger which threatened Rome was from within, and lay in the quarrels between the patricians and plebeians. The latter were poor and were forced to borrow from the former, who were harsh and exacting to the last degree. If a debtor was unable to pay, his creditor could take the last farthing of his estate, lock him in prison, and sell him and all the members of his family into slavery. Still further, it was provided that the creditors might divide the body of the wretched debtor among themselves, though it is hard to see what they would gain by so doing.

It is said that one of the bravest officers in the Roman army, whose praise was in every one's mouth because of his patriotic deeds, broke out of prison

BRUTUS REFUSING MERCY TO HIS SONS

and dashed into the Forum. Covered with rags and chains, he proclaimed his wrongs to his amazed listeners. It happened that almost at the same moment the alarm sounded for the approach of the hostile Volsci. The consuls, Appius Claudius, one of the haughtiest and bravest of men, and the popular Servilius, called the people to arms. Sullen and incensed, the plebeians refused to enlist and defied their masters. The crisis was so threatening, that the consuls yielded for the moment and promised to right the wrongs of the sufferers, who now marched against the enemy and helped to defeat them.

The Senate refused, however, to keep the promises made, and threatened to appoint Appius dictator, that he might be free to carry out his merciless dis position against the malcontents. The following year a dictatorship was proclaimed, but the choice fell upon a milder man than Appius. The plebeians united and determined to abandon the city, withdrawing to an adjoining elevation known as Mons Sacer (Sacred Mountain), some three miles from the city. They listened to persuasion, however, and returned, and the promises made were this time fulfilled by the Senate (B.C. 494).

The plebeians were still the victims of many wrongs, and there could be no lasting peace or security until these were righted. They were shut out from the consulship by law, and now insisted upon the right to elect one from their own order, whose power would thus balance that of the patrician executive. An important change followed, by which two magistrates were chosen from the plebeians and known as "Tribunes of the Plebs." They were afterward increased to ten in number, and held office for a year, during which period their persons were sacred. Moreover, they could make ineffective any decree of the Senate which they believed was against the public good by the word Veto (I forbid it).

Caius Marcius Coriolanus was among the bravest and proudest of the patricians, whose heroism and skill at the capture of Corioli, a city of the Volscians, gave him the title which made him illustrious—the first, indeed, ever borne by a Roman leader from the place he had conquered. He despised the favor of the people, and bore himself so haughtily toward them that despite his bravery, he was disliked and was denied the consulship. This angered him, and in resentment, when the city was suffering from famine and a present of corn came from Sicily, he urged the Senate not to distribute it among the plebeians unless they gave up their tribunes. The people were so exasperated that he would not have lived a moment could they have laid hands on him. The tribunes summoned him before the Comitia of the Tribes. Coriolanus strode forward, defiant and insulting; his kinsmen and friends pleaded in vain for him, and he was sentenced to banishment. Shakespeare has made him exclaim: "Romans, *I banish you!*"

He went directly to the Volscians whom he had so recently beaten, and they, appreciating his ability, gave him supreme command of their armies. Decisive success marked every step he took toward Rome. Nothing could check him, and he came resistlessly onward until within five miles of the city, ravaging the lands of the plebeians, but sparing those of the patricians.

By this time all was dismay and despair in Rome. Nothing remained but to appeal to the pity of the conqueror, and he seemed to possess little or nothing of that quality. The ten leading men of the Senate went out to him and threw themselves on his compassion, but he was as immovable as a rock. The disappointed and sorrowful delegation was followed the next day by the pontiffs, augurs, flamens, and priests who came in their robes of office, praying him to have mercy and spare the city. But he was no more moved than before, and all hope seemed to have departed.

A last recourse remained. The next morning the noblest matrons in Rome walked mournfully toward the camp of the man who held their fate in his hands. At their head was Veturia, the aged mother of Coriolanus, and among them Volumnia his wife, leading his little children by the hand They and the feeble mother entered his tent weeping. The stern warrior looked at them for a moment, and then his self-control gave way. The appeal was one against which he could not close his heart. Tears filled his eyes, and turning to his parent, he said in a broken voice: "Mother, thou hast saved Rome, but lost thy son!"

Coriolanus led the Volscians homeward, and some reports represent him as living many years among them, frequently remarking as he passed down the decline of life that "none but an old man can feel how wretched it is to live in a foreign land." The date of the incident is given as 488 B.C., but it may have been somewhat later.

It came about that on one occasion, when Rome was at war with the Æquians, the latter surrounded a Roman camp on the Alban hills. The danger was so imminent that the Senate made haste to select a dictator and chose Lucius Quintius Cincinnatus (458 B.C.), who was a noble that, having tired of popular tumult, had retired to his modest farm. Here the messengers found him ploughing in the field, clad only in his tunic or working garment. Cincinnatus asked his wife to throw over him a toga or mantle, so as to show proper respect to the officers of the commonwealth. Yielding to their urging, he left his plough in the furrow and assumed the command. He chose Lucius Tarquitius, the second bravest of the state, as his master of the horse, and the next morning before daybreak was at the Forum levying a new army. Attacking the Æquians in the rear, he hemmed them in and compelled them to "pass under the yoke," as token of their humiliating surrender. This yoke was formed by fixing two spears upright in the ground, with a third fastened across

MUCIUS DEFYING PORSENA

them, the contrivance resembling in form the goal used on the modern football field. The Latin for the ceremony is *sub jugum*, from which we have the word *subjugate*. Cincinnatus entered Rome at the head of his army within twenty-four hours after leaving it, the troops laden with spoils in which the consuls were forbidden to share. After holding his dictatorial powers for only fourteen days, Cincinnatus laid them down and returned to his plough.

The reader will not fail to notice the parallel between the course of Cincinnatus and that of our own Washington, who has been called the "Cincinnatus of the West." The surviving officers of our Revolutionary army in 1783 formed the Society of the Cincinnati, "to perpetuate their friendship, and to raise a fund for relieving the widows and orphans of those who had fallen in the war." Washington headed the illustrious list and was the President-General to the close of his life. The story of Cincinnatus is a beautiful one, but some of the historians reject it altogether, and it must be remembered that it is supported upon flimsy authority.

It will be noted that the plebeians had gained many rights by their continual agitation, but grounds of complaint remained, one of the most oppressive being that there was no regular code of laws in existence. After much debate it was finally decided (B. C. 450) that a Council of Ten, hence called *Decemvirs*, should be appointed to prepare a code of laws; and meanwhile, all the officers of the government should give up their places and leave the control of the state to the decemvirs.

The decemvirs appointed for the first year seemed to be actuated by a desire to meet the expectations of their countrymen. In the course of their term, they promulgated ten tables of laws, framed on the principles of those of Greece. In the second year, several new decemvirs came into power in place of the more moderate members, and two more tables of laws were added which proved anything but satisfactory. The atrocious crime of Appius, one of the officials, roused the people to fury. Virginia was the beautiful daughter of the brave plebeian Virginius, and was betrothed to young Icilius. In order to obtain her, Appius persuaded one of his friends to claim her as a slave. Her relatives proved the falsity of the claim; but the diabolical purpose of Appius prevailed, the decemvirs decreeing that the maiden was a slave. Her father thereupon took her aside from the crowd to the booths near the Forum, where with his own hand he struck her dead, as the only means of saving her from her dreadful fate. Then wild with fury, he rushed to the camp of the legions, told what he had done, and persuaded them to hurry back to Rome and occupy their stronghold on the Aventine. They were joined by large numbers of the citizens, and, uniting with the Sabines, defied the authority of the decemvirs, who, clearly reading the sentiment against them, resigned their power. Two of

their number, both most worthy men, visited the insurgents and promised them the restoration of the tribunate and the right of appeal. These measures were carried out, and the two were elected to the consulship. But retribution came to the guilty decemvirs. Virginius accused them, Appius was thrown into prison and committed suicide, while most of the others fled.

It would seem that everything now ought to have been satisfactory, since the tribunes had been restored and the authority of the Comitia Tributa, or assembly of the tribes, was put on the same footing as that of the Centuries; but there were just causes for discontent among the plebeians, since the choice of the consuls, who were the chief executives, was made from the patricians.

While the disputation continued, the Etruscan city of Veii, twelve miles beyond the Tiber, began looming up as a dangerous rival, and against her the Roman forces were mainly arrayed. With intermissions, the war lasted for thirty years, terminating at last in the capture of Veii by the dictator Camillus. Rome now adopted a new and forceful policy for destroying the power of an opponent. It had been the custom of the city to transplant conquered people to itself, but now, and in many cases afterward, bodies of Roman people were transferred to the foreign site and established upon the forfeited lands of the enemy.

About this time another new feature was introduced which was that of giving pay to the military legions. Hitherto every citizen had been liable to conscription, but the hard law was softened by confining the campaigns to the spring or summer months, so that the conscript could return home to reap the fields and enjoy the fruits of harvest. This establishment of a regular army was an indispensable step to the grand scheme of conquest which afterward became so marked a feature of the Republic and Empire.

To return to the wrangle among the patricians and plebeians; the former proposed (B.C. 444) that a certain number of *Military Tribunes* should be chosen equally from the two classes and should exercise supreme power. The number was three at first, and was afterward increased to six. Two *Censors* were also appointed, and as they were chosen exclusively from the patricians, the power of the latter was much increased. The censors had authority to determine the rank of every citizen and to value his taxable property. Still further, although it was decreed that the military tribunes might be chosen from either order, yet the patricians found little difficulty in securing them from among themselves. Thus matters stood until about B.C. 400, when the trouble was removed and the plebeians were freely elected.

We have now reached the period (B.C. 390) when Rome received its first great check through the invasion of the Gauls, a mighty people, of whom we shall learn further in our account of France and other early nations. Under

CORIOLANUS YIELDS TO THE ENTREATY OF HIS WIFE AND MOTHER

the general name of Gauls may be included the vast mass of the Celtic race which occupied the west of Europe from the Rhine to the Atlantic.

This restless people fought for slaves and cattle and gold rather than for territory, and at the time named were pressing upon the Etruscans south and west of the Apennines. They were under the lead of their great chieftain Brennus, which was the *title* rather than the *name* of several Gallic princes. Crossing the Apennines, Brennus advanced rapidly through the country of the Sabines, at the head of 70,000 men, and met the Roman army on the banks of the Allia, some ten or twelve miles from the capital. In the battle which followed, the Romans were routed, and, had the barbarians promptly followed up their advantage, they could have blotted Rome from the face of the earth. Instead of doing so, they spent hours in drunken revelry on the battlefield, which interval was employed by the Romans in fortifying the Capitol, to which were removed all the treasures and holy things of the city.

The defeat of the Romans had been overwhelming, and it was not long after they had swarmed into the city, before the Gauls rushed in after them. It is said that the proud senators calmly seated themselves in the Forum in their chairs of office, and by their majestic mien overawed for a brief while the Gauls, who paused and looked wonderingly at them. Finally one of the barbarians reached out his hand to stroke the snowy beard of the venerable Papirius, who with flashing eyes struck him to the ground with his ivory-headed staff. Then the Gauls fell upon the senators and ruthlessly slew them all.

The city was given over to pillage and fire; the people fled. The vestal virgins bore away the sacred fire from the altar of Vesta, the goddess of the city homes. This flame was considered a symbol of the life of the city, and its extinction would have been a sign that the gods had abandoned Rome to its fate. So it was carefully preserved by its guardians, who escaped down the Tiber secretly in the night. The Capitol alone remained unconquered. The attacks of the Gauls were repulsed, and they resorted to regular siege. Starvation is a foe to which the bravest must sooner or later yield; and, unless something very unexpected intervened, the Capitol was doomed.

One dark night, Pontius Cominius passed silently down the escarpment of the Tarpeian rock, swam the Tiber, and carried to Camillus at Veii the invitation of the Romans to come to their rescue. Camillus, as we have learned, had conquered Veii. He had afterward exiled himself there, because of resentment over his treatment. He possessed the highest military ability, and was made Dictator several times after the incident we are relating. The faint footmarks left by Pontius Cominius on the face of the cliff were seen by the Gauls, and they naturally decided that the man who made them intended to return, and they could do the same. The place was so strong that the Romans

had not thought it necessary to crown the rock with a rampart, or even to place a guard there. The Gauls laboriously climbed up like so many phantoms in the gloom of the night, and would have burst into the citadel, unnoticed by man or dog, but the sacred geese in the temple of Juno discovered them, and broke out into vociferous cackling. The defenders leaped to their arms, and led by Manlius, a patrician, assailed their enemies, who were easily tumbled down from their slippery footing and the danger turned aside. This is the famous incident in which it is claimed that the cackling of a flock of geese saved Rome.

Camillus, despite his grievance against his countrymen, lost no time in going to their help. He gathered an army from the remnants of the legions of Allia and the fugitives from the city, and pressed with all speed to the relief of the Capitol. The defenders had already been pushed to such an extremity that they had asked for terms. The Gauls agreed to accept a thousand pounds of gold and retire without doing further harm. The story is that while the half ton of precious metal was being weighed, Brennus flung his sword into the opposite scale, with the insolent exclamation, "Woe to the worsted!" Then Camillus suddenly appeared at the head of his warriors, declared the bargain void, because it had been made without his consent, and pursuing the fleeing Gauls, routed or scattered them. This is improbable, but there is no question of the capture of Rome by the Gauls in the year named.

Camillus has been called the second founder of Rome. He restrained the inhabitants from abandoning in despair the smoking ruins and moving in a body to their recent conquest, Veii. He caused the stones of Veii to be removed to the site of Rome where the new city was built. But it was all askew, for the streets were narrow and crooked, and the dwelling-houses small. Instead of building for the future, the afflicted people thought only of their present wants.

Rome was indeed compelled to pass through "the pangs of transformation," for hardly had the city been reared, when the patricians again asserted their claims, and, though the twelve tables of the law had been reserved from the ruins, they demanded a revival of the fearful severities of the acts governing the debtor and creditor. The plebeians had been reduced to the greatest poverty and distress through the Gallic invasions, and the measures insisted upon by the patricians, if carried out, would crush them into abject slavery.

It need hardly be said that the quarrel was of the most bitter nature, and it came to a crisis in B.C. 376, when two of the ablest tribunes of the people, Licinius Stolo and Lucius Sextus, proposed their plan for the settlement of the troubles. To meet the unbearable political inequality, they demanded that the consuls should be restored as the chief magistrates and that one of the

FLIGHT OF THE VESTALS FROM THE GOTHS

two annually chosen should always be a plebeian. To abolish the grinding poverty of the plebeians, the new plan provided that the interest already paid on debts should be deducted from the principal, and the remainder of the debt should be paid in three years; that the public lands, hitherto held almost entirely by the rich, should be redistributed so that no person should have more than about three hundred acres, the remainder to be divided in small portions among the plebeians.

The *Licinian Rogations*, or new plan of constitution, was fiercely fought by the patricians, but the plebeians were equally resolute, and their tribunes prevented the election of officers and military levies. The patricians were helpless, and, in B.C. 367, the plan as outlined became Roman law. Lucius Sextus was elected consul the following year, and all the other offices, of whatever nature, were thrown open to the plebeians, and perfect political equality was at last established in Rome. The aristocratic republic that lasted for a century and a half after the expulsion of the kings, had now become a truly democratic republic or government by the people.

In tracing the history of the greatest nation of ancient times, we must bear several leading facts in mind. We have learned that it began as a kingdom, which was overthrown in B.C. 509, when the Republic was born, in the very midst of enemies, as may be said who were continually clawing at its life. The crisis came in B.C. 390, with the Gallic invasion, when having overcome its external enemies, the Republic in B.C. 367 conquered its domestic foes, and Rome stood forth a young giant, strong, self-confident, and in sturdy health.

Down to the middle of the fourth century B.C., the Romans were a small nation, their territory consisting of only a few townships on the Tiber, and the adult Roman citizens numbering hardly 300,000. They were environed by a number of similar petty nationalities. Rome gradually towered far above them all. The struggle for existence had been won, and she now entered upon the next great step in her remarkable history: this was *the war for dominion.*

Nations, like individuals, in order to accomplish definite results, must have what is termed in homely language "elbow room." Rome could never measure up to the full grandeur of her mission until she conquered her neighbors and brought them under her sway. She now began the wars which opened the way for a career whose equal is not recorded in the annals of the world.

These pages would become tedious, if devoted merely to the record of that warfare, which one can almost fancy was the normal condition of mankind in most of the ages since creation. The heart wearies over the endless story of sieges, battles, bloodshed, cruelty, wrong, treachery, and suffering, nor is it our purpose to dwell upon the series of wars which form so marked a part of the

early history of Rome. Still we must have a general knowledge of them in order to understand the events that follow.

The "Latin wars" and the "Samnite wars" are the names by which the various struggles are usually distinguished. They were complicated and jumbled with one another, and kept the Romans well occupied down to B.C. 290. The Latin wars established the supremacy of Rome over the other Latian cities. The decisive battle of these wars took place on the slope of Mount Vesuvius. Sacrifices were made by the Roman priests before the hostile armies met, and from the entrails of the slain bullock the augurs foretold that a general would perish on one side, an army on the other. The Roman general Decius Mus thereupon determined to give himself to be the sacrifice demanded. The priests dictated to him the proper ceremonial. Having called on each god separately, and upon all together to grant him his prayer, he said, "I now on behalf of the Commonwealth of the people of Rome devote the armies of our enemy along with myself to the gods of the dead, and to the grave." Wrapped in his toga as though already dead, he mounted his horse, dashed furiously amid the ranks of the foe, and was slain.

Their religious faith taught the Roman soldiers that their lives were now secure, and their enemies doomed. They rushed into the opening made by Decius, with an impetuosity not to be resisted. The battle became a butchery. The Latins sought safety in flight; but scarce one in four of them escaped. The Latin confederacy was broken up forever, and its people became subject to Rome.

In the Samnite wars the question at issue was whether Rome or the Samnites, the hardy mountaineers of the Apennines, should rule the whole Italian peninsula. The struggle was not decided in favor of Rome until 290 B.C.; and immediately after the Samnites became the allies of the Greek king Pyrrhus, who came to help the Greek colonies of Italy against the overshadowing power of "the barbarians of the Tiber."

The war with Pyrrhus began with the battle of Pandosia (280 B.C.), in which the troops of elephants employed by Pyrrhus terrified and stampeded the Romans, who did not know what they were. Pyrrhus was successful again the following year, but at such a cost that he uttered the oft-quoted exclamation, "Another such victory and I am undone!" He now left Italy for Sicily, but soon returned and renewed the contest, only to be utterly routed at Beneventum in B.C. 274.

In this last famous battle the Roman leader was the consul Curius Dentatus, of whom the story is told that once when he had defeated the Samnites, they sent an embassy seeking to bribe him with a large sum of money. The ambassadors found him at a meal consisting solely of boiled turnips, and Dentatus

DECIUS MUS RECEIVING THE EVIL AUGURY

asked them what a man who lived as they saw he preferred to do, could need of money. He thought it more glorious, he said, to conquer those who had it, and thus prove himself their superior.

Pyrrhus retired to Greece, and the Greek colonies in Italy yielded to the sovereignty of Rome. By the close of the year B.C. 272 Rome was supreme master of the whole Italian peninsula, from the Tuscan Sea to the Adriatic, and from the southern boundary of Cisalpine Gaul to the Straits of Sicily. Thus she had laid, broad and sure, the foundation of her future grandeur, but before she could enter upon the next great step in her career, she must weld the newly won nations into a single unified whole. The Roman territory proper included the body of free inhabitants of the thirty-three tribes, north and south of the Tiber, together with a large number of persons in other parts of Italy who had received the rights of Roman citizenship.

The real governing power was the Roman people or *populus Romanus*, but in addition there were the *Italians* and the *Latins*. The former belonged to the allied or dependent Italian states, and there was little or no interference with their laws, offices, and municipal arrangements. They did not have the Roman franchise, and therefore could take no part in the political affairs of the Republic. The Latins belonged to cities which had what was termed the "Latin franchise," so called because it was conferred first upon the cities of Latium. It gave partial but not full Roman citizenship to the possessor.

Rome displayed wisdom by leaving the local governments to themselves, holding her sovereignty by three distinct rights reserved to herself: That of making peace or declaring war; of receiving embassies; and of coining money. Politically she showed far greater wisdom than Greece.

AN EARLY ROMAN GALLEY

RUINS OF THE ANCIENT ROMAN AQUEDUCTS

Chapter XXX

CONQUEST BEYOND ITALY, ROME AND CARTHAGE

NO doubt you have often noticed on your map of Africa the collection of countries in the northern part known under the general name of "The Barbary States." From the one now called Tunis projects a peninsula into a small bay of the Mediterranean Sea. It was on this peninsula that Carthage, the great Phœnician city of antiquity, stood. Its origin is unknown, though, as we have learned, it is attributed by legend to Dido, Queen of Tyre. It was probably an offshoot of that "mother city," and was older than Rome itself. In its palmy days its population numbered about three-quarters of a million, mainly Phœnician and Libyan in descent. The territory of the Carthaginians in the middle of the fifth century B.C. extended southward to Lake Triton, eastward to the Greek city of Cyrene, and westward to the present Bona.

Carthage was a great maritime power which extended its settlements and conquests to the other coasts of the Mediterranean. In the sixth century B.C., the Carthaginians were masters of Sardinia and began to strive for the control of Sicily. Hanno founded colonies on the west coast of Africa beyond the Straits of Gibraltar, and Himlico visited the coasts of Spain and Gaul. Commercial enterprise gave Carthage her greatness, for she was the common carrier of the trade of the vast population along the coasts of the mighty inland sea. Her relations with the Greeks, the Phœnicians, and the Egyptians were wholly commercial, and her treaties with

DENTATUS REFUSES THE WEALTH OF THE SABINES

Rome were based on the principle of political non-interference. She established trade along the coasts of Northern Africa, of Spain, of Sardinia, and of Corsica. Through the Phocæans of Massilia, she reached the swarming population of Transalpine Gaul; she worked the iron mines of Ilva, the silver mines of the Balearic Isles, and the gold mines of Spain, trading with the Britons for tin and with the Frisians and Cimbri for amber. When she found her establishments in danger, she protected them with fortresses. Abundantly supplied with money, she had no trouble in enlisting what mercenaries she needed, and these included Libyans and Moors from Africa, Spaniards, Gauls, Greeks, and also Italians, who were trained under her own officers and disciplined into the best of soldiers.

Now here was Rome, which had brought all of Italy under subjection, and was beginning to look out over the adjoining world for more territory to conquer. Just across from Sicily loomed the mighty city of Carthage, energetic, enterprising, and ambitious, with a mind to encroach upon the possessions of Rome. The two were rivals, and nothing was more certain than that in the near future they would come into Titanic collision. The first false step was made by Carthage when she undertook to possess herself of the Greek colonies on the coast of Sicily. She held back for a long time, but when Pyrrhus made his attack on the Romans, the longed-for opening seemed to present itself. Upon the Carthaginians moving against Sicily, Pyrrhus came back to the island to protect the Sicilians. Meeting with no substantial success, however, he withdrew from the island.

Naturally Rome watched the movements of Carthage with a jealous eye. The Greek cities were closely connected with the Greek subjects of Rome in Southern Italy, while the Carthaginians had large possessions in the island. For several centuries the Greeks had been the dominant power there, owning such flourishing cities as Messana, Syracuse, Catana, Egesta, Panormus, and Lilybæum, each independent but all loosely bound together for mutual protection. These cities were rich, but effeminate, and with no sturdy self-reliance. Hence they called upon Pyrrhus, when threatened by the Carthaginians. They were sure to become the victims of the first strong power that attacked them.

There were also Italians in Sicily. They were mainly adventurers and robbers, the refuse of the great armies of the peninsula; but they had seized many of the formidable places on the island and threatened to oust the more peaceful Greeks. This state of affairs brought about the clash between Rome and Carthage, which, as I have said, was certain to come.

The Mamertines were a body of Campanian mercenaries, who seized the town of Messana on the Sicilian Straits. Only a short time before, the Romans

had destroyed just such a band of adventurers, that had taken possession of Rhegium on the other shore. The Mamertines, finding themselves in danger of destruction by the combined Carthaginians and Syracusans, applied to the Romans for protection. They were simply brigands, but they sent envoys to Rome with the proposal to place the city under her protection. The Senate was eager to accept the offer, since it gave the pretext she was seeking for an attack upon the Carthaginians, but the case was so flagrant that that body shrank from stultifying itself, and turned the question over to the assembly of the people, which declared in favor of the measure, nor can it be believed that the Senate was sorry to give its assent.

Messana was at that time the most important city in all Sicily, as the port of passage from Calabria, and was a convenient point for the landing of Roman troops from the continent. It was ordered that a military force should be sent across the strait to the assistance of the Mamertines, who were in danger of attack at that very time by Hiero, king of Syracuse. This was in B.C. 264. The Romans found that the Carthaginian fleet had blocked the passage against their expedition, and they had no marine with which to assail the powerful ships of Carthage. The few vessels they were able to bring together from their Greek subjects in the south of Italy could do nothing; and the Carthaginian admiral scornfully sent word to the Romans that they must not seek to meddle with the sea, even to the extent of washing their hands in it, without first obtaining his permission. While the Carthaginian leader was arranging terms of a treaty with Claudius, the Roman tribune, the latter seized him, and he agreed to surrender the citadel as the price of his release. A troop of Romans was admitted, and thus Messana passed under the dominion of Rome.

The Carthaginians were so incensed with their general that they condemned him to death by torture, and united with Hiero in laying siege to Syracuse, while, under the pretence that they dared not trust the Italian mercenaries whom they had hired, they massacred them all. The vigilance of their fleet, however, failed to prevent the Romans from landing enough troops to keep possession of the town. Hiero was defeated and driven back to Syracuse, while the Carthaginians found refuge in Africa. An army of Romans remained through the following year in Sicily, and gained possession of a large number of towns. Hiero was so alarmed by the success of the Romans that he hastened to send back his prisoners, and to propose the payment of tribute and the formation of an alliance.

Thus it was that the first Punic War (*Punica* from *Pœni*, the Latin form of *Phœnicians*) began in B.C. 264. The submission of King Hiero brought peace to his corner of the island; for the Romans let him alone and prosecuted their operations in other directions against Carthage. The important city of Agri-

CARTHAGINIAN MERCHANTS IN A ROMAN VILLA

gentum on the southern coast was besieged by them for a long time, during which they were obliged to depend for their supplies on the loyalty of the ruler of Syracuse, who never once failed them.

One of the most remarkable features of this first Punic War was the amazing development of the Roman navy. At the beginning, they had no fleet at all, but one day a storm flung a Carthaginian quinquereme, as it was termed, on the beach of Latium; and it was seized upon as a model. Workmen began plying their axes in the forests; timbers were sawn and hewn into shape; and two months after the discovery of the wreck, Rome had launched a hundred galleys and crews were trained in their management. Now this was wonderful work, but you need not be reminded that the art of navigation and of naval tactics, even as crudely understood in those days, could not be acquired in the short period taken to build the boats. We know that the Carthaginians were masters of the ancient art, and would eagerly welcome a battle with their enemies on the sea. The Roman levies, therefore, were taught not to try to outsail or outmanœuvre the Carthaginians, but to await their attack coolly, and, when they were near enough, to drop frames of timber from their own decks to those of their foes, and use them as drawbridges in boarding. This was not fighting according to regular tactics, but it worked to perfection. The astounded Carthaginians were utterly bewildered and routed, and lost thousands of men and half their fleet, the rest fleeing in headlong panic to Sardinia. This great sea-fight of Mylæ was fought in B.C. 260. It was the first naval triumph of the Romans and of the highest importance, since it gave them a confidence on the water that was fully warranted by their subsequent exploits. In the first Punic War, however, they suffered about as many defeats as their enemies. The campaigns in Sicily were made up also of successes and defeats. The Carthaginians were driven from those parts of the island lying nearest the continent, but they retained strong positions on the western side, where they could readily keep open their communications with Africa.

The brilliant success at Mylæ led the Romans to put forth such prodigious efforts in the building of ships, that the expedition which sailed from the shores of Italy in B.C. 256 is said to have numbered 330 vessels, carrying 100,000 sailors and 40,000 legionaries. Off the headland of Ecnomus, not distant from Agrigentum, it met a fleet still larger, which it defeated with severe loss. The remainder of the Carthaginian ships sailed back to their own shores, whither they were followed by the victorious armaments of Rome, who were emboldened to attack the enemy in his own country.

Regulus was the name of the general who thus "carried the war into Africa." His advance was cautious. Africa was a *terra incognita* to the Romans, and they dreaded its fabled monsters more than they did the Carthaginians. Had

the Roman discipline been less stern, the soldiers would have refused to set foot in the country, but, a beginning being once made, they pressed on with steady success. The army under Regulus captured so many prisoners and accumulated such an immense mass of plunder that the Senate, upon the general's assurance that he had shut up the Carthaginians within their city, recalled one-half of his force.

Full of confidence because of his repeated successes, Regulus next captured Tunis, where an immense number of the enemy were slain. But now the Carthaginians resorted to the wise recourse of calling in the aid of Xanthippus, a Spartan general of courage and genius. He brought the Romans to battle at disadvantage and not only worsted them, but took Regulus himself and a large number of his men prisoners (B.C. 255). Xanthippus was splendidly rewarded, and he returned home. The story of Regulus from this time forward is a favorite one with the Roman poets and historians, who tell how, after being held a prisoner for five years, he was sent to Rome by the Carthaginians to solicit peace, because of their numerous reverses. He was on parole and went in the company of the Punic envoys, on the pledge that if he failed to obtain the terms proposed, he was to return and suffer the penalty of death. It is said that at first Regulus refused to enter the capital because he was no longer a Roman citizen; but his scruples being overcome he appeared before the Senate, and, when questioned, declined to give his opinion of the proposals he brought. But he was commanded to do so, whereupon he earnestly prayed his countrymen not to agree to the terms submitted by Carthage. His eloquence won them over, and then, with characteristic Roman integrity, he refused to break his parole, even declining to see his family, and returned to Carthage, where, as he anticipated, he was put to death. The method used is said to have been that of placing him in a barrel filled with nails projecting inward, and rolling him about until he died. The best authorities believe this horrible story was an invention of the Romans to excuse their own atrocities to Carthaginian prisoners, though it is hardly to be doubted that Regulus actually suffered death for his patriotic fortitude.

The final victory of the Romans at the Ægates Islands made them masters of the situation, and led the Carthaginians to seek peace in B.C. 241. By the terms which closed the first Punic War, the Carthaginians were required to evacuate Sicily and the adjacent islands, to pay a large indemnity, and to recognize the independence of Hiero, king of Syracuse. The war had lasted twenty-four years, and, according to Polybius the historian, cost Carthage five hundred and Rome seven hundred galleys; but Rome had gained an immense prestige and had taken the first step that was to win for her the proud title of Mistress of the World.

THE ROMAN ATTACK AT MYLÆ

It should be noted that that part of Sicily which was wrested from the Carthaginians was now organized into a *province*, this being the commencement of the new system which Rome adopted, of the institution of provincial government in her possessions outside of Italy. An immense advantage was held by Rome over Carthage from the first: this lay in the difference of their system or policy toward their conquered subjects. The Romans associated them in their own enterprises on equal terms, not only paying for their services, but sharing the booty obtained, and allowing them to retain their own laws, customs, and national identity. The system, in brief, was similar in the main to that which has made England the greatest colonizing Power of modern times. But while those who fought beside the Romans were her allies, the soldiers of the Carthaginians were simply servants who risked their lives for wages. As a consequence, Carthage soon became involved in a desperate struggle with her own mercenary forces, who were not put down till after several years of bloody warfare.

A specially shrewd law was made by the Romans regarding Sicily. The citizens were given permission to sell all the land they chose, but never to one another; it must always be to Roman purchasers. The Romans thus came gradually and peacefully into possession of most of the island. Ere long, Sardinia and Corsica were also subdued, though considerable fighting was necessary. The islands were formed into another province, administered by a Roman officer under the name of prætor. Thus the system of provincial government was fairly established.

Having won prestige on the sea, Rome was now ready to extend her dominions across the water in almost any direction. Her coasts on the Adriatic were harried by the piratical hordes on the opposite shore of Illyria. It was a hard task to root out these marauders, and, in doing so, Rome could not avoid colliding with more than one established power on the continent, but her generals acted with prudence and wisdom. Western Greece, as well as Italy, was pestered by the buccaneers of the Adriatic, and the Greeks were glad indeed to see the vigor of the young Republic turned against them. Greece in her gratitude hailed Rome as her ally, and invited her to take part in the Hellenic festival of the Isthmian games. The equally grateful Athenians presented to the Romans the franchise of their city, and offered them admission to the Eleusinian mysteries, the sacred rites with which the annual festival of Ceres was celebrated at Eleusis.

The eyes of the Romans were next turned northward with the thought of carrying their dominion to the Alps. The Gauls still occupied the entire valley of the Po and the ridges of the northern Apennines. We have learned of their desolating campaign southward, when they captured and burned Rome. They

were as fierce and wild as ever, though too wise to molest again the growing power they had once harassed. They were quite willing to leave the Romans alone, so long as they were left alone themselves, which was precisely what the Romans did not intend to allow.

Had not the Gauls been wrangling with one another, it is more than likely they would have struck Rome when she needed all her energies to combat the Carthaginians; but they were dangerous neighbors, and Rome concluded that the best way to avert an attack from them was by making the first assault. The preparations were thorough, the legions being sent to the front and an immense reserve formed. Every city was ordered to place itself in a state of defence, and to lay up a stock of supplies, while the clever agents of Rome won over a number of auxiliaries to threaten the Cisalpine territory in the event of the Gauls leaving it.

The Gauls saw what was coming, and decided to advance from their own country and invade that of their enemies; but, for the reason named, were compelled at the outset to leave a large force at home. This prevented sending an army into Roman territory strong enough to defeat that which it was certain to encounter; for it must be remembered that Rome at that time had within her dominions 350,000 men capable of bearing arms.

The Gaulish army pushed itself between two Roman armies on the right and left, passed through the Apennines, and moved down into the valley of the Arno. It was soon attacked by a Roman force, which was routed and would have been destroyed but for the arrival of the second army, before which the Gauls, laden with plunder, retreated. They eluded the pursuit of the two armies, and had reached a point near the mouth of the Arno, when unexpectedly they were assailed by a third Roman force, which had landed at Pisa on its return from Sardinia. They made a brave defence, but were overwhelmed.

The tide of Gaulish invasion having been rolled back, the war was transferred to Gaul, where it raged for three years. The chief interest of this struggle lies in the character and exploits of several of the Roman leaders. The idol of the people was C. Flaminius, because of his opposition to the ruling aristocracy of the city, and his unselfish friendship for the poorer classes, whose favor gave him the command of one of the consular armies. He showed his natural strength of mind by his contempt for many of the superstitions which were universal among his countrymen. The Senate, jealous of his successes, sent him letters ordering him to refrain from a battle, on account of the omens which were declared unfavorable. Flaminius refused to open the letters till after he had won a victory, when he read them with ceremony to his soldiers, naïvely remarking that it was then too late to obey the orders. His campaign was crowned with successive triumphs, and when he went home, laden with

THE ROMANS PASS UNDER THE YOKE

spoils, he demanded his right of a triumphal reception. The piqued Senate denied him the well-earned honor, and then the Assembly, headed by the tribunes, voted him full honors.

The enduring fame of Flaminius, however, rests upon his construction of the Flaminian Way, the great road of northern Italy, which gave free communication with the recently conquered Gaulish provinces. It was built by Flaminius during his censorship (B.C. 220). Beginning at Rome, it followed the course of the Tiber till it reached Narni, where it turned off in a northeasterly direction and came to the foot of the Apennines at Forum Flaminii; then crossing the central ridge of the Apennines, it again took a northerly direction to the Adriatic, whence it followed the coast to Rimini, where its name ceased, but the Via Æmilia was a continuation of it. The whole length of the road proper was about 220 miles, and remains of it are still to be seen. The Appian Way antedated this great work, for it was built in part at least by Appius Claudius Cæcas, when he was Censor in B.C. 313. It is the oldest and most famous of all the Roman roads; it led from the Porta Campana at Rome in a southerly direction to Capua, and subsequently it was extended to Brundusium. It had a fine foundation, from which all the loose soil had been removed, and above this were various strata cemented with lime; and lastly came the pavement, composed of large hexagonal blocks of stone consisting mainly of basaltic lava, and jointed together with great exactness, so as to appear one smooth mass. Remains of the Appian Way are still visible, especially at Terracina.

The building of the military roads consolidated the conquest of the Cisalpine. Colonies were planted at Placentia and Cremona, after which the Romans entered the peninsula of Istria and thus gained access to the regions beyond the Adriatic.

M. Claudius Marcellus was another hero of this epoch, and served as consul in the year B.C. 222. He belonged to an eminent plebeian family, and in his decisive victory over the Insubrians in Cisalpine Gaul, he slew with his own hand their king, whose spoils he dedicated to Jupiter, and was honored with a triumph. This was the third and last time in Roman history on which the *spolia opima*, or prize of prizes, was offered to the gods, and it was the highest distinction that a Roman could attain. We shall have something more to tell concerning this great man.

The Carthaginians had been too deeply wronged by the Romans ever to forgive them, and from the day the first Punic War ended they began studying how best they could be revenged. One of the foremost advocates of war was the powerful Barcine family, whose head, Hamilcar Barca, had performed brilliant service in the first war. His bitterest enemy at home was Hanno, the leader of the aristocratic faction. Thwarted by him, Hamilcar turned his at-

tention to Spain as being the best vantage-ground for operations against the Romans. His idea was correct, for Spain was rich in gold mines, and her sparse population were rugged mountaineers, who made the best kind of soldiers. A well-known anecdote illustrates Hamilcar's deadly enmity toward Rome. When he crossed into Spain in B.C. 235, he took with him his son Hannibal, only nine years old. He made the lad swear with his hand upon the altar that he would ever be the foe of the Romans, and well he kept the vow.

Hamilcar met with a number of notable successes, and then fell in battle, whereon the people compelled the appointment of his son-in-law, Hasdrubal, to complete his undertakings. Hasdrubal was more of a statesman than a soldier, and was doing much to bring an end to the domestic feuds of the Spaniards, and persuade them to accept the rule of Carthage, when the Romans, under a threat of renewing the war against Carthage, compelled him to sign a compact by which the advance of his countrymen should stop at the Ebro.

Hasdrubal was assassinated in B.C. 221, by a Gaulish slave, whose master he had slain, and the command of the Carthaginian army devolved upon young Hannibal, now twenty-six years old, and one of the greatest military geniuses that ever lived. Knowing something of his skill, young as he was, the Romans saw that a new danger threatened them. They were on the point of beginning their final operations against Illyria, when the people of Saguntum, the last independent Spanish city within the line of the Ebro, appealed to them for protection against the attacks of Hannibal. The Romans sent ambassadors to the latter, reminding him of the treaty made with his father, and warning him that under no circumstances must he attack an ally of Rome. But this warning fell upon deaf ears, and while the Romans were advancing into Illyria, Hannibal marched against Saguntum.

The siege of this city was attended by one of the most remarkable occurrences in historical annals. Hannibal, as we have learned, ranks among the greatest of all military geniuses, and he laid siege to the place in B.C. 218, at the head of an army of 150,000 men; but the months passed and he was unable to compel its surrender. Nearly a year went by before the Saguntines were reduced to the last extremity of starvation. Everything that could answer for food was gone, and famine stalked in the streets.

In this woful extremity, the inhabitants brought all their treasures to the square and heaped them in a great pile, around which the gaunt women and children were gathered. Then the men went forth in their last despairing, desperate attempt to beat back the enemy. They failed and were cut down to the last one, whereupon the women set fire to the huge pile, and, casting themselves and their children into the flames, also perished. It was this awful tragedy that brought about the Second Punic War.

THE APPIAN WAY (*Restored*)

Scipio Victorious at New Carthage

Chapter XXXI

THE FALL OF CARTHAGE

HANNIBAL had shown his contempt for Rome, which he hated with unquenchable fierceness, and Rome could ill abide the insult. She sent envoys to Carthage to complain of the act of her daring general. The Carthaginians temporized, but in the end accepted the situation and braced themselves against the shock of the consequences.

There was no hesitation on the part of Hannibal. Before Rome could recall her legions from other quarters, he crossed the Ebro with an army of 90,000 foot and 12,000 horse, accompanied by about two-score elephants. The time was the early summer of B.C. 218, and the march of 800 miles led through hostile tribes, whom it was necessary to cow into subjection, and thus compel them to furnish contributions to the invaders. When he reached the foot of the Pyrenees, Hannibal left a force of 10,000 under the command of his brother Hasdrubal (this name was a common one among the Carthaginians, and it will be recalled that it was also borne by a brother-in-law of Hannibal). A number of Spanish auxiliaries were also dismissed, so that when Hannibal crossed the Pyrenees near the Mediterranean coast he was at the head of only 50,000 foot and 9,000 horse. He was on the direct road through France to Italy, when the alarming news reached Rome that, instead of waiting to be attacked outside of their territory, Hannibal was heading straight for it.

Previous to this, the Romans had collected their usual consular armies, one

of which, under P. Cornelius Scipio, was to act in Spain against Hannibal, while the other, under Sempronius, was equipped in Sicily for operations in Africa. The unexpected movements of Hannibal compelled a change in the plan of the campaign. Scipio had not yet embarked for Spain, and was ordered to sail for the coast of Gaul at Massalia, a loyal ally of the Republic, and there stop Hannibal's advance. When he reached the point, he learned that Hannibal had crossed the Rhone the day before.

The plan of this military genius was to avoid battle with his adversaries until after his entrance into Italian territory, where he hoped to set an uprising on foot that would add heavily to his strength as well as his prestige. It is difficult at this distance of time to comprehend everything done by Hannibal, but the results he accomplished leave no doubt of his consummate ability as a military leader. Scipio did not attempt to follow him into the Alps, but took the lower and much easier route into Italy, so as to meet him when he entered the valley of the Po.

It was late in autumn (B.C. 218), and the Alpine passes were encumbered with snow, the paths hidden, and scant food and shelter were to be found in the mountains. The passage of the Alps under these circumstances was one of the most memorable exploits of which we have record. The route taken is believed to have been that known as the passage of the Little St. Bernard, which had been often used by travellers and bodies of men, but never before at so late a season in the year, nor in the face of an enemy. It was a tremendous task, and, when at last the army issued from the terrible wastes and poured into the sunny valleys of the Cisalpine, thirty of the elephants and 30,000 of the soldiers were left behind frozen like so many blocks of ice. The Carthaginian army was reduced to 20,000 men and 6,000 horse.

Perhaps worse than all was the refusal of the expected allies to rally to Hannibal's standard. A few auxiliaries were gained by playing the hostile chiefs against one another, but their force was insignificant. The Romans were waiting on the banks of the Po, and the shrewd Gauls held off until sure of being on the winning side.

The Romans were fully roused to their danger. Sempronius was recalled from his expedition against Carthage; but the larger part of Scipio's army was kept in Spain, with a view, no doubt, of cutting off the supplies of Hannibal. The Carthaginians, now ready for battle, advanced almost to Ticinus, on the left bank of the Po, where they encountered the van of the Roman army which meant to oppose them.

It may be said that Hannibal had risked all upon the single cast of the die, for such was the meaning of the impending struggle. He could never recover from a defeat at this stage of his daring enterprise, while a victory would add

THE DESTRUCTION OF CARTHAGE

immensely to his strength. The affair was no more than a skirmish, but the advantage was with the Carthaginians, and the retreat of Scipio behind the Po gave to the invaders all the advantages of a great triumph. They were immediately joined by 2,000 Gauls from the Roman camp; and more recruits poured in daily, all eager to strike a blow against the hated Romans.

Since Scipio had destroyed the bridge behind him, Hannibal was forced to find a suitable ford over the Po, and two days after the battle he drew up in front of the main army of the Romans. There were probably 40,000 men on each side. Scipio was wounded, and the command was with Sempronius, who was eager to distinguish himself. The combat was a fair match of ability between the respective commanders, and Hannibal won, driving his enemies before him in headlong confusion into the new colony of Placentia. Scipio withdrew to Ariminum on the upper coast, while Sempronius crossed the Apennines into Etruria, the Cisalpine country thus falling wholly into the hands of the invaders.

Early in the following year, Hannibal passed through the Apennines to the valley of the lower Arno, where the dampness of the soil caused much suffering among the men, and the commander himself lost an eye from overwork and illness. The Romans still kept a large force in Spain, but two armies were placed under the command of the consuls, one remaining within its quarters at Ariminum, the other at Arretium, and each afraid to venture out to meet the invader. These consuls were Cn. Servilius, popular with the Senate, but of no special military ability, and the other C. Flaminius, of whom we have already learned considerable, and who was greatly liked by the people, but not by the nobles.

Hannibal used all his art to draw these leaders into an engagement, but they were too wary, so he boldly left his strongholds behind and plunged into the heart of Italy, where his soldiers were sure of securing the richest booty. He carried on the war with fiendish ferocity, sparing nothing except as a matter of policy, and he seemed never to forget his oath to refuse all quarter to a Roman.

These outrages at last roused Flaminius to follow and attack Hannibal. He came up with the marauders at Lake Trasimenus, where Hannibal gave another proof of his wonderful military genius. He completely outmanœuvred Flaminius, cut the main army to pieces, killed the consul, and as usual massacred his captives without mercy.

The news of the disaster awoke Rome to its peril. The best consul had been slain and his army destroyed, while the other was trembling behind the walls of Ariminum, two hundred miles away, his army dispirited, and the victor between him and Rome. In the crisis, the Senate appointed Q. Fabius Maxi-

mus to be Dictator. An army of four legions (from about 4,000 to 6,000 men each) was quickly raised, and Fabius started in quest of Hannibal wherever he might be found.

Many expected Hannibal to lay siege to Rome, but he was too wise to attempt a task which could not possibly meet with success. Those whom he had counted upon as allies were backward, the city was strongly fortified, and the legions of Servilius might at any time rally and attack him in the rear. Although he had defeated the Romans three times, his plight was almost as bad as theirs. His efforts to stir up strife among the Greek population of Southern Italy failed, for, despite their grievances against Rome, the Greeks looked with horror upon the Carthaginians, while they felt that there was a certain tie between themselves and the Romans. In other words, it was another illustration of the truth that blood is thicker than water.

Fabius saw the fatal miscalculation of Hannibal, and used it to the best advantage. The plan he followed was to rob the country around the hostile camp of supplies, to harass his enemy in every possible way, but to avoid a decisive engagement. This method of conducting warfare has ever since been known as "Fabian tactics," and is rarely popular among the unfortunate people whose leaders find themselves under the necessity of employing it. Certainly the system was odious to the Romans, who were compelled to stand idle while the invaders ravaged their homes and property. Fabius firmly restrained them, however, till Hannibal was revelling in the very garden of Campania, the valley of the Vulturnus, when the Romans began closing upon him and the brave Carthaginian seemed to have been entangled in a trap. When escape looked absolutely impossible—as it would have been with any other leader—Hannibal resorted to his famous stratagem of driving the cattle among the hills at night with flaring torches tied to their horns, thus distracting the attention of the enemy and opening the way for the escape of his army.

The success of this ingenious trick exhausted the patience of the Romans with the dilatory tactics of Fabius, who was replaced by two consuls, Paulus Æmilius, who was inclined to the policy of Fabius, and Terentius Varro, who represented the headlong impatience of the people. The two were placed at the head of an army of 80,000 men and 6,000 horse, each alternating daily with the other in the command. With the chiefs holding diametrically opposite views and continually exchanging places, it is impossible to conceive of a more absurd and inevitably fatal arrangement.

Hannibal was followed to the field of Cannæ, on the borders of Apulia, where he had chosen his own position, which could not have been more favorable. On the day of the battle (B.C. 216), Varro was in command. Although the Roman army was double in numbers to the Carthaginian, yet the cavalry of

HANNIBAL'S STRATAGEM IN CAMPANIA

the latter were the superior, and the broad plain gave admirable scope for their operations. In the midst of the fighting, a strong detachment of Hannibal's Numidian horse galloped to the enemy, as if to join them, and were welcomed as recruits; but the movement was a trick of Hannibal, who had sent them forward to attack the Romans in the rear, and at the right moment they did so. Blindly confident, Varro attempted to surround the enemy, and soon awoke to the astounding fact that his own army was surrounded. The defeat of the Romans was of the most crushing nature, and the loss due to the furious energy of the cavalry was appalling. The Roman historians admit it was 45,000, while Polybius gave the total at 70,000. Among the slain were the consul Æmilius, twenty-one tribunes, eighty senators, and knights beyond estimate. The defeat of Cannæ seemed to sound the death-kneil of Rome, for nothing like it had ever occurred.

But the battle-field was two hundred miles from the city, and the route led through mountains and across rivers and among an unfriendly population, while Rome was as strongly fortified as ever. Hannibal knew the tragedy of Brennus could not be repeated, and he gave his principal efforts for the time to stirring up discontent among the Greeks, the Campanians, and the different people in Southern Italy, waiting meanwhile for reinforcements from Carthage, which he was confident would soon reach him.

Finding their capital in no immediate danger, the Romans devoted themselves with their usual energy to the raising of new legions, and when these were equipped they were placed under the command of Varro, the man who had suffered the disgraceful rout at Cannæ, the explanation of his appointment being that he was the favorite of the Senate.

No movements of importance took place in Italy during the remainder of the year, but the tremendous contest between Rome and Carthage was carried on elsewhere. Scipio in Spain attained many notable successes. He drove the Carthaginians across the Ebro and recaptured the fortresses that had been taken from the Saguntines. In B.C. 212, however, he was defeated and slain by Hasdrubal, the brother whom Hannibal had left in Spain. In this victory the Carthaginians were mainly successful because of the fiery valor of Masinissa, who led their cavalry. Masinissa was the young king of Numidia in Africa; he was in love with Sophonisba, daughter of Hasdrubal, and had therefore a special stimulus to gratify his chief. But his hopes were disappointed. Political expediency led Hasdrubal to give his daughter to another African king, Syphax, the neighbor and foe of the young lover. Thereupon Masinissa, with all his splendid cavalry, went over to the Romans.

The whole situation in Spain changed. The greatest of all the Scipios, he who later was to conquer Hannibal, was sent out to retrieve the fortunes of his

family and his country. His military genius, combined with the headlong valor of Masinissa, proved more than a match for Hasdrubal.

The first operations of Scipio were against the powerful Spanish city of New Carthage. This he captured after a long siege. The inhabitants were treated with a clemency that made them loyal friends to Rome. The prisoners were sent to their homes without ransom. One beautiful maiden, we are told, had been assigned to Scipio as his special share of the spoils. Observing her sad, he inquired the reason and learned she was betrothed to a young native chief. Sending for the lover, he restored the maiden to him with all honor, and himself supervised the wedding. Throughout Spain the people could not but compare Scipio's constant generosity with the harshness of the Carthaginians. It was this even more than his military genius that won the land for him. He conquered the hearts of the people.

Rome was also fortunate in Sicily, where she had striven so many times before. The venerable King Hiero of Syracuse remained faithful to the Romans, though his son Gero attempted without success to draw the city to the side of Carthage. When Hiero died, however, Syracuse swung over to the Carthaginians, who, counting upon the severe blow it would prove to the Romans, diverted to Sardinia the supplies which Mago was about to send to his brother Hannibal. This led the Sardinians to revolt against Rome, and Philip, or Philippus, a degenerate king of Macedonia, promised to send a large army to help Hannibal. Both plans failed. The force which reached Sardinia was destroyed by the prætor Manlius, and Philip was so sluggish that the Romans landed an army ahead of him which defeated his movements. Marcellus had become consul for the third time, and was given the work of reducing Syracuse, which labor brings forward a man in whom every one is interested.

This was Archimedes, who was born in Syracuse, B.C. 287, and was said to have been a relation of King Hiero, though he devoted his whole attention to science. No mathematician of ancient times equalled him, and he was the only one who contributed anything satisfactory to the theory of mechanics and hydrostatics. Hiero had employed a goldsmith to make him a crown of pure gold, but suspecting that it contained alloy, he asked Archimedes to ascertain whether such was the fact. The problem perplexed the mathematician for a time, but one day, while in his bath, the solution flashed upon him. He was so overjoyed that, without waiting to don his clothing, he rushed homeward shouting, "Eureka! Eureka! ("*I have found it! I have found it!*"). He had recognized the fact that the level of water in a vessel rises when a solid body is immersed in it, and that the liquid mounts in exact proportion to the volume or size of the solid introduced. The weight of the crown had been right; the thieves were clever enough to see to that. But they had substituted

SCIPIO YIELDS THE SPANISH PRINCESS TO HER LOVER

for some of the gold cheaper and lighter metals; and they had been obliged to use more of these, to get the proper weight. So the volume of the crown was too great, and when Archimedes plunged it into the water the liquid rose too high; thus the cheat was proven.

Among the many inventions credited to Archimedes are the endless screw and the water-screw, in the latter of which the water is made to ascend by its own gravity. During the siege of Syracuse, he exerted his wonderful ingenuity in its defence; but while Polybius, Livy, and Plutarch speak with amazement of the machines he employed, they fail to mention the common story that he set fire to the enemy's ships by means of mirrors. When the city fell, tradition says Archimedes was sitting so deep in thought over a number of geometrical figures before him, that he knew nothing of the assault. The Roman general had given special orders to save the valuable life of the philosopher. A soldier, bursting in on him, demanded if he was Archimedes; but the sage only called out to the intruder to be careful not to destroy the figures he had drawn, and the warrior cut him down. In accordance with the wishes of Archimedes, a cylinder inclosing a sphere was engraved upon his tombstone, in commemmoration of his discovery of the relation between these solids—the discovery being one upon which he placed great value.

Let us now return to the operations of Hannibal. He had been driven from the plains of Cannæ by the tactics of Fabius, but his success enabled him to select Capua as his headquarters. There he and his soldiers surrendered themselves to the charms of a balmy climate and luxurious living, while awaiting the arrival of his brother Mago from Africa or Hasdrubal from Spain; but neither came, and the people around him, instead of flocking to his aid, showed a hostile disposition. He therefore roused himself and set out to reduce the strong places in his neighborhood. He suffered numerous repulses and was deserted by a large body of Spanish foot and Numidian horse, but even with his reduced forces he accomplished wonders. In the same year (B.C. 212) that Syracuse fell into the hands of the Romans, he captured Tarentum, and, pushing northward, advanced so near to Rome that he was in plain sight from the walls. Half of the Romans who were besieging Capua hastened to the defence of the city, and Hannibal dared not make an attack. It may be doubted whether he had any thought of assaulting the city from the first. He fell back, and Capua was soon after taken by the besieging Romans, who showed the inhabitants no mercy, because they had been conquered before, treated generously, and then, when the chance offered, went over to the side of the invader. Seventy of its senators were executed; three hundred of its foremost citizens thrown into chains, and the remainder sold into slavery.

The tide had turned, and other Roman successes followed the fall of Capua

(B.C. 211). A treaty assured the Ætolians against the attacks of Philip of Macedonia, and Rome secured a base for aggressions on the eastern shore of the Adriatic. The following year Lævinus, who had become consul, captured Agrigentum, the last Carthaginian stronghold in Sicily, and Scipio had reduced Spain. Terms of friendship were renewed with Ptolemy the Egyptian, and in B.C. 209 the Romans captured Tarentum, which was so abominated that 30,000 of the inhabitants were sold into slavery.

The situation of Hannibal was steadily growing worse, and his brother Hasdrubal decided to abandon Spain and go to his relief. The march was long, and had to be a circuitous one to escape the Roman forces that were on the watch to head him off. He entered Italy at the head of a large and powerful army. Driving the Roman generals before him, he crossed the great plain of the Cisalpine and moved along the line of the upper coast, in the attempt to make a junction with Hannibal in the south. To C. Claudius Nero, the consul chosen by the patricians, was assigned the task of holding Hannibal in check in Brutium, while M. Livius, the representative consul of the plebeians, was ordered to check the advance of Hasdrubal, with his new invaders. He was unable to do this, and they pressed steadily on till they arrived in front of the camp of Livius before the walls of Sena. Hannibal as yet knew nothing of the arrival of his brother, who now sent horsemen to him with the news, but they fell into the hands of Nero, and the letters they bore explained all the plans to the Roman general, who hitherto had been as ignorant of them as Hannibal himself.

It will be understood that the news was of the highest importance, and Nero acted promptly. After a feint to deceive Hannibal, he hurriedly advanced northward with a portion of his army, and, as soon as he joined Livius, urged him to make immediate attack. Hasdrubal had been quick to note the arrival of the reinforcements and had fallen back, but was surprised by a flank attack of Nero, totally routed, and killed (B.C. 207). Wheeling about, Nero moved swiftly toward Hannibal. The latter still had no knowledge of the arrival of his brother from Spain. Hardly had Nero appeared, when a soldier flung the head of a man into the Carthaginian lines. When it was picked up and examined, it was recognized as that of Hasdrubal.

It was the beginning of the end. Hannibal must have seen that sooner or later he would be obliged to withdraw from Italy; but he held his ground at the extremity of the peninsula for a long time, and it is not impossible that he might have stayed indefinitely, had not the Romans made a radical change in their policy. It was decided by the Senate, in B.C. 205, in answer to the urgent insistence of Publius Scipio, who had made himself master of Spain, that an army should be sent against Carthage, while Hannibal was still in Italy.

DEATH OF ARCHIMEDES

This would be "carrying the war into Africa," of which we often hear in these days.

Scipio was highly educated, refined, possessed of consummate military genius, and so popular, not only with his own countrymen, but with others, that it was said of him that wherever he set foot he could have established himself as king. The Senate did not consent to his plan of invading Africa until he threatened to appeal to the people, who would not have been denied. Scipio landed in Africa in B.C. 204, and laid siege to Utica, but was unsuccessful and suffered the loss of his fleet.

With the story of this campaign is interwoven one of the most pathetic romances in history. You will recall Masinissa, the young African king, who had joined Scipio in Spain to revenge the giving of his beloved Sophonisba to his rival, Syphax. Syphax was still an ally of the Carthaginians; Masinissa therefore clung to the Romans, and united his forces once more with those of Scipio. Their combined armies overthrew those of Syphax and the Carthaginians. Masinissa was given charge of the pursuit, and followed Syphax relentlessly for fifteen days, overtook him, completely overthrew him in a second bloody battle, and seized his royal city. In the palace of the captured city, met the conqueror and the queen. There old love flamed up anew. Syphax was by this time a prisoner doomed to a Roman dungeon, so Masinissa wedded the queen. Their happiness, however, was of short duration; Sophonisba was of the race of Hannibal, Rome's ablest and most inveterate foes, and Rome claimed her as a prisoner. Masinissa pleaded all his services, but the envoys were inflexible. The daughter of Hasdrubal must march captive in a Roman triumph, and then languish in a Roman dungeon. Masinissa knew there was but one way of escape, and himself gave to his bride the cup of poison which she calmly drank, and died.

After the defeat of Syphax, the Carthaginian Senate, alive to its peril, recalled Hannibal from Italy, and he sailed from Crotona in the autumn of B.C. 203, under the protection of an armistice. He did not land at Carthage, but at Leptis, and many months passed before a battle took place. This was fought on the plain of Zama in the autumn of B.C. 202, and was of the most decisive character. Scipio and Hannibal were pitted against each other, but the soldiers under the Roman were immensely the superior of the Carthaginians, who were totally routed and Hannibal himself was put to flight. Scipio—known thereafter as Scipio *Africanus*—on his return to Rome was honored with the most magnificent triumph ever seen in the capital.

Scipio proved his real greatness by his moderation and generosity. Carthage lay at the feet of the conqueror, and the chiefs of the legions vehemently insisted that it should be utterly destroyed, but Scipio refused to permit this.

nor would he demand the delivery of Hannibal himself. Carthage was allowed to retain her laws at home and to continue to rule her countries in Africa; yet she was compelled to pay dearly for her defeat. She had to surrender all her ships except ten, all her munitions of war, and agree to make no war even in Africa, without the consent of Rome. These terms, if hard, were exceedingly mild, compared with many others imposed in similar cases, and as nothing to the bitter cup which Carthage was yet destined to drink to the dregs.

Hannibal execrated Rome as bitterly as ever, and he began plans for another and far better prepared campaign in Italy. He brought about a number of constitutional reforms in Carthage, but he had jealous enemies, and they accused him to the Romans of stirring up Antiochus III. of Syria to revolt. When the Roman ambassadors came to Carthage, Hannibal fled to the court of Antiochus at Ephesus. At the conclusion of the war which followed, one of the conditions of peace was the requirement by Rome of the surrender of the illustrious Carthaginian; but, expecting such a demand, Hannibal had fled to Prusias, king of Bithynia, for whom he gained a naval victory over the king of Pergamum. Finally, he was peremptorily demanded by the Romans. Expecting this also, Hannibal was always prepared with a bottle of poison, which he now drank, and thus closed his extraordinary career.

There is a story that when Hannibal was spending his exile in Syria and Bithynia, Scipio had to go into exile also for a time; and the two made their home in Ephesus, where they spent many hours together in friendly conversation. Naturally the principal subject of these talks were the campaigns in which they had confronted each other, and in which Scipio had finally proved the victor. One day as they sat thus together, the Roman asked Hannibal whom he thought to be the greatest general.

"Alexander," was the prompt reply: "because with a small body of men he defeated immense armies and overran a great part of the world."

"Whom do you rank next?"

"Pyrrhus, for he first taught the method of forming a camp to the best advantage."

"And whom do you place next to those?" asked Scipio.

"Myself," replied Hannibal.

Scipio smiled and mildly inquired, "Where, then, would you have placed yourself if you had conquered *me?*"

"Above Alexander," was the bold answer of the Carthaginian; "above Pyrrhus and above all other generals."

Rome steadily advanced her dominion. While the second Punic War was going on, King Philippus, of Macedon, as related in our history of Greece, made a treaty with Hannibal, which embroiled him with Rome. She sent an army

MASINISSA COUNSELLING SOPHONISBA TO DIE

against Philip, and in the hostilities that followed some of the Greek states sided with Rome and some with Macedon. It has been shown that in the battle of Cynocephalæ, fought in Thessaly, in B.C. 197, the power of Macedon was broken and Philip was forced to become a dependent ally of Rome. In B.C. 168 the Macedonians were utterly crushed at Pydna, and in B.C. 146 Corinth was taken and burned. All resistance to the triumphant Romans ceased, and Greece became the Roman province of Achaia.

The third Punic War began in B.C. 149 and was waged in brutal wantonness by Rome. Carthage had become her dependent ally, though left free in its internal government; but there was a party in Rome bent on humiliating it to the very dust. The leader was Porcius Cato, the censor, and master of the Roman Senate. He became such a monomaniac that every speech he made, no matter to what he referred, closed with the impressive exclamation, *Delenda est Carthago!*—"Carthage must be destroyed!"

The fateful words fell upon willing ears, but the aged Cato died before the awful blow was struck against the helpless city. The Carthaginians made every submission, giving up their arms, their ships, their munitions of war, and they went so far as to offer to surrender their own government and become subjects of Rome. But the cause of Rome's hatred was her fear and jealousy of her rival. Carthage had once threatened the very existence of Rome, when the African armies were led by a military genius. True, Hannibal was dead, but who should say that one as great as he would not rise up to take his place? Carthage still contained three-quarters of a million of people; and so long as she was allowed to exist, she would be a menace to Rome. It was decreed, therefore, that the city should be razed and the people be sent to dwell inland. And then, realizing that their destruction had been determined upon, the inhabitants resolved in the desperation of despair to die rather than submit to the ferocious mandate.

The siege of Carthage was conducted by P. Scipio Æmilianus, and lasted for four years. The harrowing story makes one shudder even after the lapse of more than twenty centuries. The city had no ships, no allies, and only a few crude weapons, but the women gave their tresses for bowstrings, and they and the men shrank from no sacrifice or suffering. When the loss of the citadel of Byrsa and the defeat of the Punic general (another Hasdrubal) rendered all resistance useless, the gaunt defenders still manned the walls. The fighting was kept up for six days in the streets, and then for more than two weeks fire raged, until the proud city that had stood for seven hundred years was turned to smouldering embers and ashes.

THE CAPITOLINE HILL

Chapter XXXII

ROME CONQUERS THE WORLD AND GROWS CORRUPT

LET us note the tremendous strides that Rome was making in acquiring dominion. She was now mistress of Greece and of Carthage, the East and the South. Spain still defied her authority and kept her arms at bay for some years. She advanced step by step, however, though the Lusitanians, on the western shores of the peninsula, produced a great leader whose name will always stand out among the brightest on the pages of the early history of that ancient land. Viriathus, originally a guerilla chief, put forth his utmost efforts to check the Romans in their attempt to conquer his country. By an act of atrocious treachery, the Roman general Galba succeeded in destroying a large body of the natives. A few escaped, among them Viriathus, who was so incensed by the treachery that he roused his countrymen to undying hostility against the invaders. For a time he and his band kept among the inaccessible mountains and harassed the enemy by sudden, swift raids. In B.C. 147 he felt strong enough to give battle to the Romans, and inflicted on them a severe defeat. Throughout the following two years he continually repeated his victories; but in B.C. 144 a large Roman army drove him back into his native fastnesses. He rallied, and the force sent against him was utterly crushed at the "Hill of Venus." In B.C. 141, Viriathus was once more successful, and the whole Roman army was surrounded in a mountain pass and compelled to surrender. He showed mag-

CARTHAGINIAN WOMEN SACRIFICING THEIR TREASURES TO THEIR COUNTRY

nanimity in his triumph, allowing his captives to go away unharmed on condition of the recognition of the independence of the Lusitanians. These terms were accepted, but in B.C. 140, Cæpio having been appointed to command in Spain, treacherously and suddenly renewed the war. Fearing from the past that his arms would not succeed, he bribed a number of Lusitanian envoys who had been sent to him to propose peace, and they murdered their hero while he lay asleep in his tent. No one was fitted to take his place, and, though the brave struggle was continued for a number of years, it was hopeless. Spain became, like so many other countries, a province of Rome (B.C. 133). Some of the inhabitants were taken to the capital behind the conqueror's chariot, but most of them were sold as slaves; and Numantia, which had bravely withstood a long siege, was so completely razed that it is almost impossible to trace its ruins to-day.

Thus the power of Rome was supreme in the four principal peninsulas which project into the Mediterranean, and among the chief islands. When the period of conquest was opened in B.C. 266, the Roman dominion was confined to the single peninsula of Italy. When it closed in B.C. 133, Rome was supreme over the whole of Southern Europe, from the straits of Constantinople to the Atlantic, over the principal Mediterranean islands, over Carthage in North Africa, and over Egypt, Asia Minor, and Syria in the East.

Rome was able to retain her hold upon these distant provinces because of her wisdom in governing them. In many districts the inhabitants found their condition more tranquil, more secure, and more pleasant than when distracted by the petty rivalries of their own chiefs. All these conquered provinces were allowed to retain their native religion, laws, habits, and peculiarities; but each was governed by a military president sent from Rome, with his staff of officials. The people had to pay large taxes; and these were farmed out by the censors to Roman citizens, who were known as *Publicans*, and who settled in the respective districts where their interests lay. Thus Rome was the great heart whose pulsations were felt to the remotest point of the immense organization.

These vast successes led her to regard her mission as that of *conquest*, instead of *civilization*. The work of the Romans was to *rule*, not to *instruct* mankind. If there was security in some of her provinces, there was none the less tyranny and oppression, for the policy often acted on was that, by robbing and impoverishing the conquered, they would be shorn of the means of future revolt.

Now there were two distinct effects produced upon the Romans themselves by their conquests, and while one was perhaps good, the other was bad. The spoliation of the provinces poured an enormous stream of treasures into Rome. Among them were many of the choicest works of art in Greece, which could not fail to exert, in a greater or lesser degree, a refining influence upon the

spoilers, for the very perfection of these immortal products of almost divine genius commanded the reverence of the most degraded.

The veins winding inward from the remote provinces brought the scholars, rhetoricians, tragedians, and philosophers to the great heart, whose throbbings did not send them out again. Hundreds of Greek tutors, philosophers, and schoolmasters made their home in Rome, where their services were bought by the patricians, sometimes at an immense price. Thus it may be repeated that, to a certain extent while Greece was conquered by the might of Rome, yet in an intellectual sense she conquered her master. Of course among the Romans there was no lack of native literary power, but they needed stimulus to awaken them to action and development. This they received from the Greek literary culture that flowed all around them. While the flowering of the Augustan age was still a century away, yet there rose a number of writers of unquestioned ability.

The unbounded wealth which poured in also enabled Rome to carry out a series of magnificent public improvements. Italy was welded together by numerous military roads, so finely built that many remain to this day. The Tiber was spanned by excellent bridges of stone, the city was sewered, and the streets paved. Of the two new aqueducts, the Marcian, built in B.C. 144, cost $10,000,000. The ordinary clock, or time-piece, of course was unknown till centuries afterward, but in B.C. 159 the consuls set up a public clepsydra or water-clock, so that for the first time all might learn the exact hour of the day or night.

Thus gorgeous benefits accrued to Rome through her far-reaching con quests; but it cannot be doubted that even greater evils also resulted. The brilliant culture of Greece was crimsoned with impurity. The rugged virtues of the Romans were corrupted; love of luxury rooted out the once Spartan-like simplicity; physical strength collapsed before flabby degeneracy; marriage was openly scoffed at; even the old Roman faith, in which there was nothing of Christianity, lost its grip upon the people, and it was said that when two augurs, the pretended prophets of the faith, met on the street they could not avoid laughing in each other's faces.

There is no decay so shrivelling, so deadly, and so fearful as moral decay. It is the sure precursor of death. As Rome soared aloft like the imperial eagle toward the mid-day sun, the venomous serpent was twisted about its neck, and burying its fangs in its vitals. The political system of Rome grew to be as rotten as that of the purlieus of the worst-governed city of modern times. Bribery was open; the slave-trade was extended to meet the demands of the extensive planters. Syria and the interior of Asia Minor were swept back and forth by the ferocious traders, who hustled their droves of wailing wretches

THE SLAVE MARKET IN ROME

into the Italian peninsula until, a century and a half before the Christian era, their number was more than double that of the freemen. The doom of the mightiest city the world ever knew was as plainly written as was that of Babylon by the handwriting on the wall at the impious feast of Belshazzar.

The name Gracchus is such an honored one in Roman history that you will be interested in a brief account of the illustrious members of the family. Tiberius Sempronius Gracchus, who was consul in B.C. 238, did superb work in the military operations in Corsica and Sardinia, while another of the same name distinguished himself in the second Punic War, and for his success in opposing Hannibal received the consulship in B.C. 215, and again in 213, only to lose his life after many victories, in battle with Mago, the brother of Hannibal, perhaps through treachery. Hannibal honored him with a splendid funeral, as the one Roman whom he held in admiration.

There were several other Gracchi of lesser note, till we reach another Tiberius Sempronius, who was born about B.C. 210, and for many years was one of the foremost citizens of Rome. He served as tribune, ædile, prætor, twice as consul, as censor, and was one of the most distinguished of military leaders. He brought about a number of excellent constitutional changes, and marrying Cornelia, a daughter of Scipio Africanus, became the father of twelve children, nine of whom died in youth.

It is of two of his sons, Tiberius Sempronius Gracchus and Caius Sempronius Gracchus, that we have now to speak. Their father having passed away while they were very young, they were educated with great care and gentle wisdom by their mother. She told them that she wanted the world to remember her, not as the daughter of Scipio, but as the "mother of the Gracchi." On one occasion a lady of rank had boastfully displayed all her jewelry, and suggested that Cornelia should in turn display hers. The wise mother drew her two young sons toward her, saying, "These are my jewels."

It is not to be wondered at that the lads grew to be noble and high-minded as well as ambitious men. Their sister became the wife of the second Scipio Africanus, and with him the elder lad, Tiberius Sempronius, served, and was present at the capture of Carthage. He is said to have been the first Roman to scale the walls of the doomed city. When he was with the army in Spain, the Numantines, remembering the good faith of his father forty years before, refused to treat with any one but him. It was because of their admiration for his character that they spared a Roman army of 20,000 men who were at their mercy. The aristocratic senate in Rome repudiated the treaty, and the result has already been told.

Observation and inquiry impressed the young quæstor with the sad condition of the whole of Italy. The Roman magnates lived in luxury and sloth in

the cities, while their estates were cultivated by slaves. These were Thracians, Africans, or Iberians in Etruria, which once furnished powerful armies to the Republic. The old law of Licinius, that possession of the land should be limited to a certain extent, had become dead; and nearly everywhere the immense estates had fallen into the possession of a few, who drove away the free cultivators of the soil and gave it over to the wretched bands of foreign laborers.

These facts caused Tiberius Gracchus gloomy reflections. "Not long ago," he said to himself, "Italy could arm 700,000 foot-soldiers and mount 70,000 cavaliers. All were disciplined, and all were freemen; but suppose another Hannibal should strike at her, what resources has she to parry the blow or to strike back? Should the Italian tribes rise up on their mistress, how can she control them? What can she do if one of her generals marches her own legions against her? Ah! the glory, the power, the might of Rome have become an empty shadow."

The disease demanded heroic treatment. There was but one solution of the problem, and that could scarce be made a peaceable one. The system of society must be wholly overturned. The only aristocracy in Rome was the one founded on wealth. No longer were there any patricians or plebeians, but the two great divisions, the rich and the poor, the worst division conceivable. Corrupt to the core, the hordes in the city lived in noisy idleness by selling their votes to the highest bidder. The destruction of the Republic was as near as it was certain, unless the drastic remedy was applied with merciless rigor.

Tiberius Gracchus proposed a land or agrarian law, which was in effect a revival of the Licinian law, and which limited the amount of public land that could be held by one person to something less than 300 acres. The vast area which this would leave vacant was to be distributed among the poor in the form of small homesteads. He allowed some additional land to proprietors who had children, and devised a plan for indemnifying those that were to be deprived at once of their actual occupations.

As may be supposed, the aristocracy immediately raised a furious protest, and the debates were bitter to the last degree. Now, it was Roman law that no proposal could become legal unless all the tribunes agreed to it. The aristocracy induced one of the tribunes to interfere by veto. Tiberius was so enraged that he appealed to the assembly of the tribes, and a decree was passed turning the obnoxious tribune out of office after which the law was passed. Then Tiberius, his brother Caius, and his father-in-law, Appius Claudius, were nominated triumvirs for carrying the proposed law into effect.

Face to face with the momentous question, the aristocrats determined to prevent the election of these men by force; learning which, Gracchus bade his friends to arm themselves with staves. Seeing this, some of the people asked

CORNELIA AND HER SONS IN THE STREETS OF ROME

Gracchus the meaning of it. He raised his hand to his head to signify that his life was in danger. Several of his enemies ran to the Senate, exclaiming that he demanded a crown.

Scipio Nasica, a leading noble, urged the consul Scævola to kill Gracchus, but seeing him hesitate, he sprang forward himself, flinging the skirt of his toga over his own head, as if about to perform a sacrifice, and shouted to the citizens to revenge themselves upon the traitor. Instantly a furious riot started, in which several were killed. Tiberius, seeing his friends defeated, ran to the temple of Jupiter for refuge, but the priests shut the doors in his face. His foot struck a dead body, and while in the act of recovering himself, one of his associate tribunes stretched him on the ground with a fearful blow of his club. As he lay, he was beaten to death, and with him perished three hundred of his supporters. The bodies were dragged to the bank of the Tiber and flung into the water. Thus, in the year B.C. 133, the era of civil strife opened in Rome.

In the midst of the clamor, Scipio Æmilianus came back victorious from Numantia. When he was told of the death of his brother-in-law, he declared that the fate was deserved. Scipio was now the foremost man in Rome. Though belonging to the aristocracy, he was more moderate than they, and did nothing except to obstruct the carrying out of the measures he disliked. Soon the opening of war with the Illyrians gave excuse for suspending the further execution of the hated law until a more tranquil season.

Rome had dignified her subject states in Italy with the name of allies, and followed the policy of entrusting the affairs in those states to the control of the aristocratic party in each. So the chiefs of Samnium and Campania were as anxious as the aristocrats in Rome for the defeat of the new law; but they were angrily disgusted to see the freedmen or former slaves of the Romans elevated to citizenship, while they themselves were not allowed to vote. They determined to secure the citizenship, and chose Scipio as their champion in bringing this about. He had been twice consul, and now the people, wearied of the continual turmoil, wished him to become Dictator.

Momentous questions were at issue, and Scipio retired to his chamber to meditate upon the words he would speak on the morrow to the citizens; but when morning came he was found dead, and the mystery of his taking off was never explained. No wound was discovered on his body, but his slaves said that his house had been entered at night and the crime committed by persons unknown to them. Some accused the mother of the Gracchi, and some the wife of Scipio, but the Senate pressed no inquiry and thereby drew suspicion of guilty knowledge to that assemblage itself.

The loss of their champion threw the Italians into consternation. One of

their captains, Perpena, had gained Roman citizenship and finally been elected consul. His people were steadily working their way to the franchise, but the Senate now ordered their expulsion from the city. Then the leaders of the popular party made common cause with the Italians. Caius Gracchus, the younger brother of him who had been slain eight years before, claimed and obtained the tribuneship, and then took up his dead brother's work. Fulvius, being elected consul, assisted him by introducing measures to further their policy; but the Senate managed to have the consul removed to the command of an army, while Caius was sent to an official post in Sardinia. The object of all this was so plain that the Italians were exasperated. One of their little commonwealths in its desperation flew to arms, but was put down with such harshness (B.C. 125) that the Italians remained cowed for years.

The nobles thought they saw their opportunity for crushing Caius, and impeached him on the charge of inciting the insurrection. But they had overstepped themselves; the impeachment failed and he was elected tribune. He threw all his energies into carrying out the policy of his brother. Indeed, he went further, for he aimed at the full reconstruction of the whole Roman system of government. With all his unquestioned patriotism, it cannot be doubted that Caius was strongly stirred by ambition and the feeling of revenge. Octavius, the tribune who had interfered with his brother's action, was threatened with proscription from office, and another, who had persecuted his brother's adherents, was in such danger of impeachment that he was frightened into voluntary exile.

The course of Caius now made him the idol of the people. He confirmed the principles of his brother's agrarian law; had corn regularly distributed among the poorer classes; caused taxes to be laid on different articles of luxury; supplied the soldiers gratuitously with clothing, which formerly they had to provide for themselves; planted colonies for the immediate relief of those who had been waiting long for the promised division of lands, and gave employment to hundreds in the construction of roads and bridges.

A revolution, which Caius was determined to bring about, was that of granting full admission to the Latins and Italians to the right of suffrage. His martyr brother had held the same wish, but the prejudices of the populace would not permit the measure to be carried to success, since it threatened to derive them of some of the gratuities that now fell to their share.

The Italians were hungry for the public lands, for the assignment of land as colonists, and for a share in the honors of the city, and the offices in the provinces. The nobles saw all this and became more alarmed, for Caius seemed never to rest content with what he had accomplished, but was resolved to spur forward till a complete revolution was established. This fear became fierce in-

THE HOME OF SCIPIO ÆMILIANUS

dignation when he proposed and carried through a bill for founding colonies in the very cities that had been the most dangerous rivals of Rome. Thus he tried to restore the political importance of Capua and Tarentum in Italy, as well as to plant a colony of plebeians amid the ruins of Carthage—a project sufficient almost to make Cato turn in his grave.

In his ardor, Caius left the city upon this business, having been unwise enough to divest himself of his tribuneship before going. His absence gave his enemies the opportunity which they were not slow to improve. Their most determined leader Opimius was appointed to the consulship, so that Caius upon his return found himself deprived of the protection which no one needed more than he. He was insulted, and when his friends would have interfered the Senate was hurriedly called together, declared the state in danger, and made Opimius virtually Dictator for the time.

This was the "bell of revolution," and both sides caught up arms and rushed at each other. Opimius and his partisans had had more time in which to perfect their plans, and, being the more powerful, scattered the party of Caius. Three thousand were slain in headlong flight. Caius sought refuge on the hill of the Aventine, but was driven out and ran across a bridge over the Tiber. He plunged into the woods on the other side, but his enemies pursued him relentlessly, and they pressed him so hard that his escape was soon cut off. All through his peril he was attended by a faithful slave, whom he now ordered to give him the fatal blow, which he saw must come. The slave obeyed, and afterward slew himself (B.C. 121).

Caius was declared a rebel, his estates were confiscated, and his widow was deprived of her dowry. The time soon came when the people awoke to the horror of what they had allowed to be done. They erected statues to the memory of the two murdered brothers, and declared sacred every spot where their blood had stained the earth.

Yet, for all practical purposes, the success of the nobles was complete; and, that they so considered it, was shown by the triumph which they celebrated. Their friends were assured that all the acts of the Gracchi would be reversed, and the former balance of political power restored, in which of course the whole advantage would be on the side of the nobles and aristocracy. The Sempronian laws were abolished one after another, or so modified that their effectiveness was taken away. The long delay in carrying out the agrarian laws, and their imperfect execution, had caused the people to lose faith in them, while the distribution of provisions among the poorer classes went a long way to satisfy them, and make them content to live in idleness in the city, in preference to going out in the country and tilling the land, even though it belonged to them.

The result of the free distribution of provisions which Caius himself had brought about was thus another illustration of the harm that is done by indiscriminate charity. But for such distribution, thousands of men would have become industrious husbandmen and laborers. As it was, they were transformed into so many dangerous vagrants.

While thus corrupting the commons, the senators had themselves grown equally corrupt. Never has there been an age when bribery and dishonor were more openly displayed. An instance of this is the Senate's treatment of the kings of Numidia in Africa, the grandsons of Massinissa. One of these, Jugurtha, was illegitimate, but he seized the kingdom and defeated the lawful heir, Adherbal, who fled to Rome for assistance.

The able Jugurtha had learned the power of a bribe, and the gold which his envoys carried to the Roman Senate did effective work. The commissioners who examined the matter divided Numidia between the rival claimants. Even with this Jugurtha was dissatisfied, so he again attacked Adherbal, took him prisoner, and put him to a cruel death. Then the Romans, glad of the excuse for interfering, ordered that Numidia should be occupied by a consular army. Again Jugurtha used his gold, and the expedition made such dishonorable terms that Memmius rose in the Senate and denounced in burning words the venality of some of its members. Jugurtha was summoned to Rome, being guaranteed safe-conduct, but was ordered to give the names of the men who had accepted his bribes. He obeyed the summons, and seemed to be ready to do all that was demanded of him, but with characteristic cunning contrived to have another tribune interpose in the proceedings against him. He was allowed to go home, and it is said that as he passed out of the gates he exclaimed: "O venal city! as soon as a purchaser can be found, thou art destined to fall."

Behind Jugurtha tramped a Roman army. The consul Albinus did nothing decisive, and when he returned to Rome to hold the comitia, or public assembly for electing officers, he left the army in command of his brother Aulus, who was defeated by Jugurtha and his soldiers compelled to pass under the yoke. The angered Senate disavowed the surrender, and sent Albinus back to renew the war. The senators demanded the prosecution of the members who had accepted the bribes of Jugurtha. Æmilius Scaurus, one of the most eminent of the nobles, was the centre of general suspicion, and undoubtedly he was among the most guilty; but, with a cunning which has often been imitated since, he contrived to have himself made chairman of the investigating committee, and in this position presided at the condemnation of four consuls.

DEFEAT OF THE TEUTONES

Chapter XXXIII

BARBARIAN INVASION AND CIVIL WAR

IN the midst of the furious wrangling in Rome, a thrill of alarm was caused in the year B.C. 113, by news that the barbaric races of the Cimbri and Teutones were moving southward from central Germany, with the intention of passing through the Alps, which towered like a wall between Italy and the northern wilderness. A formidable army interposed against the barbarians, and the Roman general Carbo made such threats that they retired, though they repulsed a treacherous attack by Carbo with great loss. Other Roman forces were sent into Transalpine Gaul, and they gradually pushed forward, till the Republic's dominion was established from the Alps to the Rhone.

This work, however, was tremendous, and accompanied by many defeats. Four armies were beaten in succession, and had the Cimbri and Teutones united and pressed southward, they must have overrun Italy and secured a success hardly second to that of the Gauls. But the barbarians were divided, and the Roman Senate was rousing to a sense of its own folly and weakness. More manly counsels were followed. The first step must be to crush Jugurtha. Q. Cæcilius Metellus was sent to supersede Albinus in the war against the African king; and no better choice could have been made. The integrity and honor of Metellus were so marked in an age where those qualities were wofully lacking, that once when he submitted his accounts to the judges, in answer to the charge of malversation, they refused to look at the documents.

They would not permit his name to be sullied by even the appearance of suspicion.

Associated with Metellus was a young man destined to win a unique glory for himself, since he rose from the humblest to the highest station in the Republic, and made a record which in many respects was never surpassed. This man was Caius Marius. He is said to have been an ordinary laborer in his youth, but he enlisted in the army and speedily attracted attention by his courage and skill. His services under Scipio before Numantia won the admiration of that general, who prophesied a brilliant future for him. This roused the ambition of the young Italian, who entered politics, and, in B.C. 119, was elected tribune. He was the ardent champion of the plebeians, and therefore was intensely hated by the nobles. His marriage with the distinguished family of the Cæsars (his wife being the aunt of Julius Cæsar) gave him an interest in the nobility, despite his natural tastes and instincts. He was one of the most valuable aids to Metellus in his successful campaign, and gained the love of the soldiers by laboring with them in the trenches and sharing all their privations. Metellus sneered at the political aspirations of his lieutenant, because of his humble birth, but, despite the opposition of the aristocracy, Marius was unexpectedly elected to the consulship. As consul he was assigned to command the attack on Numidia, in defiance of the Senate, who wished to prolong the command of Metellus.

Marius, in still further opposition to all traditions, enlisted his soldiers from the rabble and beggars of the city. This was against the rule which forbade any one to bear arms who had not a stake in the welfare of the Republic, but Marius welcomed all who flocked to his standard, drawn by the hope of plunder, and proud of the low-born origin of their leader. Metellus was prosecuting his war against Jugurtha, when news reached him that he had been superseded by Marius. He returned to Rome in anger, which was only partially soothed by the triumph granted him, without his having done anything specially to earn it.

Marius added to his laurels by his conduct of the war in Numidia. He captured stronghold after stronghold, but was baffled by the scorching desert to which Jugurtha withdrew, when hard pressed, and from which he dashed forth upon sudden raids that were of the most exasperating nature. Finally, Jugurtha was captured, without doubt through betrayal, and carried loaded with chains to Rome, where his fate was more cruel than he deserved. He was kept for two years to grace the triumphs of his conquerors, and finally thrown into the prison under the Capitol, where he lay dying for days with cold and hunger.

The capture of Jugurtha closed the war in Numidia, which had lasted from B.C. 111 to 106. Marius returned to Rome in 104 to claim his triumph, and to find that the honors of the consulship had been given him during his absence.

THE TEUTONES WANDERING IN GAUL

The vast hordes of the Cimbri had continued their plundering to the westward, but threatened to come back and burst through the Alps to gather the richer spoils that awaited them in Italy. Since the loss of her armies in that quarter, Rome had refrained from active operations, most of the inhabitants fleeing to the cities for shelter. Their helplessness was intolerably galling to the Romans, who clamored for Marius to lead their avenging forces. The nobles dared not oppose, and he was raised again to the consulship and given the conduct of the war. He was elected for the third, fourth, and fifth time in the following years, for all felt he was the only man who could save the Republic.

The recruits of Marius were raw and needed long and rigid training. He made his camp near the mouth of the Rhone, and would not allow his men to meet the enemy until they had undergone a long system of preparation. In the end, the barbarians began a hostile movement. The Cimbri proposed to flank the Alps and swarm into Italy through the Tyrol, while the Teutones were to crush the resistance of Marius and double the southern extremity of the mountains, where they touch the Mediterranean, after which the two armies were to meet at a point on the Po.

The Romans divided their legions to meet this attack. Marius was to hold his post in the Transalpine Province, while his colleague Catulus was to lead a second consular army to check the Cimbri. Marius restrained the impatience of his men, and refused all efforts of his enemies to draw him out into the plain. At last they gave over the attempt and determined to leave him in the rear. The hideous warriors by the thousands defiled past his camp, many derisively offering to take any messages which they might wish delivered to their families in Italy.

Marius grimly waited till the horde had gone by, when he broke camp and followed them. The barbarians were so confident and eager to attack him that he had only to choose his own ground. The spot selected was near Aquæ Sextiæ—the modern Aix—in Provence, where for nearly three days raged one of the greatest battles of ancient times. The invaders were destroyed. The loss of the barbarians was, according to some authorities, 100,000, while other historians make the number still greater.

The other Roman general Catulus was not equal to the task required of him. His men were panic-stricken at the approach of the savage Cimbri, and fled in headlong haste, with Catulus himself in the lead. Marius checked their flight, effected a junction of the two armies, and stopped the enemy on the further side of the Po. When at last the barbarians were forced to battle, it was only to suffer annihilation. When the men had been defeated, the women were attacked, and after a grim resistance from the shelter of their wagons the survivors slew themselves and their children. The whole nation perished.

This second famous fight was at Vercellæ to the west of Milan. It was really won mainly by Sulla, of whom we shall hear more, but it was natural that the people should give the glory to Marius, who had gained so many previous triumphs.

Troublous times had come to Rome. The condition of the slaves in Italy was unendurable. Driven to desperation, they had started fierce revolts, that were put down with merciless brutality, thousands of lives being sacrificed. Some of these uprisings took place while Marius was absent in Gaul, and the Romans grew alarmed for their own safety. In the year following his return, he was raised to the consulship for the sixth time. He was now filled with a consuming ambition and lent himself to the clamors of the popular faction, which was bent on reviving the agrarian demands of the Gracchi.

Despite his repeated elevation to the consulship, Marius was a failure in the important labor he had now to perform. In political matters, he lacked steadiness, courage, and persuasive argument; his policy offended many of his adherents. He heaped rewards upon the Italians and by that course filled the Roman commons with jealousy. In one instance, he conferred citizenship on a thousand veterans from Camerinum. The act was illegal and added to his unpopularity. To offset this he had numerous grants of land made to distinguished soldiers, on the ground that the territory in the Transalpine Province had been lost to the native population and reconquered by the Romans, who had the right to dispose of it as they pleased. Violence accompanied the measure, and Marius held aloof, supporting neither side. With the tribune Saturninus at their head, the populace drove their opponents out of the Forum; the venerable general Metellus was so grossly insulted by Saturninus that he retired into voluntary exile. Saturninus soon offered himself for re-election, and in his arrogance caused one of his adversaries to be assassinated in the Forum. Then he seized the Capitol; the state was declared to be in danger, and Marius was called upon to save it. He besieged Saturninus, and, by cutting off the water-pipes, compelled him to surrender, which he did under the pledge of safety. The exasperated people, however, would not be restrained, and slew the marplot.

Violence, anarchy, and bloodshed followed. In the year B.C. 90, the Social War, between the Romans and their Italian subjects, commenced and lasted through three campaigns. It is useless to give the long list of engagements, in which the victories, if the Roman historians are to be trusted, were almost uniformly on the side of their countrymen. In the midst of these alleged victories, the Romans empowered the consul Cæsar to offer such cities as had remained faithful the citizenship which they had refused to their adversaries. Marius was not entrusted with any important command in this war, perhaps because his sentiments were too similar to those of the enemy, but he had able repre-

DEFENCE OF THE CIMBRIAN WOMEN AT VERCELLÆ

sentatives. Two years after the offer named, it was extended to all the Italians, every one of whom, if he chose to come to Rome and claim the franchise within sixty days, was to receive it. The thirty-five tribes already existing were increased by ten, but the offer itself was not very generally accepted, because of the ceremonies required, which could only take place in the capital. The distant citizen did not think the reward worth the trouble it cost.

The full franchise, however, was given in special instances to different states in Spain, Gaul, and Africa, while the Latin franchise, which brought a certain advantage to the Roman, was bestowed even more widely, the entire nation of Transalpine Gauls receiving it. It was this liberal policy that undoubtedly saved Rome for the time from the ruin that impended over her.

We have now come to an important epoch, and it is necessary to pause for a moment to glance at the history of the ablest Roman, from the time of the younger Scipio until the appearance of Julius Cæsar. This was L. Cornelius Sulla, surnamed by himself Felix. He was born in B.C. 138. Mention has been already made of him, when he was elected quæstor, or state treasurer, and sent to Africa with the cavalry that Marius needed for the prosecution of the Jugurthine war. He rapidly gained a fine reputation, and it was he who secured the surrender of Jugurtha, whom he took in chains to Rome. Marius already showed jealousy over the distinction acquired by his subordinate, and the feeling afterward intensified into a resentment bordering on insanity.

After his victory at Vercellæ Sulla lived quietly in Rome for several years, until in B.C. 93 he stood for the prætorship, and won it by the plentiful use of money. The smouldering animosity between him and Marius would have burst forth in B.C. 91, but for the breaking out of the Social War, which caused the burial of all quarrels until the common danger was settled. In this war, the services of Sulla far outweighed those of Marius and intensified the enmity of that general.

Now it must be remembered that these two men represented different factions, which had long been warring against each other. You have learned of the humble origin of Marius, who was a plebeian, rough, impatient, irascible, and ignorant; Sulla was a patrician, subtle, wise, and highly educated. At the close of the Social War, Sulla was not quite fifty years old, while Marius was about seventy. Sulla was trained in all the Grecian accomplishments at which Marius sneered; he spoke and wrote Greek and was proud of his connection with the illustrious house of the Cornelii.

The personality of great men is always interesting, and it may be said of Sulla that the historians represent him as addicted to debauchery and degraded associates. He had bright blue eyes, but his complexion was coarse and blotched, and the Greeks compared it to a mulberry sprinkled with meal.

While there is no act of kindliness recorded of him, and his manners were haughty and morose, he would shed tears over a story of suffering or sorrow. The nobles did not like him personally, but accepted him as their champion, for the reason that no one else could be secured who compared with him in ability.

If Marius hated Sulla with an insane fierceness, the latter held much the same sentiment toward Marius, though his feelings were under better control. Marius in the course of his campaigns carelessly left many tempting opportunities, which his younger rival was quick to seize and turn to the best account.

Mithridates, king of Pontus, was a bold and able soldier, who formed a grand plan of uniting the Asiatic states and Greece in a formidable conspiracy against the Roman dominion. His generals repeatedly defeated the Asiatic levies of the Romans, and he took possession of Bithynia, Cappadocia, Phrygia, and the Roman possessions in Asia Minor. By his orders, an appalling massacre of the Romans in the East took place, during which, in B.C. 88, eighty thousand were slain in a single day. He sent three powerful armies to assist the Greeks in their rebellion.

Sulla was consul when it became necessary to select a general to conduct the campaign against Mithridates. Sulla's claim to the position was therefore highest, but the thought that it would go to him was wormwood and gall to the aged Marius. He hurried from his retreat in Campania, and tried to convince the young soldiers in the Campus that he was still able to run, wrestle, and swim with the best of them; but his efforts were pitiful failures, and he was advised to return to his home and give place to a younger and better man. To his unbearable chagrin the Senate declared that younger and better man to be Sulla.

This was the time that Marius might better have died, but it was his misfortune as it has been that of many great men, like Miltiades, Themistocles, and others, to live long enough to shame the glory and brilliancy of his earlier years. Brooding over his treatment, Marius determined to commit treason to further his own ambition. Aided by demagogues, he started an agitation against the Senate and army, and secured his nomination to the command of the forces in the East in place of Sulla. But Sulla was still in Italy, and, at the head of six legions, he marched upon Rome. He was not expected, and the insurgents dissolved like snow in the sun upon the appearance of the army, while Marius was barely able to effect his escape from the city.

Sulla displayed his wise cunning by calling the people together the next day in the Forum, where he explained that a faction had obliged him to use force, and having taken arms, he would not lay them down till the power of the Senate was secured against mobs. He abrogated the enactments of Marius and his friends in favor of the Italians and the commons of the city, and repealed

GENERALS OF THE ROMAN REPUBLIC

the provision of the constitution which gave the force of law to the resolutions of the people alone. Thus, while Marius had gone to one extreme, Sulla went to the other.

A price had been set upon the head of Marius, who was straining every nerve to prevent any of his enemies winning the reward. The romantic adventures which befell him are told by Plutarch, who says he first retired to a private farm at Solnium on the Latian coast, but, learning that he was unsafe, hurried to Ostia, hoping to embark on a vessel kept waiting there for him. He hid in a wagon under a load of beans, and finally made his escape in a trading vessel bound for Libya. The agonies of sea-sickness compelled him to land near Circeii, where he wandered in the pine groves of that lonely coast, keeping up the spirits of his companions by repeating the prodigies that had foretold his greatness. This was followed by numerous adventures, until, in the last extremity, he hid himself among the reeds at the mouth of the marshy Liris, where he was discovered and dragged from his dismal retreat. He was thrown into prison at Minturnæ, and the magistrate determined to put him to death and claim the reward. But when the slave, sent to despatch him, stepped into the gloom of the prison, he declared that he saw a vivid light issue from the captive's eyes, while an awful voice demanded: "Wretch! dare you slay Caius Marius?" The slave and the magistrate were terrified and released their prisoner, who succeeded at last in reaching the coast of Africa. Even there he was not allowed to rest. He was discovered seated amid the ruins of Carthage, comparing his fallen greatness to that of the city. The Roman governor commanded him to "move on," and he took temporary refuge on an island of the coast.

Meanwhile there was turbulence in Rome. The Samnites rose in revolt, and drew thousands of slaves and robbers to their standard. Metellus Pius, who was entrusted with repressing this new social war, could not force the insurgents to a decisive battle. A second Roman army, under Pompeius Strabo, was still at Picenum, and the Senate sent the late consul Pompeius Rufus to take command of the legions. There was not money to pay the soldiers, and a mutiny broke out in which Rufus was killed. Strabo, who was suspected of inciting the revolt, now appeared and restored order, but did not inquire into or punish any one for the crime.

No sooner had Sulla left for Asia, than Cinna the demagogue rushed to the front. He was consul, and announced himself as the restorer of the ancient order of things, demanding the recall of Marius and the exiles, and the full emancipation of Italy. Octavius, his colleague in the consulship, some of the tribunes, and a large number of citizens rallied and drove Cinna out of the city. He had counted upon the help of Strabo, but that general was not yet ready to act.

It was a time when no respect was paid to law, and Cinna was deprived of his consulship and L. Merula appointed in his place. Cinna fled into Campania, where he made the people believe he had suffered in their behalf, and soon collected a large number of armed followers, among whom were many exiles of the Marian party, and Samnites and Lucanians, the open enemies of the Republic. News of these doings was carried to Marius, wandering hither and thither in danger of capture and death, and he finally threaded his way through the ambuscades of his innumerable enemies and threw himself on the coast of Etruria, where he was joined by hundreds of slaves and others. With a force increasing as he advanced, he moved upon Rome from the north, while Cinna came from the south, and two of his generals threatened from other directions, so that Rome was surrounded by four of her own rebellious armies, with the warlike Samnites as their allies.

In the fearful extremity, the Senate turned to Metellus, and ordered him to make peace with the Samnites on whatever terms he could obtain. The conditions proposed by the foe were so intolerable that Metellus indignantly broke off the negotiation. Leaving a small force to watch the enemy, he made all haste to return and guard the city. The detachment left behind was quickly overpowered, and the Samnites rushed toward Rome, fiercely bent on its destruction.

Reduced to the last pitiful extremity, the Senate begged the mutinous Strabo to help them, trying to win his services by promises and flatteries; but he was dallying with the Marians. In the midst of his hesitation mutiny broke out in his own camp, and he would have been killed but for the devotion of his son Pompeius, who was greatly liked by the soldiers. A pestilence suddenly appeared, carrying off many in the armies and in the city. Strabo died either from the pestilence, or from a stroke of lightning, or from assassination, for each of these causes was assigned, and the last is the most reasonable.

All hope being gone, the Senate sent to Cinna to arrange terms, and when these were refused, to beg him to extend mercy. The scenes that followed are terrifying and shocking to the last degree (B.C. 86). Picture the merciless Cinna, seated in his magistrate's chair, with Marius, shaggy, unshorn, squalid and terrible in his grim triumph, standing beside him, the two waiting to decide the fate of their hapless victims. The victors had promised to spare the life of Octavius, and he, relying upon this pledge, refused to make his escape. When he came forward, he was seized in his robes of office. His head was cut off and by the orders of Cinna suspended from the rostra or stage of the Forum, the first time the barbarous exhibition was made, though it took place many times afterward.

Then followed a massacre in which the mangled heads of the senators were

MARIUS AMONG THE RUINS OF CARTHAGE

displayed in the Forum, and the bodies of the knights and others were cast out for burial. Among the slain were many of the noblest citizens of Rome. At last Cinna and Marius saw fit to check the horrible carnage, and steps were taken to restore order. They did not deign to call the assembly of the tribes, but nominated themselves to the highest magistracy. Marius became consul for the seventh time. He had reached the summit of his ambition, but he was old and his health was broken. He wished to leave his colleague to preside in the city, while he assumed the chief military command and wrested from Sulla the direction of affairs in the East. Soon after he fell ill, and taking to his bed remained a week, when he was found dead. The presumption is fair that the gloomy, lonely old man, who had long outlived his usefulness, took his life with his own hand.

Cinna next chose as his colleague Valerius Flaccus, who set himself vigorously to work to carry out the pledges made to the allies. The ten Italian tribes were suppressed, and the new citizens enrolled among the thirty-five tribes of the city; but the Samnites, the Lucanians, and others scornfully refused to accept the privilege. A proclamation was made adjusting all debts by the payment of one-fourth of them. Then Flaccus put himself at the head of the legions intended for the Pontic War, and proceeded to the East to meet the movements of Sulla.

Meanwhile, Mithridates had gained a series of brilliant successes. He captured Bithynia and Cappadocia, and then, crossing the Ægean Sea, received the submission of its islands, while his fleet took Athens with its harbor and all the naval equipments. He was generally welcomed as a deliverer, and the danger to Rome was of the gravest nature, when Sulla landed on the eastern shore of the Adriatic.

This general was at the head of five legions, whom he encouraged to plunder and devastate to the fullest extent. He laid siege to Athens, and finally reduced it by breaking through the long walls of Themistocles. Many of the citizens are said to have escaped by lowering themselves from the walls at night. Sulla gave unrestrained license to his troops, and the sacking of the once proud capital was marked by fearful excesses. The Romans next met a vast force of Orientals in the open plain, and routed them in the terrific battle of Chæronea. Then Flaccus appeared and summoned Sulla to surrender. Before the struggle between them could open, a second armament of Mithridates came within reach. This was disastrously defeated at Orchomenus, and the king of Pontus was compelled to withdraw from Greece.

The country was thus left vacant for the struggle between the two Roman armies. A mutiny broke out in that of Flaccus, during which he was assassinated. The soldiers selected his successor, and then demanded that, instead of

being led against Sulla, they should advance into Asia that they might plunder the provinces. In the fighting which followed, it fell to the lot of Sulla to save Mithridates from capture by the other Romans. This gave to Sulla the power of making his own terms with the king of Pontus, who surrendered Bithynia and Cappadocia and the Roman province of Asia, with most of his fleet and treasures, whereupon he was admitted as an ally of the Republic. Then Sulla turned upon the other Roman army; but, instead of fighting the soldiers, he bribed them to leave the standards of their commander, who in his extremity fell upon his own sword and perished.

The eyes of Sulla were upon Rome, from which news had been brought to him of the success of Cinna and his savage partisans. He hurried thither, arriving in Italy in B.C. 83. He gave out that on his arrival with his thirty thousand veterans he would punish the foes of the Republic and not forget his own enemies. This was a terrifying warning, for the triumph of the Marians had filled half of the Senate with their partisans. Cinna and Carbo, the successor of Flaccus, prepared themselves for the struggle, but the Italian levies refused to join them. Cinna led a body of troops across the Adriatic, and then some of his own mutineers slew him. Carbo raged like a wounded lion in Rome, where he hurled many of his enemies from the Tarpeian Rock and drove the tribunes from the city. By this time, Sulla had landed with five legions in Italy. He defeated one enemy after another, until, through long and desperate fighting, he entered Rome in triumph. Then, with a cruelty as fiendish as that of Cinna and Marius, he carried out his threat of revenging himself upon the foes of himself and the Republic. Day after day, the lists of proscribed ones were published, and the victims fell as swiftly as they did centuries later in France during the hideous Reign of Terror. The inhuman miscreants even refused to let the body of Marius rest in peace, but dug it from its sepulchre on the banks of the Anio, and flung it into the stream. One of the dead warrior's relatives was captured, and instead of being decently killed was tortured to death. We weary of the carnival of violence and crime, and close the record with a curious incident.

Among the Romans was a youth of eighteen, a gay, roystering fellow, who was related by blood to Marius and by marriage to Cinna. His easy good-nature made him popular with all his acquaintances, and Sulla promised to spare him on condition that he should repudiate his wife. The young man refused and fled into the Sabine mountains. The assassins hurried after him, like so many bloodhounds, while his friends in Rome pleaded for his pardon. Finally Sulla consented to spare him. "But beware," he added; "in that young trifler there is more than one Marius." Well might he utter the exclamation, for the youth to whom he referred was Julius Cæsar.

SULLA FIGHTS HIS WAY INTO ROME

It was inevitable that from this anarchy, rioting, fire, blood, death, and utter wretchedness, a Dictator should spring forth. Sulla was declared Dictator for an unlimited term in B.C. 81. He undertook the reconstruction of the government, but the obstacles and difficulties were innumerable, and his own vehement temper prevented a successful management of many of the delicate questions that came before him. He was the Red Terror, at the mention of whose name the bravest blanched, since he held in his hands the issues of life and death, and no one dared thwart his ferocious will. He carried his ends by his own resistless personality, and when he looked upon what he conceived to be the full fruition of all his grand schemes, he declared himself the favorite of Fortune, which was the only divinity he acknowledged. Then when his despotism was absolute, he suddenly resigned the dictatorship in B.C. 79.

No doubt the cause of this was the breaking down of his strength. He had been a furious debauchee for years, and he now abandoned himself to the grossest vices and indulgences, until his body became a mass of loathsome disease, and he breathed his last in the year following his abdication. The wretch was honored with a magnificent funeral, and on the monument was engraved the following epitaph, written by himself:

"I am Sulla the Fortunate, who in the course of my life have surpassed both friends and enemies; the former by the good, the latter by the evil, I have done them."

SENATORS SEEKING PEACE WITH SULLA

DIVITIACUS BEFORE CÆSAR

Chapter XXXIV

POLITICAL INTRIGUE—POMPEY AND CÆSAR

ROMAN history had now reached a period when the grand days of the Republic were gone out in darkness, when patriotism vanished, and there was simply a struggle among a few ambitious men as to who should attain supreme power. These men were the leaders of warring mobs, which might number five, ten, fifty, or a hundred thousand rioters, but they were mobs none the less, and most of them were swayed by the basest passions. Woful indeed was the condition of the country that had once been the grandest in the whole world.

When a republic falls into the throes of anarchy, this one result is almost inevitable: as in the case of Sulla, some man strides forth with the ability to gain the upper hand and seize the supreme control. The people weary of the horrors of civil strife, and welcome their master as their deliverer. The question in Rome now was only, *who* this man should be.

After the death of Sulla, the foremost leader of the aristocratic party was Cneus Pompeius, who afterward gained the title of *Magnus* or "the Great." He began his military career at the age of seventeen under his father, Strabo, whom he saved, as we have seen, from his mutinous soldiers. At that early age, Pompey gave proof of remarkable valor and energy. His father died in B.C. 87, and the son narrowly escaped death at the hands of the Marian party when they were in power.

Upon the return of Sulla from Greece to Italy, Pompey hastened into Pice-

CÆSAR LANDING IN BRITAIN

num, where he possessed large estates and had considerable influence. He raised three legions, with which he drove the Marians out of the district and effected a junction with Sulla. His prudence and valor throughout the remainder of the war were so marked that, on the restoration of peace in Italy, he was entrusted with the work of stamping out the fires kindled by the Marian factions in Sicily and Africa. He performed this task so well that, on his return to Rome, he secured the name of *Magnus*, and a triumph unprecedented in the case of one who had not yet held any public office.

The next exploit of Pompey was the conquest of the followers of Lepidus, whom he drove out of Italy, and the extinction of the Marian party in Spain, where they were under the leadership of the valiant Sertorius. Having been absent from Italy for five or six years, Pompey came back in time to overthrow the remnants of the army of Spartacus, the leader of a band of gladiators, who with a large force of insurgents kept the country in a turmoil from B.C. 73 to 71. These exploits made Pompey the idol of the people, by whom he was elected to the consulship in the year B.C. 70. He was not of legal age, but the Senate removed the bar, well aware of the danger of refusing to do so.

At the end of his year in office, he retired to private life, but was soon called upon to exterminate a band of pirates which infested the Mediterranean with their headquarters in Cilicia, Asia Minor. In the space of three months, he cleaned out the pests, root and branch. Meanwhile, Mithridates had again launched his grand scheme of conquering the Eastern Roman provinces, and the most natural act of the Senate was to send Pompey thither to suppress this dangerous enemy. The war lasted throughout B.C. 66–64, and ended in a splendid triumph for Pompey, who crushed Mithridates and his son-in-law Tigranes, conquered Phœnicia, turned Syria into a Roman province, and captured Jerusalem. Mithridates, one of the most accomplished of Orientals (it was said he could speak with perfect fluency twenty-five languages and dialects), committed suicide. Returning to Italy, Pompey disbanded his army and entered Rome in triumph for the third time in B.C. 61.

Now, soon after the death of Sulla, the warring elements in Rome gradually crystallized into four distinct factions, which may be thus described:

The oligarchical faction was composed of the few families whose chiefs controlled the Senate and thus in reality governed the Republic. At the head of this faction was Pompey, though some of the members had come to look upon him with distrust, and, while he was absent in Asia its representatives were the coldly honorable Cato and Marcus Tullius Cicero, who had reached the proud rank of the greatest orator in Rome. He was given to boasting, and was very vain, but his patriotism and virtue were never stained.

Another aristocratic faction was composed of the Senators who sought to

regain the power thus usurped by a few of their colleagues. The leader of this party was Marcus Licinius Crassus, whose father and brother had been executed by the Marians, while he himself had narrowly escaped because of his youth. He afterward joined Sulla and distinguished himself in the battle against the Samnites at the gates of Rome. He was made consul in the year B.C. 70 with Pompey, but he hated him and was his bitter rival. Crassus was the richest of the Roman citizens, as proof of which he gave a feast during his consulate to 10,000 people, and distributed a provision of corn for three months. Plutarch estimates his wealth at more than $8,000,000, while others make it still higher. It was his riches rather than his ability that gave him influence.

The Marian faction embraced all the common people who had suffered at the hands of Sulla and were eager for the chance to strike a blow for themselves. The leader of this party was Caius Julius Cæsar, whose transcendent ability was destined to make him the "foremost man of the world." As you will recall, he was gay and riotous in his youth, was a nephew of Marius, and belonged to an old patrician family. It was his own ambition that led him to take up the cause of the people. Cæsar was born on the 12th of July, B.C. 100, and was the son of a Roman prætor of the same name. It will be recalled that Caius Marius married his aunt, while Cæsar himself in 83 B.C. married Cornelia, daughter of Cinna. We remember how narrowly he escaped with his life from Sulla. As it was, he was robbed of his property and rank, and wisely went abroad to Asia, not returning to Rome until he heard of the death of Sulla.

The military faction was made up of the old officers of Sulla, who, having squandered the fortunes gained by plunder under him, were now waiting for some revolution that would allow them to regain what they had lost. They were adventurers and soldiers of fortune who knew not the meaning of patriotism or unselfishness, but were ready to cast their swords on the side that offered the surest gain. Their leader was Catiline, formerly one of the ablest and most cruel of Sulla's officers. He was eight years older than Cæsar. His full name was Lucius Sergius Catilina. He was descended from an impoverished patrician family and seemed to be intended by nature for a successful master of crime; his body was capable of bearing any amount of fatigue and hardship, and he had no moral scruples whatever. No crime can be conceived which he would not willingly commit to further his own ends. Naturally his adherents were mainly debauched young patricians and broken-down military men, who differed from him only in the degree of ability.

Bearing these distinctions in mind, let us trace the events that follow. In B.C. 68, Catiline was elected prætor; the next year governor of Africa, and in the following year he wished to stand for the consulship, but was disqualified

THE BANQUET OF CRASSUS

because of charges of maladministration in his province. Catiline was burdened by enormous debts, and, with his moral recklessness, he saw his only hope in setting a revolution on foot, trusting to his skill to place himself on top in the overturning of the government. He, therefore, entered into a conspiracy with a number of young nobles, as abandoned as himself, but the plot was revealed to Cicero by the mistress of one of the conspirators. The first blow was to have been Cicero's assassination in the Campus Martius, but he was kept informed of every step in the conspiracy, and with little trouble frustrated the design.

Defeat for the moment did not affect the diabolical purpose of Catiline. He called his confederates together on the night of November 6 (B.C. 63), and explained to them the new plan he had formed for the assassination of Cicero; for bringing up the Tuscan army which he had seduced from its allegiance, and which was under Manlius at the encampment of Fæsulæ; for setting fire to Rome and slaying all such senators and citizens as they disliked.

Here was as devilish a plot as was ever evolved by the brain of man; but on the same night that Catiline explained the particulars to his brother conspirators, the details were laid before Cicero as well. When the assassins came to his house under pretence of making a call, he was prepared and repulsed them. Two days later, Catiline had the insolence to appear in the Senate. Cicero, who had just received news that the insurrection had begun in Etruria, launched his celebrated invective against the arch conspirator which opened with the words: *Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra?* ("How long now, Catiline, will you abuse our patience?")

The miscreant was incapable of shame through the exposure of perfidy, but he was astounded by the intimate knowledge the orator showed of his plot. He made an attempt at reply, but it was so bungling that his words were drowned in cries of execration. Muttering curses, he flung himself out of the Senate and fled from Rome during the night. He and Manlius were denounced as traitors, an army under the consul, Antonius, was sent against them, and the conspirators who remained in Rome were arrested and executed. The uprisings in different parts of Italy were suppressed, and many who had flocked to the camp in Etruria left when they learned what had taken place in Rome. Catiline retired to Pistoria in Etruria, in January B.C. 62, where he met the forces under Antonius and fought with the most desperate courage, only to be defeated and slain.

Had Pompey been able to measure up to his opportunity, he could have easily placed himself at the head of affairs on his return from the East, but he lacked the capacity, and his former supporters in the oligarchic party distrusted him. When the Senate, under the lead of Cato, refused to ratify his measures

in Asia, he joined the opposition and was thus brought in touch with Cæsar. The two leaders compared views and found that on almost all points they were in agreement. Naturally they decided to unite their forces. To cement the union as closely as possible, Cæsar gave his only daughter Julia in marriage to Pompey. Then the far-seeing Cæsar convinced his friend that the wisest step they could take was to admit Crassus to their political partnership. This was done, and, in the year B.C. 60, was formed the historical coalition known as the "First Triumvirate." Its object, or rather the object of Pompey and Cæsar, was to defeat the senatorial faction in every possible way, and to secure the supreme power for themselves.

It cannot be doubted that the mighty genius of Cæsar saw the future with a vastly clearer vision than did Pompey, his intimate associate. Cæsar was already aiming at the single-handed mastery of Rome, and he required no one to point out the several steps he needed to take in order to reach the exalted summit. The three chiefs had pledged themselves not to speak or act except with a view to the common interest of all, yet not one of them could have been sincere. Each was looking for the first place in the commonwealth, for each believed it was due him, Pompey because of his services, Crassus because of his wealth which might at the proper time buy it, and Cæsar because he knew that his genius could command it.

Aided by a wealthy candidate, Lucceius, Cæsar was able to carry his election to the consulship (B.C. 59), in the face of the violent opposition of the nobles. In this new and important office, he cultivated the good-will of the people, and, against the efforts of the other faction, brought about the enactment of an agrarian law, which included an assignment of lands to the Pompeian veterans. He had proclaimed himself the friend of the provinces, and did not forget his promises. His first consulship was a stormy one; civil faction ran high. The power of Cato and his party was broken. Cicero abandoned political life and retired to his country villa to engage in the literary work by which he is remembered. Many sighed with relief when Cæsar's year of office drew to a close. But he had taken no false step, and every rival had yielded to him. He saw in the confusion of affairs, in the corruption of the people, and in the weakness of the Senate, the speedy numbering of the days of the free state. Pompey was fretting and waiting for the Senate to place its power in his hands as Dictator. Cæsar knew that if he was ever to attain supreme rule he must seize it for himself.

And how was this to be done? It would be suicide for him to attempt it amid the warring factions at home. He must leave Rome, and, in the field of foreign adventure and conquest, gather the laurels that in due time would enable him to return to the city and demand the prize of the conqueror. He had

CICERO IN RETIREMENT AT HIS VILLA

the example of Alexander before him, and it shone forth as his guiding star. His generous nature leads us to believe that he had absolute faith in the benefits which he would thus be able to bestow upon his country.

The Senate gave him an insignificant mission near home, but the people set aside the decree, and offered him the provinces of Cisalpine and Illyricum for five years, with an army of three legions. The threatened disturbances in those regions called for a strong hand to repress them, and, to use a modern vulgarism, the "pull" of Cæsar induced the Senate not only to consent to the assignment, but to add to it the Transalpine Province.

It was in the spring of B.C. 58 that Cæsar entered Gaul, and for nine years he turned all his energies to conquering the tribes from the Rhone to the Seine, the Rhine and the Atlantic. The opportunity was a golden one, for it gave full play to his military genius, and promised to exalt his reputation far above that of Crassus and Pompey, who were to be compared with him.

Cæsar's first campaign was directed against the Helvetii, whom he disastrously defeated near Autun, then known as Bibracte. Out of 368,000 foes only 110,000 were left, whom he bade return home and till their lands.

By this time the attention of all Gaul was centred upon the terrible conqueror who had burst upon them with his invincible legions. Divitiacus, an Æduan chief, begged his help, which being granted, Cæsar became involved a second time in a war with a German prince, who was overthrown. Two important campaigns being successfully concluded, Cæsar and his army went into winter quarters. The following year (B.C. 57) brought the Belgic war. Several tribes were so frightened by the successes of the Roman arms, that they formed an alliance against the invaders, only to be defeated one after the other. Upon the receipt of the news of these triumphs, the Roman Senate decreed a thanksgiving of fifteen days, an honor never before received by any general. The following winter and spring were spent by Cæsar in Lucca, where he dispensed a lavish hospitality, and indulged in dissipation and debauchery that were anything but creditable to him.

The fires of insurrection again broke out, this time among the Veneti in the northwest of Gaul. Cæsar laid his plans with matchless skill and carried them to perfect success. The Veneti were crushed, and nearly all the rest of the Gallic tribes forced into submission. Cæsar wintered in the present district of Normandy, having completed the conquest of Gaul in three campaigns.

In the year following (B.C. 55), Pompey went to Spain, Crassus to Syria, and Cæsar's provincial government was extended five years. His next campaign was against two German tribes, who were preparing to enter Gaul, and it proved as successful as the others had been. The barbarians were pursued pell-mell across the Rhine, where the Romans spent eighteen days in plunder-

ing the district of the Sigambri. Cæsar then invaded Britain, landing in the face of the desperate opposition of the wild natives. He remained in the island, however, only a short time, and then returned to Gaul. The Roman Senate were so amazed and delighted by his successes in regions where their arms had never before penetrated, that they accorded him a second public thanksgiving—this time of twenty days.

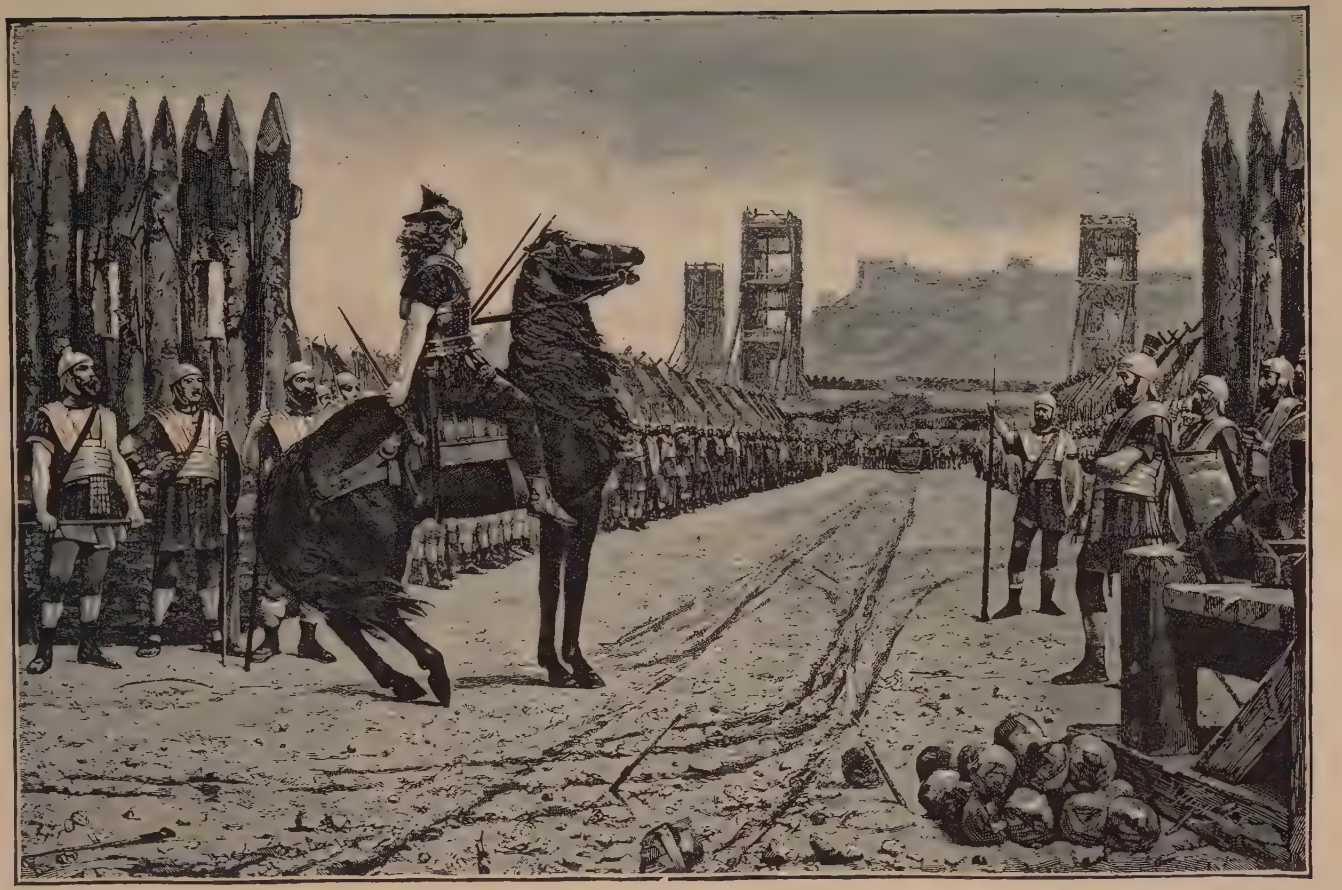
Cæsar's next campaign was opened by a second invasion of Britain, where, as we shall learn in our history of that country, he received anything but a "hospitable" reception. A drought caused such a scarcity of corn that he was obliged to winter his army in divisions. The scattering of his forces encouraged the Gauls to attempt to regain their independence, and an insurrection broke out in the northeast, which was successful at first, but in the end was crushed, and Cæsar wintered on the site of Amiens, so as to be within striking distance of the malcontents.

The sixth campaign (B.C. 53) was devoted mainly to crushing a second insurrection among the Gauls. All this time Cæsar kept in close touch with his friends in Rome. He returned frequently to Northern Italy, so as to be ready to hurry to the city when the right hour should come, and all the signs pointed to its being close at hand. In the weak government, the increasing anarchy, and the poisoning corruption, he must have seen the rapid drawing near of the time when he was to take the decisive step that was to bring him irretrievable ruin, or glory such as never before had come to any man.

But at this crisis the roseate sky was darkened by a cloud which threatened to eclipse his dreams of greatness. Under the lead of Vercingetorix, a warrior of immense vigor and ability, a tremendous rebellion broke out all through Gaul. The startling news came to Cæsar in the dead of winter. He saw on the instant that he must preserve his army and crush his enemy, or all would be lost. Turning his eyes away from Rome, he began with the utmost vigor to collect his scattered legions, and then led them through the mountains of Auvergne, where the snow was six feet deep, and rushed like a cyclone among the Arverni, who, terrified at his unexpected appearance, sent in all haste to their chief Vercingetorix to come to their help.

This was what Cæsar desired, for it would bring the formidable leader before him, and the ability of the two commanders would be pitted against each other. Once Cæsar himself was defeated, but with surpassing skill he outgeneralled his adversary and finally shut him up in Alesia (Alise in Burgundy), where, despite the harassments of 300,000 infantry, who tried in vain to break through the Roman lines, Vercingetorix was compelled to capitulate.

Many of the tribes then submitted, and Cæsar wisely determined to winter among the vanquished. Again the Senate voted him a great thanksgiving.



VERCINGETORIX BEFORE CÆSAR

The following year (B.C. 51) he completed the conquest of the tribes which still held out. In addition, he reduced the whole of Aquitania, and passed the winter of his eighth campaign at Nemetocenna in Belgium. He treated the Gallic princes with generosity and kindness, and won the good-will of the common people by sparing them the imposition of further taxes. As for his soldiers, they would have gladly marched to the ends of the earth under the leadership of their idolized commander.

Leaving out all consideration of the wonderful brilliancy of Cæsar's campaigns in Gaul, during the nine years he was there, it cannot be doubted that his influence in the capital was much greater than if he had remained in the city. He was able to keep out of many petty disputes, which would have injured him, and was free to plan the measures looking to his great final triumph. He had loyal adherents, who were eager to do his will, and, as has been shown, he kept in close touch with the politics of the city. He intrigued, schemed, and moulded men and events to his will, and with powerful enemies as well as friends in the city, his ascendancy steadily grew. His sun rose higher and higher.

It was in the nature of things that Crassus and Pompey, the remaining members of the Triumvirate or political partnership, should be jealous of Cæsar's growing strength. One hope of his enemies had been that a man so addicted to excesses would succumb to the rigors of campaigning in the fearful winters among the mountains of Gaul. But he did not. He who had been looked upon as a frail gallant was heard of as climbing the wildest regions on foot through deep snows and arctic weather; as swimming rivers, riding his horse without a bridle, and sleeping amid the sleet and storms of the dismal morasses. If sometimes he was carried on a litter, it was only to husband his strength; he maintained an enormous correspondence and read and wrote on a variety of abstruse subjects. His life seemed to be an illustration of the power of the mind to rise superior to the weakness of the body.

But what were Pompey and Crassus doing to press their own interests throughout those years? Pompey as proconsul of Spain was made governor of six legions. This was his desire, for he was a fine soldier, and saw the means of furthering his ambition in his chosen field. He, however, remained in Italy and was allowed to act through his lieutenants. While he claimed this as a merit, it was displeasing to many, because it violated an ancient usage. Moreover, it elevated him for the time above either of his colleagues and was a step toward monarchy. He devoted the remainder of his consulship to planning legislation that would please the people and hush the murmurs of Cato and others in the Senate. He tried by every means at his command—though with slight success—to win back the popularity that had gradually drifted away from him.

Crassus, also eager for fame, overstepped the laws, and seized upon his province before the termination of his consulship. It was Syria, and he boasted that from it he would reach the farthest limits of the East. Pompey was willing he should make the effort, and Cæsar encouraged him to do so. Still vaunting, Crassus arrived at the seat of his government, and directed the movements of his troops toward the Euphrates. The Parthians at that time were the most powerful nation in the East, their realm extending from the Caspian to the Persian Gulf, and they were a brave and warlike people. Orodes, their king, did not oppose the passage of the Euphrates by the Romans. Several towns were captured and garrisoned, and then Crassus withdrew to spend the winter in Syria, and prepare for more important conquests. In order to obtain the means, he robbed the holy temples, and was tauntingly asked by the Parthians whether his acts were meant as a declaration of war, or whether he was engaged on a private speculation of his own. Crassus replied that he would answer the question in their capital. The Parthian envoy smiled, and, holding out his hands, said that hair would grow on their palms before the Romans should ever set eyes on Seleucia.

This grim self-confidence of the Parthians impressed the Roman soldiers, but Crassus sneered, and, with a blind reliance on his own ability, disregarded the advice of his ally, the king of Armenia, as to the right course to follow. He marched straight across the desert. His guide purposely misled him, and, when the Romans were inextricably caught, slipped off and joined the Parthians.

Several days later the exhausted army of Crassus reached a stream where they found the enemy awaiting them. His officers urged Crassus to extend his lines to prevent the Parthian cavalry from outflanking them; but Crassus would not do this, and formed his men in a solid square, which was utterly useless against the assault of the light Parthian cavalry and the clouds of arrows that darkened the air. Crassus ordered his son to charge and disperse their assailants. The youth at the head of a strong force pressed forward, but was soon cut off from the legions and overpowered. His captors displayed his head on a pike in full view of the Romans, who made a brave defence, though they suffered severe losses, until darkness brought a lull. Then a retreat was ordered, and the exhausted legions, their ranks dreadfully thinned, staggered back toward their most advanced outposts, which they managed to reach. But they felt unsafe even there, and a disorganized flight followed, with the Parthians relentlessly pressing them. Crassus was finally brought to bay and ordered to surrender. He did not wish to do so, for he distrusted his enemies, but his undisciplined soldiers compelled him to submit, since the Parthians promised the fairest terms; but in the ceremonies accompanying the surrender, Crassus and

GERMAN WOMEN CAPTURED BY CÆSAR'S FORCES

his officers were attacked and all slain. Such was the end of the wealthiest member of the celebrated Triumvirate. His expedition had proven a failure of the most disgraceful nature. Ten thousand Romans were captured and twenty thousand had perished. The captives were so well treated that most of them settled in Parthia.

The amazing successes of Cæsar and the turbulence in Rome prevented the excitement which the news of the death of Crassus and the overthrow of his expedition would have caused under other circumstances. Matters in the city steadily went from bad to worse, until the best men came to despair of the Republic and to see that their only hope was in a dictatorship. The year B.C. 53 opened with an interregnum which lasted for six months. Bribery was so open and shameless that the Senate and tribunes, who had still a sense of honor left, combined and prevented any elections whatever, so that at the beginning of the year no consuls had been elected. After a time, Cato became alarmed and persuaded Pompey to order an election. This was done; but the same state of affairs occurred the next year, and it was suspected that Pompey himself was the cause of it. Rioting and bloodshed followed, and a savage affray took place betwen Milo, who demanded one of the consulships, and Clodius, who had been tribune and obtained Cicero's banishment. The two men met on the highway, and the quarrel began between their servants. Clodius was wounded and took refuge in a wayside tavern, where he was furiously attacked by Milo and killed. After the body had lain by the roadside for a time, it was picked up by a friend and carried into the city, where it lay exposed to the gaze of the multitude, who worked themselves into irrestrainable fury at the sight. They wrenched loose the benches and tore the books and papers from the curia, where the Senate was accustomed to assemble; they set fire to the pile, which consumed the remains of Clodius and burned several buildings. The homes of a number of nobles were attacked, and a savage mob assailed that of Milo, who, however, was prepared and repelled his assailants.

Such an incident vividly shows the frightful state of Rome at that time. Cicero, in despair, left the city, where the tribunals were corrupt or cowardly and from which law, order, and security had disappeared. Even Cato, though he did not lose courage, believed the evil day had come when they must look to a single man to save them from ruin. "It is better to choose him now," he said, "when we are free to fix upon the best one, than to wait for the tyrant whom anarchy may impose upon us."

There really was no choice, and Pompey was begged by the Senate to become sole consul. This was practically making him Dictator, though he dared not directly assume the title, which had been made odious by the tyranny of Marius and Sulla. Pompey promised to govern in the interests of the people,

and took Cato as his adviser. A colossal task was before him, for disorder, corruption, extravagance, and lawlessness were everywhere.

He entered upon his duties as sole consul at the close of February, B.C. 52. Almost his first act was to throw aside all pretence of alliance with Cæsar, and to devote himself wholly to the aims of the oligarchic party. He surrendered Milo to the incensed populace, and although Milo was defended by the eloquence of Cicero, he was sentenced to banishment. Something like tranquillity reigned for a time, since the people could not forget the military qualities of their ruler, who knew how to be severe when his will was thwarted. But if Pompey was a soldier, he was nothing more. He failed to measure up to the demands of his position. He could not think out any distinctive or far-reaching measures for the relief of the people, while he had a way of violating the law in his own person, that was fatal to the respect in which all laws should be held.

Pompey retained the sole consulship for six months, when he caused his father-in-law, Metellus Scipio, to become his associate. On the whole, he had done good service, for order prevailed in the city, and corruption, if not extinguished, was compelled to hide its head. Before quitting the office, he had the consulship conferred upon Servius Sulpicius, a noble of exalted character, and upon Marcellus, an aristocrat of the most rabid kind, and the mere creature of Pompey.

This happened directly after Cæsar had crushed Vercingetorix, and the Senate had decreed a thanksgiving of twenty days in honor of the conqueror. In spite of this, Marcellus demanded the recall of Cæsar, and was backed by the aristocratic faction, who felt secure of Pompey's support whenever it should be needed. Cicero, the most prudent counsellor of the party, was silenced by sending him to the distant government of Cilicia. Cato thundered against Cæsar. Marcellus, the bitter enemy of Cæsar, continued to cry for his recall. But Pompey hesitated, as he always did when confronted by a grave political problem. Instead of going to his province, he remained in command of his legions, even at the gates of Rome. In a daze of doubt and bewilderment as to what he ought to do, he went to his villas and shut himself from the leaders of his party. Finally he decreed that the matter should be postponed for six months. By this he merely added to the anger of Cæsar, offended many in the Senate, and gave Cæsar time for preparation. Some attribute Pompey's course to an attack of sickness, which at one time threatened a fatal termination, and roused the sympathy of the Italians, so warmly shown in prayers for his recovery, that when he regained his health he was blindly infatuated with his popularity—which was only superficial—among his countrymen, and believed they were ready to support him to the extreme of his most ambitious designs.

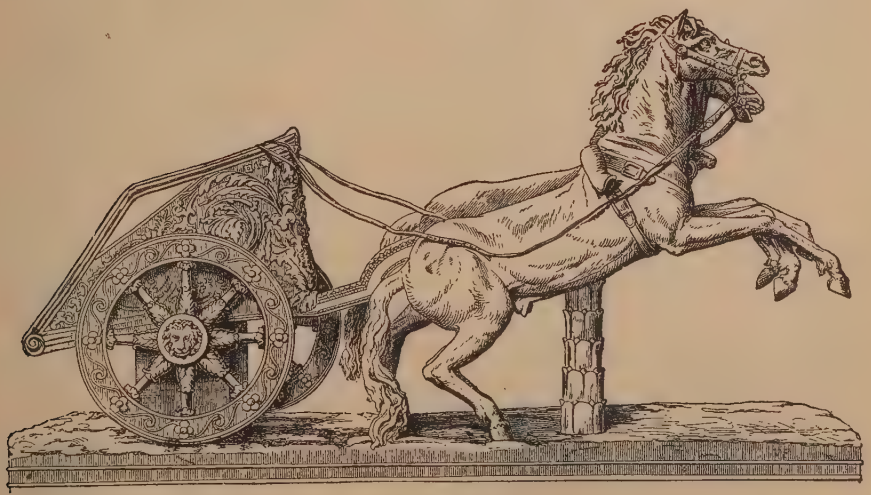
Thus, in the year B.C. 50, Cæsar was able to take up his residence in Cisal-

THE SENATORS URGE POMPEY TO BECOME DICTATOR

pine Gaul, with the three hundred tribes beyond the Alps not only conquered and pacified, but personally attached to him. He now offered himself for election to the consulship. The mere suing for this office required that he should relinquish command of his army, although, if he refrained from his suit, his term would not expire until the close of the following year.

The friends of Cæsar, however, demanded that if he were compelled to surrender command of his legions, Pompey should be required to do the same, and end his proconsulship in Spain. The Senate refused to agree to this, and instead passed a decree that if Cæsar did not disband his army by a certain day he was to be regarded as the enemy of the Republic, and punished as such. The decree had the ring of open defiance. The dignity of the consulship, if once attained, would have held Cæsar safe from attack; but if he now obeyed orders and came to Rome as a private citizen, unsupported by his army, it was but too evident that he would be sacrificed to the vengeance of his enemies.

Some senators, with the consul Marcellus at their head, sought Pompey in his villa and fairly thrust a sword into his hand, bidding him take command of all the troops in Italy and defend the Republic. In this they exceeded their legal authority; but legal authority had sunk into contempt. The long game of diplomacy which Pompey and Cæsar had been playing was clearly at an end. Pompey was Dictator; Cæsar had either to yield himself a victim to his enemies or to stand forth in open defiance.



Roman Chariot

CÆSAR'S LEGIONS CROSSING THE ALPS

Chapter XXXV

CÆSAR DEFEATS POMPEY—END OF THE REPUBLIC.

IN January, B.C. 49, news reached Cæsar of all that had been done. He was expecting it, and had laid his plans. He had only one legion of soldiers with him at Ravenna, but before them he laid his peril, declaring that the time had come to appeal to arms. He possessed the magnetic art of drawing his soldiers to him with the fervor shown centuries later by the troops of Napoleon Bonaparte in the zenith of his success. In all Cæsar's campaigns he had never confronted a mutiny. He knew his men would stand by him to the death. Most of them were provincials or foreigners, who cared a thousand-fold more for their leader than for the country whose nominal soldiers they were.

Cæsar sent forward some cohorts to the river Rubicon, about twenty miles distant, forming the frontier of his province. He followed them the same evening. The crossing of this stream into Italy would be a declaration of war against the Republic. It is said that when Cæsar reached the bank, and realized the momentous importance of the step, he hesitated for a long time. At last, his resolution was formed, and, exclaiming, "The die is cast!" he plunged into the river and made his way to the other shore.

Now that the irrevocable step had been taken, there was no thought of turning back. The fight between him and the Republic had opened, and could not stop till one was the victor and the other was in the dust. Reaching Ari-

CÆSAR CROSSING THE RUBICON

minum, a few miles away, Cæsar sent back orders calling for the advance of all his armies. Three legions were stationed at Narbo to watch the forces of Pompey in Spain, while the rest were to come to him with all possible speed. His whole invading strength for the time did not number more than 6,000 men, hardly a third of those at the disposal of Pompey, who could perhaps have overwhelmed him by a vigorous attack. But when the news of the crossing of the Rubicon reached Rome, Pompey quaked with fear, for neither he nor his government had dreamed of such a daring act. Pompey hurried away through the southern gate of the city, shouting for all good citizens to follow. Thousands streamed along the Appian Way, angered less against the man from whom they were fleeing than the one who had made their flight necessary.

Meanwhile, Cæsar steadily advanced toward Rome. He was welcomed by the various towns, and the road to the city lay open. But, learning that his adversaries were crossing from Capua to the northern coast, he swung to the left, passed through Picenum, captured Cingulum and Asculum, and then boldly attacked the strong central position of Corfinium. This point the brave Domitius insisted should not be abandoned, and, gathering a few troops, he demanded of Pompey that he should bring up the rest of the army. Pompey refused and continued his flight. Domitius was determined to stand a siege, when his plan was overthrown by a most unexpected and significant occurrence.

Hardly had the invading army appeared, when the defenders not only surrendered without striking a blow, but delivered Domitius himself into the hands of the conqueror. Cæsar was as much astonished as his men, but he could not fail to read the meaning of the act. It was the prestige of his name, with which that of no other man could be compared. It had been the invariable custom in the civil wars for no mercy to be shown by the Roman captor to the Roman prisoner. But Cæsar, for the first time, granted Domitius his life and his freedom, and he displayed the same generous forbearance in subsequent instances. It could not be expected of the officers that they would join the forces of Cæsar, but the soldiers did so with ardor. Recruits continually flocked to his standard, and he found his troops rapidly increasing as he advanced.

All this time, Pompey was issuing fierce proclamations, warning all that he would treat even neutrals as enemies of the Republic; but the fulminations were received with contempt. He led the consuls and magistrates to the port of Brundisium, where he had collected a number of transports, and several legions, which immediately set sail for Greece. Cæsar, hurried from Corfinium, but had no ships; and the vessels from Greece returning carried away Pompey and the remainder of his army.

Sixty days sufficed to make Cæsar master of all Italy. The campaign was

one of the swiftest in history. Pompey retreated or rather fled in disgraceful panic, heedless of the demands of his officers and men that he should stop and fight, and refusing to reveal his plans, if indeed he had any. When at last he stepped on board his vessel at Brundisium, thousands yielded to their disgust and homesickness, and turned back toward Rome. They feared some huge treachery on the part of Pompey, and preferred to entrust themselves to the generosity of Cæsar rather than to Pompey's ferocious whims. Among those who thus returned to Rome were many of the best citizens, while the spendthrifts and adventurers clung to Pompey in the hope that the tide of war would turn sooner or later and their fortunes mend.

By and by, it became clear that Pompey intended to summon the servile people of the East to trample under foot the liberties of Western Europe. It was to be an exterminating war against Italy and against Rome. He had corrupted many of the nobles and consuls. Cicero said: "He left the city, not because he could not defend it; and Italy, not as driven out of it; but this was his design from the first, to move every land and sea, to call to arms the kings of the barbarians, to lead savage nations into Italy, not as captives, but as conquerors. He is determined to reign like Sulla, as a king over his subjects; and many there are who applaud this atrocious design."

Cæsar entered Rome unattended, assuring the people that they had no pillage or punishment to fear from him. He arranged to reward his soldiers to the extent of about $80 apiece, with $12 to every citizen. For his own needs, he made no requisition except the treasure hoarded in the temple of Saturn, under the Capitol. A curse had been declared against any one who should use it except to repel a Gallic invasion. When the tribune Metellus forbade Cæsar to touch it, he thrust him aside with the words: "The fear of a Gallic invasion is gone forever; I have subdued the Gauls."

Rome was of necessity placed under military control. In these times, we should say that martial law was proclaimed. The granaries upon which the city depended for its daily food—Sardinia, Sicily, and Africa—were all in the power of Pompey's forces, and Cæsar lost no time in setting out to recover those provinces. The Sardinians received with open arms the legion sent thither; and Cato, who was holding Sicily for Pompey, left there the moment danger appeared.

Cæsar placed Italy under the command of Antonius and Rome in charge of Æmilius Lepidus, and started for Spain. The armies there must have fallen readily before the great leader, had he not been checked by the defection of Massilia, where Domitius, who had escaped from Italy, had roused the people. Cæsar, unwilling to delay, left a large part of his forces to blockade the place, and began his Spanish campaign with only three legions.

A BULL-FIGHT IN THE ROMAN ARENA

These came face to face with the enemy at Ilerda. Caught between the waters of two suddenly flooded rivers, with the bridges washed away and nearly all his provisions gone, Cæsar's situation was so critical that his enemies exulted over what seemed his inevitable destruction. But by means of light boats, constructed of wicker frames, and covered with leather or oiled cloth, he kept open his communications, secured food for his men, and finally brought the two armies once more in front of each other. Then took place another of the impressive scenes already mentioned. After a parley, the Pompeian forces deliberately passed over to the side of Cæsar.

Thus it may be said Spain had conquered itself. Massilia was still in revolt, but the inhabitants, shut up within the walls, were in sore straits. They, too, hastened to surrender to Cæsar, confident of generous treatment. Domitius managed to escape and joined his friends at Epirus. Massilia was permitted to retain her independence, but she never recovered her former importance. All danger from the west being thus ended, Cæsar could give his undivided attention to Pompey.

While at Massilia, he was notified that the people in Rome had declared him Dictator. In the hurly-burly many of the prescribed forms for the conferring of this office were necessarily omitted, but it was justified under the stress of necessity. This was mainly due to the distressful condition of the people caused by the exorbitant usury charged by the money-lenders. Thousands of citizens were ground to the very dust by their debts, and it was absolutely necessary that something should be done to relieve the intolerable burdens. Now, there could be none toward whom the debtors and repudiators would more naturally turn with confidence than Cæsar. He had inherited through Marius a connection with the party opposed to the wealthy and the nobles; he had known by experience what it was to suffer from crushing debt, and his private conduct had been anything but a model for the youths of Rome. What then could induce him to refuse the prompt relief which only he could give?

But to their amazement he resolutely refused to grant their demands. As Dictator, he could do without question whatever he thought proper or right, but no appeal could persuade him to resort to confiscation. He selected arbiters for the valuation of debtors' property and compelled its sale, only stipulating that the creditors should yield their claims to excessive interest. All this being done, he gave great help to the bankrupts by distributing land among them, and by giving corn to the poorer classes.

Cæsar held the dictatorship for just eleven days, but, before resigning it, he presided at the comitia of the tribes and caused himself to be nominated consul for the year B.C. 48, with Servilius Isauricus as his associate. This was effected with due formality, as was the case with the other magistracies conferred upon

his friends. Even the Senate, or such of it as remained, joined in approving these elections. Cæsar was now the legally appointed general and champion of Rome. Pompey, with his threatening body of troops in Greece, was become the rebel.

The Eastern potentates still regarded Pompey as the greatest of living generals, and they began rallying to his cause. He ordered them to meet him at Thessalonica, and there gathered the monarchs of Galatia, of Thrace, of Cilicia, of Cappadocia, and of Commagene, besides others of less importance. These forces, with their horsemen, bowmen, and slingers, were his allies, his main body consisting of five Roman legions taken with him from Italy, besides four others called from the Eastern provinces. Two more were expected under C. Metellus Scipio from Syria. This made nine legions, whose numbers must have exceeded 40,000 men, which was more than doubled by his cavalry and auxiliaries. It should be remembered, however, that most of the allies were raw levies, who needed disciplining and moulding into effective shape; and indeed this was also true of a number of the legionaries themselves.

Another serious hindrance to Pompey was the divided counsels of his party. He had many of the leaders of the Senate in his camp, where also were Cato and Cicero, and there was continual wrangling over the plans of the campaign. Naturally vacillating himself, Pompey was made more so by this lamentable state of affairs. Nevertheless, the motley horde converged to the coast of Epirus, where months were spent in preparations for the decisive struggle.

On the other hand, Cæsar, while unable to marshal an army of half the size of the enemy, commanded veterans. Every one of them was accustomed to hardships, privations, and fighting, and all were devotedly attached to the man in whose genius they held the most implicit faith. This confidence filled every one, from the officers to the lowest private, and it made the legions so many veritable thunderbolts of war.

It was at the close of the year B.C. 49, that Cæsar arrived at Brundisium, with his seven legions, numbering about 15,000 men, and some 600 horse. The first division was taken across the Adriatic on his transports, but on their return to bring the remaining troops they were intercepted and many destroyed by Pompey's fleet of 500 galleys. This compelled Cæsar to remain comparatively idle until a second convoy could be equipped, which brought over the remaining legions. It is said that, in making the passage himself, Cæsar was caught in a violent tempest, and observing the white-faced pilot trembling with fear, he said sternly to him: "Fear not; you carry Cæsar and his fortunes."

Pompey was blind to the favors that fortune threw in his way. The transports were driven so far from their course, that Cæsar's troops were landed a hundred miles from the point where their chief was awaiting them. This

FLIGHT OF POMPEY FROM PHARSALIA

placed Pompey directly between them, and it would have been easy for him to overwhelm each division in turn, but he remained idle, while Cæsar brought the two forces together. Cæsar then interposed his whole army between his foes and their base of supplies at Dyrrhachium, and held them to the position they had taken on the promontory of Petra. The good anchorage below and the fleet at his command enabled Pompey to secure the supplies he needed, and he improved the period of inaction by training and drilling his raw soldiers.

Cæsar carefully drew his lines around Petra. With his army so much the inferior, and the sea open to Pompey, this action gained little except to add to the morale of his own indomitable soldiers. But it brought recruits to his ranks, and he cut off his adversary's supply of fresh water. Pompey did not dare venture on an open attack, but landed a strong force in the rear of the besiegers, who were thrown into confusion and might have been crushed, had Pompey possessed half the ability of his opponent, but he suspected a feint upon Cæsar's part, and recalled his troops before they could strike a blow.

Cæsar now left the seaboard and passed into Macedonia and Thessaly, where he combined his detachments for the camapign in the open country. Pompey broke up at Petra, and also marched into Macedonia, but he was too late to overtake his rival, who had reached the valley of the Peneus in Thessaly. Goaded by the taunts of his followers, Pompey advanced southward from Larissa in search of his enemies, who were posted on the bank of the Enipeus.

At last the two armies were in front of each other, and began intrenching with a space of about four miles between. The elevation on which stood Pharsalia, now known as Fersala, was the most conspicuous object in the neighborhood, and therefore gave its name to the battle which followed.

Pompey refused for a long time to meet his opponent, but was driven to do so by a threatened flank movement, which endangered his communications. The respective forces are given at 22,000 infantry, 1,000 cavalry, and a few irregular battalions on the side of Cæsar, and a legionary force of 40,000 men, with 7,000 horse and an immense horde of auxiliaries, on the part of Pompey.

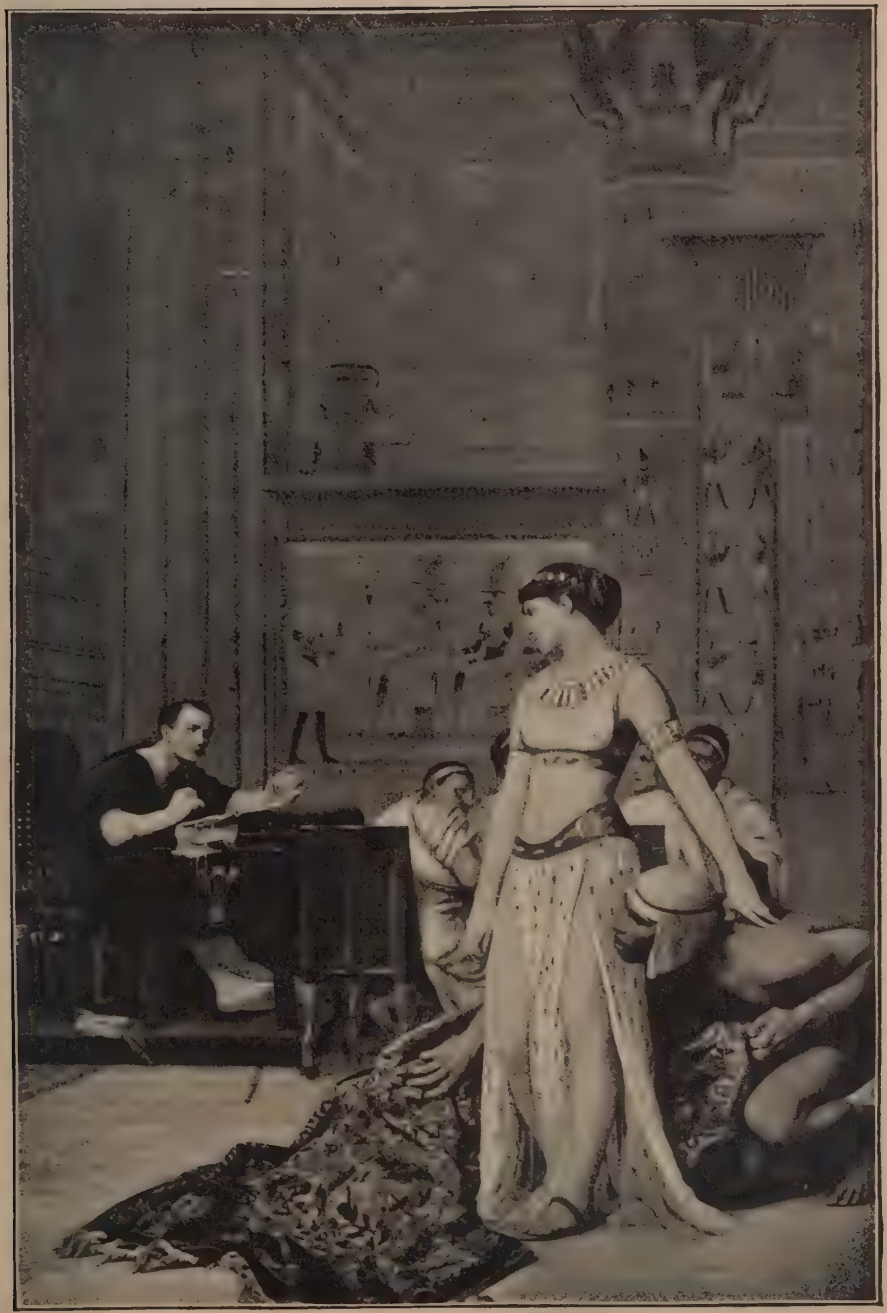
The sun was almost directly overhead on August 9, B.C. 48, when the Pompeians issued from their camp and took position on the plain, with a stream on their right. Cæsar, his eyes flashing with the light of battle, pressed confidently forward, with his cavalry thrust out obliquely on his right, to prevent his being outflanked, while the other flank was protected by the stream. The front line was ordered to charge, and obeyed with its usual impetuosity. The Pompeians were directed to stand still and await the coming of their foes, who would be partially exhausted from their long and hard run; but they halted when almost within reach, recovered their wind, and dashed forward again with renewed vigor. The Pompeian cavalry had also charged, but the German

horse were not shaken. Far inferior in number, they had picked men among the animals, who fought bravely on foot, and fell slowly back in good order, till they reached the reserve of six cohorts. Observing that the knights and senators of the Pompeian party were clad in full armor, the officers of the Cæsarians ordered their men to aim all their blows at their faces. Before this fierce assault, these defenders soon broke their ranks, and were tumbled back upon their own lines. The Pompeian infantry stood their ground, but, on the breaking of the Pompeian cavalry as described, Cæsar brought up his reserves and charged both on the front and flank. By his orders, the assaults of his men were directed at the Romans opposed to them, and no heed was given to the allies, but when he saw the fortune of the day was with him, he commanded his troops to spare the Romans, and devote their energies to the annihilation of the foreigners.

The slaughter among these was fearful: the overthrow of the Pompeians was complete, and Pompey himself, when he saw the rout, leaped upon his horse and galloped in headlong haste from his camp. The victory at Pharsalia left Cæsar the foremost man in the Roman world, and therefore is ranked as one of the decisive battles of history.

The blind confidence of the Pompeians is shown by the fact that they had made no provisions for disaster. No place had been appointed for a rallying point, the fleet was far away and the forces scattered; and yet, with all that, if the fragments were brought together they could still be made very formidable. But neither heart nor judgment was left to Pompey. He kept up his flight through Larissa, and gained the Thessalian coast at the mouth of the Peneus, where he and several of his officers went on board a merchant vessel, which carried them to Lesbos, whither his wife Cornelia had been taken. Leaving that port, the ship coasted Asia and picked up more fugitives, and it can be understood how earnestly they consulted together over their future movements. Different plans were proposed, and it was finally agreed to seek an asylum in Egypt, whose boy-king Ptolemæus owed gratitude to the Senate, and who it was believed would welcome them into his wealthy kingdom, which was almost inaccessible to an enemy without a fleet.

When Pompey arrived at Pelusium, he was accompanied by about 2,000 men. The situation in Egypt at that time was peculiar. By the will of Ptolemy Auletes, the late king, his daughter Cleopatra was to marry her young brother Ptolemy Dionysus, and to reign jointly with him, under the guardianship of a council of state. But Cleopatra, the "Serpent of the Nile," had been driven from court by an intrigue, and Egypt was governed in the name of the young king by the chamberlain Pothinus, the general Achillas, and the preceptor Theodotus. The resentful Cleopatra threatened to invade the country with



CLEOPATRA BROUGHT BEFORE CÆSAR

a force, and the troops of the king were drawn up on the eastern frontier to oppose her. The body of men brought by Pompey was comparatively insignificant in numbers, but they probably would have brought success to whichever side of the contestants they assisted. The royal council discussed Pompey's claims to their hospitality and finally decided to reject the dangerous alliance, for they were not only confident of success without his aid, but saw how embarrassing the obligation for such aid would become to them.

It was all-important, however, to prevent Pompey from going to the help of Cleopatra's party, and to check him a crime was committed. The refusal of the royal council was concealed from Pompey, and he was asked to come alone in a vessel to the presence of the king. Without hesitation, he accepted the invitation and seated himself in the boat. Soon after, Septimius, a Roman centurion, who was behind him, struck him down, and he was speedily killed by Achillas. His head was cut off and carried ashore, but the body, which was flung overboard, was washed upon the beach, where a freedman of the Romans wrapped it about with his cloak, and, gathering some dry wreckage, burned it on the rude pyre. The ashes were laid in the sand, and over them was placed a stone, on which was scrawled with charcoal the name "Magnus." Such was the end of Pompey, not yet three-score years old, who had been consul three times, who had gained three triumphs over as many continents, whose proconsulate had embraced in alternation the East and the West, who might have been Dictator, and who could have seized the empire.

Cæsar never failed to follow up an advantage. He left a detachment to watch Cato, who still commanded in Illyricum, and he ordered another to complete the subjection of Greece. Then, with a single legion and a squadron of horse, he pressed the pursuit of Pompey, following the route around the Mediterranean, since the sea was closed against him. From the coast of Syria he reached Alexandria with thirty-five vessels and 4,000 men. Pompey had been slain only a few days before, and the head of the miserable victim was brought to Cæsar as a present. He turned from it with horror, and ordered fitting burial to be given the remains.

The arrival of the great Roman with his armed force frightened the advisers of the king. There were several collisions between their soldiers and the Romans, and Cæsar, who was in need of funds, insisted upon the payment of money due him from the king. Pothinus dallied in the hope of gaining time in which to overpower his unwelcome visitors; and thereon Cæsar seized the person of the king and held him as a hostage for the satisfaction of his claim.

It was at this juncture that the beautiful Cleopatra visited Cæsar to urge her demands for justice. She dared not place herself within the power of Pothinus, so passed through the ranks of the Egyptian army wrapped in a roll

of carpet and borne on the shoulder of a sturdy slave. Thus hidden she was carried into Cæsar's apartment, and appeared suddenly before him, ready for the conquest of the conqueror. Cæsar was completely bewitched by the fascinating woman, and became her champion and lover. He ordered the king to share his power with her; Pothinus was seized and executed, but Achillas, escaping to his soldiers, summoned them to arms. The populace responded, and Cæsar was shut up in a quarter of the city, where, by damming the canals that were supplied from the Nile, his supply of water was cut off. To keep open his way of retreat by the sea, Cæsar seized and set fire to the Egyptian fleet. The fire spread to the city and inflicted a loss which subsequent ages could never repair, for it was on this occasion that the great Alexandrian library was probably consumed, with its 400,000 precious volumes.

The situation of Cæsar and his men was desperate. He was surrounded by a turbulent and hostile population, and the only water to be obtained was by sinking pits in the sand, whence the brackish fluid added to rather than decreased the thirst. He made an attempt to capture the isle of Pharos which commanded the harbor, but was repulsed, and saved himself by swimming. The legend says he carried his *Commentaries* in one hand as he forced his way through the water. Hoping to bring the struggle to an end, he restored the young king to his subjects, but soon afterward Cæsar's reinforcements arrived on the frontier, captured Pelusium, and, when they crossed the Nile, he charged out of the cantonments, attacked the royal forces, and defeated them, the king losing his life in the river.

This disaster broke the spirits of the Egyptians, and they made no resistance to the enthronement of Cleopatra. Following the strange custom of her country, she was married to a still younger brother than her former consort. Her sister Arsinoe, who had inspired the revolt against her, was surrendered to be carried to Rome as a captive.

Cæsar had thus gained a footing in the wealthiest kingdom in the world, and he remained for three months, held by two powerful motives—the recruiting of his finances and the enjoyment of the society of the woman whose wonderful fascination has made her name known to subsequent generations. As to which of these motives was the stronger, historians have disagreed, but the majority believe it was the witchery of the "Serpent of the Nile." Be that as it may, it must be conceded that Cæsar ran little or no risk in dallying with his fortunes; for Pompey was dead, his adherents scattered, and no name had the power of his own with which to conjure in distant Rome.

By way of a diversion, he marched into Pontus, where Pharnaces, son of Mithridates, had attacked his neighbors, who applied to Cæsar for assistance. He left Alexandria in April, B.C. 47, and, landing at Tarsus, crossed Cilicia

CÆSAR AT CLEOPATRA'S COURT

and Cappadocia and routed the barbarian host at Zela in Pontus. Pharnaces was killed and the war was over in less than a week. It was this campaign which Cæsar described in the briefest despatch ever penned: "*Veni, vidi, vici*" ("I came, I saw, I conquered").

The enemies of Cæsar did not dare to raise a hand in Rome, and in October, B.C. 48, he was created Dictator for the second time, with the powers of the tribunate decreed to him for life. Ingenuity was exhausted in preparing new honors for him, but there was turbulence in the city, mainly owing to the indecision of the dissolute M. Antonius, whom Cæsar had appointed as his lieutenant there. The Dictator himself arrived in Rome in September, B.C. 47.

His course was marked by the same generous statesmanship that always guided him. The only estates confiscated were those of the men who remained in arms against him. Among them was the property of Pompey, whose sons were still in the hostile camp. Cæsar smoothed and restrained the vehemence of his own supporters, gave Antonius to understand what course he must follow, and appointed two consuls to serve for the remainder of the year. For the year following, he nominated himself for the third time, and also Lepidus. He heaped honors and offices upon his friends, and gorged the populace with largesses.

The Pompeian forces that escaped from Pharsalia had made their way to the Roman province in Africa, Cato reaching there by a famous march through lion-haunted deserts. So long as this nest of conspirators was left to hatch plots, so long must there be a certain degree of danger to Cæsar and his schemes. He, therefore, determined to destroy them.

Among the leaders of the republicans was the head of the ancient race of Scipio, and, in the course of the year B.C. 47, the forces assembled at Utica, his headquarters, reached the grand total of ten legions, with the promise of more reinforcements, in which were included 120 elephants. There was still much wrangling and jealousy on the part of the leaders, but all seemed to be confident of final victory, and they often argued and quarrelled over the division of the prodigious spoils which none doubted would soon fall into their hands.

Early in the year B.C. 46, the expected enemy appeared off the coast and summoned the republicans to surrender to "Cæsar the imperator." The reply was that there was no imperator there but Scipio, and the envoy was put to death as a deserter. Shortly after, Cæsar landed, fortified his position with five legions, and then formed alliances among the Mauritanians and secured a diversion of the Numidians.

On the 4th of April, the armies met on the field of Thapsus. Even Cæsar could not restrain the ardor of his men, and, placing himself at their head, he charged upon the enemy. The terrified elephants wheeled about and trampled

under foot the ranks they had been placed to cover, until officers and men fled in irrestrainable panic. Scipio escaped from the field by sea, but was overtaken and killed, or, some say, killed himself. Cato called his officers together at Utica, explained the situation, and allowed them to decide between flight and surrender. The knights and senators preferred to defend themselves, but the people insisted upon surrender. Soon afterward, it was learned that Cæsar was approaching, and Cato ordered the gates to be closed, except the one that led to the shore. He urged all who wished to flee to lose no time in taking to the ships; but he sent away his associates, leaving it clear that he intended to remain. That night, as he lay alone upon his bed, he drove his own sword into his stomach. He did not die immediately, but refused to allow his attendants, who rushed to the room, to do anything to save him. When Cæsar learned of Cato's death, he expressed his sorrow at being robbed of the pleasure of pardoning him. Cæsar came back to Rome after the battle of Thapsus, master of the Roman dominion. The Republic died when Cato buried his sword in his own body at Utica.